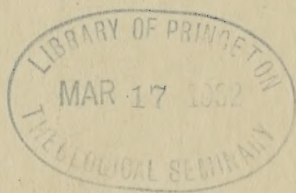


ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES  
for Preachers  
Sunday School Teachers  
and the  
FAMILY CIRCLE

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HENRY M. TYNDALL





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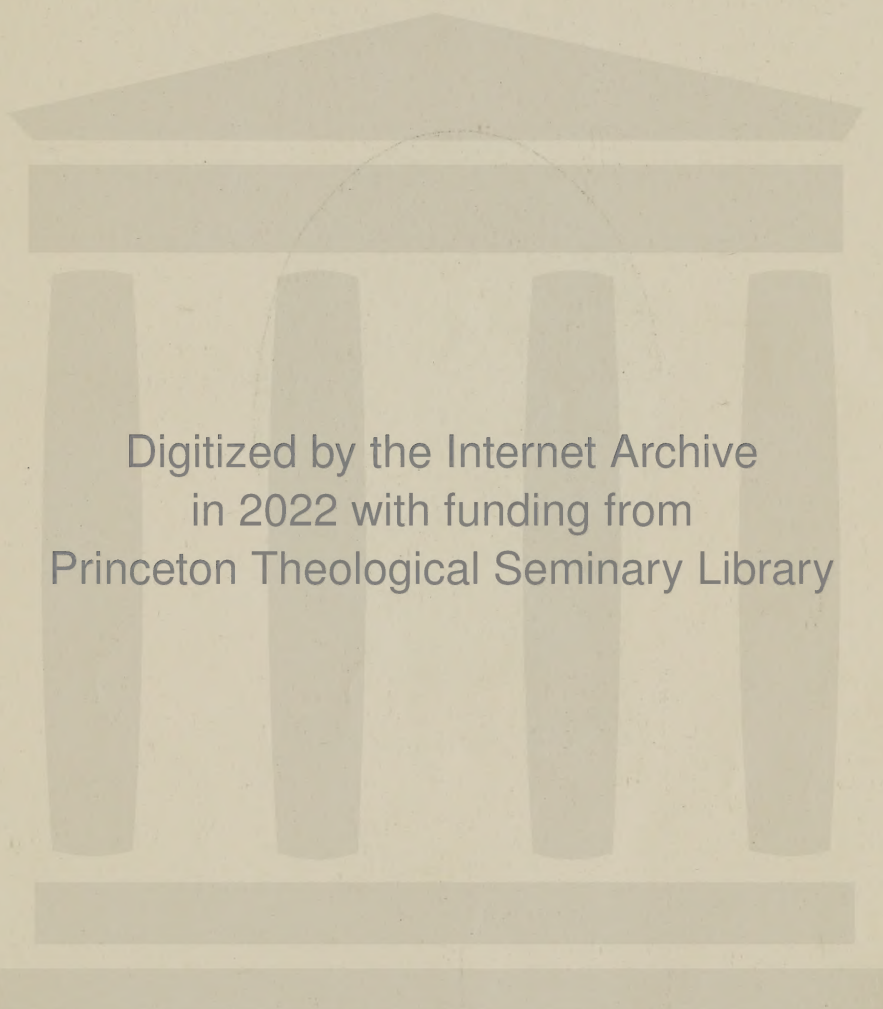






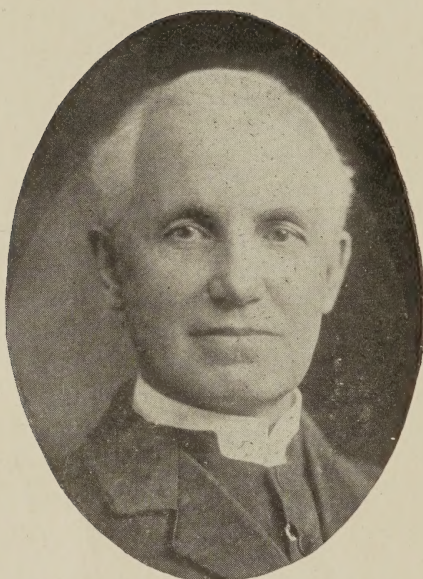






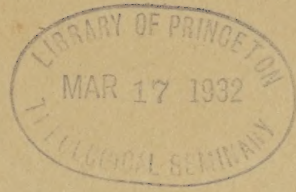
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*Henry M. Tyndall*





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**for Preachers**  
  
**Sunday School Teachers**  
  
**and the**  
  
**FAMILY CIRCLE**

BY THE

✓  
**Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, S. T. D.,**

PASTOR OF

**THE PEOPLE'S TABERNACLE**

OF

**NEW YORK CITY.**

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## PREFACE.

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The task of many years is at last ended. This book of illustrative anecdotes is now ready for the press.

The most of the stories comprising this volume appeared first in the "Little Evangelist," edited and published by the writer for more than thirty years. The paper is small; and, beside going to its subscribers, for many years it was distributed by the missionaries of the People's Tabernacle among the hundreds of families they annually visited. Because this little sheet was the only religious literature likely to enter the homes of many of these families great care was taken to admit to its columns only the best of such stories as would illustrate and emphasize some important gospel truth.

With the passing of the years, the paper has had among its readers an increasing number of clergymen, and other Christian workers; and we early discovered that its stories were prized by them, and used for illustrative purposes. At the New York Public Library, where the paper has gone for a score of years, its readers are so appreciative that it has been carefully preserved and bound into volumes. If at any time a number is missing it is asked for that the annual volume may be complete.

The writer himself has fifteen bound volumes of the paper for reference, and has made large use of the anecdotes therein in his sermonizing. But he found that it is one thing to know that a story wanted is in these volumes, and quite another matter to find it. At first he thought of having the volumes indexed for his own use. And then a better thought came: "Why not republish the best of these stories, and put them in book-form, well-indexed, and so make them available for the use of others?"

This thought prevailed; and ten years ago the work was begun and continued week by week until more than five hundred pages had been electrotyped, and made ready for the press. Then the war came on, and the cost of publication became so increased, and the exactions of parish duties, including co-operative housing, were so pressing that work on the book was suspended for five years. The task was taken up anew the present year, and has been hurried on to completion.

These anecdotes were gleaned from a wide range of reading, during the course of many years. Not a few are original, and are but the rehearsal of facts coming within the domain of the writer's experience, or they are from sources he deemed reliable. Other stories were written from notes taken by him when hearing them narrated in some public discourse.

Of these anecdotes, nearly a hundred of the last have not appeared in the "Little Evangelist;" and, taken as a whole, it is safe to say that comparatively few of them have ever before been published in any book of illustrations.

In this age of doubt, when so many are trying to satisfy their souls with a naturalistic religion, we apprehend that some will look askance upon many of



## PREFACE.

the incidents related in this volume; because it is quite impossible to account for the facts given without a belief in the supernatural. But the special providences herein narrated are so many, and are so well attested, that we may indulge the hope that this account of them will serve not only to strengthen the faith of believers, but also help to put to flight the unbelief of doubters.

The leisure of long sea voyages, this year, in a cruise around the world, and a trip to the land of the midnight sun, afforded the writer an opportunity of devoting several months to the indexing of the volume. This, we think, will be found quite complete, and it will add much to the value of the book.

If this volume shall prove of interest to Christians generally, become a source of instruction in the family circle, help preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and others in Christian work to illustrate and enforce the truths of the glorious gospel, then the Great Head of the church shall have all the praise, and the prayer of the undersigned will be answered.

HENRY M. TYNDALL.

New York City,  
October 21st, 1925.

# ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES

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— 1 —

## REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF GUILT.

A trusted \$6,000-a-year manager of a large business house, a man high in the social circle of his city, was arraigned in the criminal court on the charge of having robbed his employers as well as others. In the midst of the trial, with some he had defrauded as his strongest defenders, he made a clean breast of his guilt. The staggering blow came hardest on his devoted wife. The man said: "Your Honor, I want to confess my guilt and shame before your court and before the entire world. One thing I want to ask, and that is that the good Lord will give me strength to serve out the sentence which you will impose, and that I may be spared to make full restitution to those whom I have robbed." In giving the reasons for his downfall he said: "Gadding and guzzling marked the beginning of my moral ruin; afterward the night life of the city, particularly tangoing and drinking, completed it. There are thousands of young business men whose habits are leading them along the same path I took. To them I say: 'Cut out the saloon and patronize the library.'" The man said he could not sleep, and in the agony of his guilt he went to God in prayer and Christ forgave him, and told him he must also confess his sin to men, which he did to the judge the next morning. His confession gave him an inward peace that was like paradise, and led him to pray for length of life to make good every loss caused by him. Confession to men may lead to the sentence, and iron bars, but confession to God brings pardon and complete liberty. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I John 1:9).—Ferdinand C. Iglehart.

— 2 —

## WHAT FOLLOWED.

A young man, arrested for swindling his employer out of \$30,000, sat alone in a criminal's cell out of which daylight had faded. Cowering on his hard bed, he pictured himself with the world outside full of warmth, and light, and comfort. The question came to him sharply, "How came you here?"

Was it really for the stealing of this great sum?

Yes and no.

Looking back twenty years, he saw himself a school-boy, ten years old. He remembered his Uncle John—such a queer, kind, forgetful old man. That very morning his uncle had sent him to pay a bill at the country store and there were seventy-two cents left and Uncle John did not ask for it. When they met that noon, this boy, now in prison, stood there under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks that is his look out. If he does, why, I can get it again together."

He never gave back the money.

A theft of \$30,000 brought this young man to a prison door; but when a boy, he turned that way when he sold his honesty for seventy-two cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal, in his chilly cell.

Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, his mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew that what brought him there was not the man's deed alone but the boy's.

Had the ten-year-old boy been true to his honor, life now would have been different. One little cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could bear no test, and he wrecked manliness and his life.—Budget.



— 3 —

## AFTER MANY YEARS

Telling of his early labors in his South African missionary field, Aldin Grant, of Zululand, said, not despondently or sadly, but with ringing soldiery voice: "I worked there as God gave me opportunity and ability for ten years, with various interruptions and intermissions, yet at the end of that period I could not point to a single convert in all the field in all the years; nor could I even point to a single one of my hearers of whom I could confidently say that he had been really interested or benefited by my message during all the time."

"Yet," he added, "in all that time it never entered my head to doubt that I and my fellow-workers were where God had called us to labor, and were doing what God had set us to do. We were there giving God's message, sowing the seed of God's truth. It was for one to plant, for another to water, for God to give—or withhold—the increase as seemed best to him. Thirteen years, added to that ten, have passed since then," he said, "there are now more than thirty Christian churches with hundreds of church members in that apparently unfruitful field. It is good to be in God's field and work, whatever the seeming results, for a time may be."

That testimony of faith had been an encouragement to me in days that would have otherwise looked dark within the past forty years. I am glad for that missionary's confidence in the missionary's God.—H. Clay Trumbull.

— 4 —

## "HONEST ABE LINCOLN"

One trait, which all agree was particularly important, was Lincoln's honesty. It showed itself very plainly, of course, in his business dealings. There is little wonder that his neighbors dubbed him "Honest Abe" when, after closing his grocery for the night, he would walk three miles to return six and a quarter cents which he had taken by accident from a customer. Another evening he

weighed out, he thought a half-pound of tea. When he found the next day that he had used a four ounce weight by mistake he promptly closed the shop and delivered the rest of the tea. This grocery business came to an untimely end and left Abe owing considerable money.

"That debt," he afterward said to a friend, "was the greatest obstacle I have ever met in life. I had no way of speculating and could not earn money except by labor; and to earn by labor eleven hundred dollars, besides my living, seemed the work of a lifetime. There was, however, but one way. I went to the creditors and told them that if they would let me alone I would give them all I could earn over my living as fast as I could earn it." Under similar circumstances, many of Lincoln's townspeople would have "cleared out." "Honest Abe" was a member of Congress before he got his debt wiped out. Half in earnest, he always called it the "national debt."

Even in times of need he never touched money belonging to anybody else. When the "town" of New Salem came to an end, for instance, Lincoln had about sixteen dollars belonging to the government. When, several years later, an agent at last came for it, Lincoln took from his trunk "an old blue sock with a quantity of silver and copper coin tied up in it," the very coins he had received from the people of New Salem while postmaster.

When he came to practice law he was "Honest Abe Lincoln" still. Unless he was sure a man was in the right he would not take charge of the case, even though he was a personal friend. He would sometimes leave a case in the middle if he chanced to find that his client was in the wrong.

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## A CHILD'S REPROOF

Charles Spurgeon began to lead others to Jesus when he was about six years old. He was once at his grandfather's, who was a minister, and heard him grieving over the evil habits of a certain man in his church who went to the

public house to smoke his pipe and get a mug of beer. Shortly after Charles heard who the man was, he came to his grandfather and said: "I've killed old Rhodes. He will never grieve my poor grandfather any more."

"I have not been doing any harm; grandfather," said the boy. "I have been about the Lord's work, that's all."

Not long after "Old Rhodes" came to Charles' grandfather and told him how he was in the saloon when little Charley walked in and said to him: "What doest thou here, Elijah! sitting with the ungodly, you a member of the church, and break your pastor's heart? I'm ashamed of you! I would not break my pastor's heart, I'm sure." "Old Rhodes" was angry at first and thought this was pretty plain talk for a six-year-boy, but he knew the child was in the right, and he asked forgiveness for his fault, and became a better man and a true Christian.—Selected.

— 6 —

#### HONOR DESERVED

Some years ago a steamer on Lake Erie caught fire. They headed at once for shore. On board was a man from California with a heavy bag of gold. He began to get it out of his trunk to bind around him, when a little girl looked into his face and said, "Will you save me?" He looked first at his bag of gold, which represented years of hard work, and then at the pleading face. He dropped his gold, and as the boat struck the beach, he placed the little one on his back, with her arms around his neck, and leaped into the flood. He struggled for shore, and was at last thrown up by the breakers with his treasure on the sand. He had got the little one on shore; but he lost consciousness for a time.

Coming to, he saw, first of all, the eyes of the dear child looking down into his, and the tears of gratitude falling on his face. Others who had reached the shore with their effects, while the cries of the drowning were ringing in their ears, stood back, and instinctively gave this hero the place of honor. It

was not demanded, but was given without jealousy or envy. So it will be in heaven with those who are "rich toward God." When I see Cary and Judson and the great host of toilers who counted not their lives dear unto them, that they might follow Christ, not only in his service, but in his suffering sacrifice; when I shall see them coming with the dusky throngs behind them, whom they have won from solid heathenism, I shall shrink back instinctively to give them the place of honor.—E. O. Mallory in Christian Alliance.

— 7 —

#### A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

Less than half a century ago, a Sunday School superintendent in Jackson-ville, Illinois, asked each one to bring a new scholar to school the next Sunday. Little Mary Paxton went home and asked her father to come to Sabbath School. He was nearly forty years old, and so ignorant that he could not read. He was rough in appearance, and rude in speech. He hated the church, and despised Sunday Schools and religion and everything good. But he loved his little Mary, and when she took him by the hand he did not resist. He went to Sabbath School, and was led to Christ. He then learned to read for Christ's sake, and he finally came to be a Sunday School evangelist. He founded fifteen hundred Sunday Schools, into which seventy thousand children were gathered, and out of which sprang one hundred churches. When little Mary was leading her father to Sunday School, she was leading a train of thousands up the shining way that leads to God. It may seem a small thing for a Christian boy or girl to be always in the pew to cheer the pastor while he preaches, and to be always in the Sabbath School with a knowledge of the lesson, and to be helpfully present in at least one prayer-meeting every week. But just such simple, faithful service as that is keeping alive the Christian church.—From Food for Lambs, by Rev. A. M. Hills.



## — 8 —

## HIS MOTHER'S PRAYER DID IT

Hudson Taylor, founder of China Inland Mission, says that about 1830 his father became so interested in the spiritual condition of China, that he was led to pray that if God ever gave him a son, he might be privileged to labor as a missionary there; a prayer unknown to the son until after seven years of service in that mission field. Though carefully trained to the study of God's word and a life of devotion, yet at the age of fifteen the lad was a skeptic.

Of his conversion he says: "One day which I shall never forget, when I was about fifteen years old, my dear mother being absent from home some eighty miles away, I had a holiday. I searched the library through for a book to while away time. I selected a gospel tract which appeared unattractive, saying, there will be an interesting story at the commencement and a sermon or moral at the end. I will take the former and leave the latter for those who like it. I little knew what was going on in the heart of my dear mother.

She arose from the dinner-table with an intense yearning for the conversion of her boy, and feeling that, being from home, and having more leisure than she otherwise would, there was a special opportunity afforded her of pleading with God for me. She went to her bed-room, and turned the key in the door, and resolved not to leave the room until her prayers were answered. Hour after hour did that dear mother plead for me, until she could only praise God for the conversion of her son. In the meantime, as I was reading the tract, 'The Finished Work of Christ,' a light was flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing to be done, but to fall on my knees and accept this Saviour and his salvation, and praise God forevermore. So while my mother was praising God in her closet, I was praising Him in the old ware house, where I had retired to read my book. When I met my mother at the door on her return with the glad news, she said: "I know my

boy; I have been rejoicing for a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell me!"

Many souls are lost for want of persistent pleading with God in their behalf. Time that might be used in prayer is consumed in other ways, and souls and opportunities pass forever from our reach. For those hours of pleading with God, this faithful mother received not only her son for God, but the great work God put into his hands—China Inland Mission. Hudson Taylor has led out into the heart of China more than one hundred and seventy apostolic missionaries, none of whom receive support except through faith in God.—Anna Abrams.

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## THE SECRET OF ALL REVIVALS.

Late on a cold November night, I was retiring to rest. There was a knock at my door. A simple, praying, warm-hearted man was introduced. After a brief silence, he thus addressed me: "My dear pastor, I am come to tell you that God is about to revive His work among us." I asked him why he so felt. "I went in the stable," said he, "to care for my cattle two hours ago, and there the Lord has kept me until now, and I feel we are going to have a revival." There could be no doubt as to his sincerity, and that was the beginning of the first revival under my ministry.

A few years after an aged man renowned for piety came to my study. Though poor in this world he was rich in faith. In prayer he seemed to converse with God. Said he: "I have called to say, my dear pastor, that the Lord is in the midst of us, and we shall soon see the effect of His presence." I asked the venerable man why he felt so. His reply was as follows: "Since twelve o'clock last night the Spirit of God has been so upon me that I have not been able to do anything but pray and rejoice in the prospect of a blessed refreshing from the presence of the Lord." And that was the commencement of the first revival in my present field of labor.—Rev. N. Murray, D. D.

— 10 —

## A WOMAN'S LOVE

A murderer sat in his cell in the gaol, repeating over and over again to himself the sentence pronounced by the judge, "You are to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

But there were no tears in his eyes, and no penitence in his heart. His dark visage, marred by many a scar from the sabre of sin, looked blacker and viler as he repeated the words, cursing God and men.

Ministers had come to him with Gospel messages of Divine mercy; but he spurned their words, and told them to come no more into his presence.

"Why, man," said one, "you are condemned to die, in a few weeks you will be launched into eternity—how can you stand before God with all your unforgiven sins on your soul?"

"That's my business, not yours. I wish no further conversation with you," was his answer, as he waved his hand impatiently for them to depart.

A report of the interview was published in the papers next day. Among those who read the account was a timid, delicate, Christian woman. The tears dropped upon the paper as she read, and a great desire came into her heart to tell the poor condemned man that she was sorry for him. But she said, checking herself:

"I can't do it. I was never in a gaol in my life; and I wouldn't know what to say. And then, I should be sure to cry. Oh, I wish I could go and speak a few words to him without weeping."

Her desire grew into a purpose, and one morning she gathered a delicate bouquet from her house plants, and went to the gaol over the crisp, snowy road. The jailer who admitted her conducted her to the cell, and throwing open a window through which, without entering, persons may converse, he called the prisoner by name, saying, "Here is a lady who wishes to see you." The woman's courage and voice entirely failed her as she stood face to face with

the hard, dark-visaged murderer. She could not utter a single word, but handing him the bouquet, she burst into tears.

The flowers and the weeping woman brought a flood of memories long buried, a picture of a home embosomed in flowers across the sea, and of a Christian mother who wept over him at the parting. And while the woman wept outside of the cell, he cried with a great, deep, bitter cry, as the tears rained over his face. "God be merciful to me a sinner." And God heard the cry, and came to the heart of the murderer with forgiveness and peace. Human sympathy and tears had broken his heart, and he was led like a little child to Christ.—Christian Commonwealth.

— 11 —

## THE BOY'S TWO BRICKS

In Rochester, New York, there was a church called the "Brick Church," because it was the first church built of brick in that city. It was a small church and not large enough to hold all the people who came. Many meetings were held to talk about building a new church, but the work did not commence. No one seemed ready to do his part. They began to be discouraged, thinking they would never have a new church.

The next morning after the last meeting, very early, the pastor's door bell rang loudly. On opening the door the servant found a small boy, who inquired for Dr. Shaw. The servant told him he had not come down, and asked what he wanted. "I want to see Dr. S——," answered the boy. Presently Dr. S—— came to the door and found there a little fellow with a wheelbarrow, three times as large as himself and containing two bricks, which he said he had brought to build the new church with.

After breakfast Dr. S—— put on his hat, walked out into the street and said to one and another of his people as he met them. "The church will be built. The first load of bricks is already on the ground." The people took courage and went forward. A large, beautiful and convenient church was erected,



where multitudes could gather to hear words of life and peace. It was a little thing for that boy to bring his two bricks to build the church, but who will say that God was not honored? It was a little thing for a boy to expect his two fishes and five loaves would help any, but God honored him also.—Selected.

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### REUBEN JOHNSON'S PARDON

When I was in Ohio a few years ago, I was invited to preach in the State prison. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel, and all sat in front of me. After I had got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me:

"Mr. Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which occurred in this room. A few years ago our commissioners went to the Governor of the State and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The Governor consented with this understanding—that the record was to be kept secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless of who and what they were. At the end of six months the prisoners were all brought into the chapel. The commissioners came; the president stood on the platform, and putting his hand in his pocket, brought out some papers, and said:

"I hold in my hand pardons for five men."

The chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was as still as death. Many were deadly pale. The suspense was awful; it seemed as if every heart had ceased to beat. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon; but the chaplain interrupted him.

"Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful."

So he read out the first name, Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon;" and he held it out, but none came forward.

He said to the warden, "Are all the prisoners, here?"

The warden told them they all were there.

Then he said again, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the Governor. He is a free man."

No one moved. The chaplain looked right down where Reuben was. He was well known; he had been nineteen years there, and many were looking around to see him spring to his feet. But he himself was looking around to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain had caught his eye, and said:

"Reuben, you are the man."

Reuben turned around and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time. "Reuben, you are the man; and the second time he looked around, thinking it must be some other Reuben. He had to say three times. "Reuben, come and get your pardon."

At last the truth began to steal over the old man. He got up, came along down the hall, trembling from head to foot, and when he got the pardon he looked at it, and went back to his seat, buried his face in his hands and wept. When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to the cells, Reuben got into the ranks, too, and the chaplain had to call him:

"Reuben, get out of the ranks; you are a free man, you are no longer a prisoner."

And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. He was free!

That is the way men make out pardons; they make them out for good character or good behavior; but God makes out pardons for men who have not got any character. He offers a pardon to every sinner on earth if he will take it. I do not care who he is or what he is like. He may be the greatest libertine that ever walked the streets, or the greatest blackguard who ever lived, or the greatest drunkard, or thief, or vagabond. Christ commissioned His disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature.—D. L. Moody.

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## SILENT INFLUENCE

More than forty years ago at a great English school (and in those days that state of things was common), no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy—neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor influential, nor of high rank—came to school. The first night he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new one knelt down, as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night and the next. But after a night or two, not only did the persecution cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another, until it became the custom of every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside.

From that dormitory in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one. When that young new boy came to school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part beyond the silent influence of a quiet and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom of that little world.

A few months ago this little story was published in "The Palm Branch" and a short time afterwards the following note was received which makes the story more interesting:

"Concord, N. H., Jan., 1901.—I think all who read the story of 'Silent Influence' in the last 'Palm Branch', ought to know that the boy who 'dared to say his prayers' was Arthur P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, the famous 'Dean Stanley.'"—The Palm Branch.

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## ANSWERED PRAYER

In November, 1857, I was unexpectedly informed that the boiler of our heating apparatus at Orphan House No. 1 leaked so that it was impossible to go through the winter. Our heating appar-

atus consists of a large boiler, under which fire is kept, and with which the water pipes which warm the rooms are connected. Hot air is also connected with this apparatus. The leak was a serious matter. After the day was fixed for the work, a bleak north wind set in, accompanied by the first really cold weather. What was to be done? For the children, especially the infants, I felt concerned, that they might not suffer through cold. But how were we to obtain warmth?

The repairs could not be put off. I asked the Lord for two things: that He would change the north wind into a south wind, and give the workmen 'a mind to work,' for I remembered how much Nehemiah accomplished in fifty-two days, while building the walls of Jerusalem, because 'the people had a mind to work.' The evening before the bleak north wind still blew; but on the day when the fire was out, the south wind blew, as I prayed. The weather was so mild that no fire was needed. The brickwork was removed, the leak was found very soon, the boilermakers began to repair.

About half past eight in the evening, I was informed that the principal of the firm from whom the boilermakers came, had arrived to see how the work was going on, and if he could in any way speed the matter. I went immediately into the cellar to see him, to expedite the business. In speaking to him of this, he said, 'the men will work late this evening, and come early again tomorrow.' 'We would rather, sir,' said the leader, 'work all night.' Then remembered I, the second part of my prayer, that God would give the men 'a mind to work.' By morning the leak was stopped; within thirty hours the brick work was up, and the fire in the boiler—and all the time the south wind blew so mildly there was no need of a fire.—George Muller.

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## THE SHEEP THAT WAS LOST

On the Aleutsch Glacier I saw a strange and beautiful sight—the parable



of the "ninety and nine," repeated to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-ax and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherd over the intricate windings between crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told.

But on the way one sheep got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field glass. With its aid we discovered the sheep up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, and went clambering back after the lost sheep; and he actually put it on his shoulders and returned "rejoicing."

Here was the Lord's parable enacted before our eyes, though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And he brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—*Leaves of Light.*

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### ONE GIRL'S INFLUENCE

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession, and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells the story of what fixed his course of life.

"When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. A speaker at that meeting—a plain man—said he had a girl in his domestic services at a wage of less than \$2 a week, who gave \$1 every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sunday-school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her: 'She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen.'"

The young man went home with these broken sentences sticking in his mind; "Class in Sunday school, Dollar a month

to missions, Happiest girl."

The first result was that he took a class in Sunday-school; the second was a resolve that if the girl could give \$1 a month to missions, he could and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But who can count, who can imagine, the sum total? That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.—*Selected.*

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### SCOTTISH HONESTY

At one time in the highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promissory note, was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of so strictly did the people regard their honor. There is a story of a farmer who had been to the lowlands, and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

"After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt. "And what is this man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper. "That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back your gold at the right time," replied Donald. "Binding ye, indeed! Well, man, if ye canna trust yoursel', I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Such as ye canna hae my gold;" and, gathering it up, he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan, 'and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye, but the bit of paper would compel them.' 'Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!' cried the enraged Celt, "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye; but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of the right.—*Selected.*

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### THE LITTLE BOY'S FISHES

A little boy lived in Galilee when Jesus was teaching and preaching there, who had a lunch. We know he was a poor boy, because only the poorest people in Galilee used to eat such barley cakes as he had for lunch. The little fishes he may have caught in the sea of Galilee. Poor people who could not afford to buy, caught these little fish, there being many in that sea, and dried them to eat with their barley cakes.

Just where this boy with his lunch had started for that day, we are not told. He may have started out to spend the day fishing, or he may have brought his lunch to sell to some of the many travelers passing through Galilee at this time, on their way to the feast at Jerusalem. It was quite a journey, and many travelers would be weary and hungry and glad to buy the little boy's lunch. But whatever he meant to do, the lunch was used very differently from what he expected.

Jesus needed food for the hungry multitude, and this little boy was on hand just at the right time ready to help with what he had, though small. Jesus is always needing "ready" people. There are plenty of people who would be ready if they could only do some great thing, but why not be willing to do some little thing to help, or give something as small as the loaves and fishes to help along a good work that Jesus is interested in. Paul was a "ready" man, ready to preach, ready to go or stay, ready to be bound, ready to distribute or give. Ready boys or girls grow up to be ready men like Paul.—Selected.

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### HOW THE BALANCE CAME

On rent day we had only twenty-four dollars, which I paid when the agent came. He called the second time for the balance, (\$18,) but I hadn't it. "When will you have it?" he asked. I did not know, but said, "Early in the week, if possible," "What do you call early in

the week," he asked in a tone which tried me. I gathered all my faith and answered sharply. "On Monday!" God only knew where it could come from. I was so utterly tired and tried that I only prayed mentally, "Do let it come Monday."

Yesterday a gentleman came to the door whom I had never seen. He said, "By request I leave this package." I opened it, and took out two one-dollar bills, and sixteen dollars in silver. On a slip of paper was written: "Toward rent for Faith Home." I despatched R. joyfully to the office, and he brought back the full receipt.

It was a joy-day. We do not know where the money came from, God knows and that is sufficient until He discloses the avenue through which it came.—Mrs. M. E. Caldwell.

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### A FATHER'S REGRET.

"I shall never forget," wrote Norman McLeod, the eminent Scotch preacher, "the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears as he said: "You remember that girl, sir? She was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God: but if so, she can tell him, what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, or from her father's lips! Oh, that she were with me but for one day again!"

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### DISCOVERED IN THE BIBLE

"For then thou shalt make thy way prosperous." Some time ago an old man living in New Jersey discovered about \$5,000 in a family Bible. The bank-notes were scattered throughout the book. In 1874 this man's aunt died, and one clause of her will read as follows: "To my beloved nephew I will and bequeath my family Bible and all it con-



tains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just lawful debts are paid." The estate amounted to only a few hundred dollars which was soon spent; and her nephew neglected his Bible for thirty-five years, not knowing of the treasures it contained. He lived in poverty all this time. At last, while packing his trunk to move to his son, with whom he expected to spend his few remaining years he discovered the money hidden away in the Bible. Those who neglect to read their Bibles lose even greater treasures than those of this world.—Selected.

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### LATIMER AND THE KING

"Our God is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thine hands, O king; but if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image that thou hast set up." Thus spake the noble men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego so many years ago, to the great King Nebuchadnezzar. How courageous they were! How true to God! But not all the brave true men lived back in the days of Daniel.

While at Oxford, England, I took in my hands the charred stump of a heavy post to which the martyrs Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were chained when they were burned. I am reminded of an incident that occurred when Latimer preached a sermon before Henry VIII, in which he boldly warned the king of his sinful life. The king sent for him and said, "Your life is in danger; you must take back all you said when you preach next Sunday."

The chapel the next Sunday was crowded. Latimer began, saying to himself: "Be careful, thou art in the presence of a king; he can bring thy gray hairs with blood to the grave. Hugh Latimer, thou art in the presence of the King of Kings; fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." Henry sent for him. "How durst thou insult thy mon-

arch so?" Latimer replied, "I thought that if I was unfaithful to my God it would be impossible to be loyal to my king." The king's heart was touched, and, embracing him, he said. "There is one man left who is honest enough to tell me the truth.

Yes it is always safe to please God rather than man. Latimer was faithful unto death, and in the resurrection morning will receive the crown of life. God grant that each reader of this paper may follow his example and receive the same rich reward.—Rev. E. P. Hammond.

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### THE FATAL SLEEP

Some time ago a vessel had been off on a whaling voyage, and had been gone about three years. The father of one of the sailors had charge of the light-house, and he was expecting his boy to come home. It was time for the vessel to return.

One night there came up a terrible gale. The father fell asleep, and while he slept his light went out. When he awoke he looked towards the shore and saw a vessel had been wrecked. He at once went to see if he could not save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating towards the shore was, to his great grief and surprise, the body of his own boy! He had been watching for that boy for many days. Now the boy had at last come in sight of home, and had perished because his father had let his light go out!

I thought, what an illustration of fathers and mothers to-day that have let their lights go out! You are not training your children for God and eternity. You do not live as though there were anything beyond this life at all. You keep your affections set upon things of the earth, instead of on things above, and the result is that the children do not believe that there is anything in Christianity. Perhaps the next day they may die without God and without hope.—D. L. Moody.

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## PARSON HAVEN'S VICTORY.

One of the most beautiful and thrilling narratives of James Havens, the original of the "fighting Parson Magruder," who figures in Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Circuit Rider," was related at a recent conference by an old companion of Rev. Mr. Havens.

While still a young man, Havens was once eating his breakfast at the cabin of an old couple in a thinly settled region, when the doorway was suddenly darkened by a big ruffianly looking man, who demanded:

"Be you Havens, the fighting preacher?"

"My name is Havens, and I am a preacher," said the circuit rider.

"Well, I reckon you'd better get through your breakfast right smart, for I'm goin' to give you a good thrashin'."

"Well," returned Havens, "I don't remember to have seen you before, and if I've ever crossed your track, it was because you were up to some mischief that called for discipline."

"Hey? You pushed me over a high bank an' I got my face scratched up. I've been lookin' for you for some time, an' now I'm goin' I am you!"

"Very well, come with me down in the hollow," said Havens, "and if you've determined to thrash me, I'll give you a chance. But let us get well away from this cabin, where these old people won't have to see or witness the trouble."

The preacher started off with the ruffian down towards the woods. They went part of the way in silence, the ruffian now and then glancing at the preacher, and seeing no sign of fear or bravado in him. Presently the man said:

"See here, Havens, you'd better go back. I'm a hard fighter, and I'll hurt you, bad."

"Oh, no," said the preacher; "if you want to fight, you'd better not stop on my account."

They went on and reached the seclusion of the hollow. When they got there the ruffian said:

"Let's turn round, elder. I tell you, I'm a pretty mean man!"

"Well, let's sit down here a minute."

Havens led the way to a log, and both sat down on it. Then, with a little talk, the preacher drew from the fellow a confession of the wild life he had led, and spoke comforting words to him. In a little while both men were on their knees, with faces bowed upon the log, and the woods resounded with prayer such as few but this pioneer exhorter could offer.

The old people back in the cabin heard it, and knew what turn the "fight" had taken. They came down and joined the "meeting," and before long the fighter was one of Haven's most promising converts.—Youth's Companion.

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## BISHOP SIMPSON'S RECOVERY

In the fall of 1858, whilst visiting Indiana, I was at an annual conference where Bishop Janes presided. We received a telegram that Bishop Simpson was dying. Said Bishop Janes: "Let us spend a few moments in earnest prayer for the recovery of Bishop Simpson." We kneeled to pray; William Taylor, the great California street-preacher was called to pray; and such a prayer I never heard since. The impression seized upon me irresistibly, Bishop Simpson will not die. I rose from my knees perfectly quiet. Said I: "Bishop Simpson will not die." "Why do you think so?" "Because I have had a irresistible impression made upon my mind during this prayer." Another said: "I have the same impression. We passed it along from bench to bench until we found that a very large proportion of the conference had the same impression. I made a minute of the time of day, and when I next saw Simpson, he was attending to his daily labor. I inquired of the bishop: "How did you recover from your sickness?" He replied: "I cannot tell." "What did your physician say?" "He said it was a miracle." I then said to the bishop: "Give me the time and circumstances



under which the change occurred." He fixed upon the day, and the very hour, making allowance for the distance—a thousand miles away—that the preachers were engaged in prayer at this conference. The physician left his room, saying to his wife: "It is useless to do anything further; the bishop must die." In about an hour he returned, and started back, inquiring: "What have you done?" "Nothing," was the reply. "He is recovering rapidly," said the physician; "a change has occurred in the disease within the last hour beyond anything I have ever seen; the crisis is past, and the bishop will recover." And he did.—Bishop Bowman, of the M. E. Church.

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#### WHY SHE SUFFERED

A friend of mine was telling me the other day of a woman in North Carolina who was suddenly paralyzed. She had been a very active, noble Christian woman. She had an ungodly husband, and two worldly boys. Otherwise the home was a very happy one. It was a great blow to the family when she was stricken. For more than ten years she lay upon the bed a paralytic. Oftimes it was remarked by those who would go and see her perfect resignation, her beautiful Christian love and fortitude, that it seemed strange that one of her piety and former usefulness should thus be shut in. Sometimes she herself would say she could not understand it though she was perfectly willing to endure it.

Finally, light began to dawn. Her husband, while sitting beside her bed one night talking with her, gave his heart to Christ and was saved. Not long after this both these worldly boys while sitting around her bedside were saved. One of them gave himself to the gospel ministry and is a very prominent preacher in that State today. The other has developed into a very active Christian worker as a layman in his church and community. What a blessed ministry her shut-in life has been!

Surely no one will longer doubt the wisdom of providence in closing her in. There are thousands like her. Here and there all through the earth there is to be found the shut-in wife whose heart is like an electric dynamo which generates the current that sweeps along the wires and finally shines out in the arc light of the street and incandescent light of the office, the hall of legislation or the church.—Rev. Len G. Broughton.

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#### THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE

You have a faucet in your room. You have only to turn the faucet, and you have a stream of water, for that small lead pipe connects you with all the water of Croton Reservoir. You have not the whole reservoir in your home, but so long as your connection with it remains perfect you are sure of water while any remains in the reservoir.

Christ is the fountain of the water of life. And what that lead pipe is to Croton Reservoir, so faith is to Christ. Enlarge the pipe and you get more water. Increase your faith and you obtain more grace and blessing. Some one might ignorantly think that if he drew water enough from the faucet to have plenty to drink, and sufficient to keep him clean, the supply would soon be exhausted. So he must daily stint himself in its use. He does not know of the inexhaustible supply out of sight.

Just so with some Christians. Their souls are not half satisfied. But they feel very unworthy; and they fear that God is dealing with them now so liberally that his mercies may yet fail them. They do not see that all trusting in Christ are connected with God's unfailing fullness of love, wisdom and power. "For in him (Christ) dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Col. 2:9. "And of his fullness have all we received." Jno. 1:16.

Received not all his fullness, but of his fullness. This fountain is inexhaustible. Draw on him freely. Eph. 3:20—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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### "ONLY A BOY."

More than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to his kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he too only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Aye, there you have it; 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher." Some few years ago there returned to London from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of right intentions are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work, because of what he was to that one boy and what that one boy was to the world. "Only a boy."—Christian Messenger.

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### A DEAD MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

It was the rough bar-room of a country tavern, on an emigrant thoroughfare west of the Mississippi. A wild-looking man tossed off a whisky sling, and raised his baby-boy to take the sugar at the bottom. The child drank it with a relish,



and instead of thanks, looked into his father's face with a fearful oath—the first oath these lips had ever uttered.

His sin-hardened father laid down the cup and looked at the child, and then about the bar-room—bottles, glasses, cards, chairs. One thing more—a small stand, holding an old family Bible that had come with him across the ocean years before. Wicked as he was, he had never parted with this.

It was early in the morning, and no customers coming in, and the oath echoed through his ears again and again. "It was as if I had been struck," said he. Away in Wales, many years before, his mother taught him to pray. "But what would she have felt," said he, "if she could have heard my child's first words, cursing me?" He deliberately took the greasy pack of cards and threw them into the open fire. Deliberately he carried the jugs of liquor to the door, and turned the poisons upon the ground. He was known throughout the country as "The Wild Man." People were afraid of him he was so ragged, profane, cross-eyed, quick-witted and drunken.

This was nine years ago, and his lips have never since known an oath nor a dram. When not at work on his farm he may be found praying with the hands in a coal mine, settling the differences of two neighbors, establishing a prayer-meeting or a Sabbath-school in some remote place, tenderly visiting a cold Church member, or singing a soul-stirring air at a camp meeting. Uneducated and stammering as he is, God's Spirit goes with him and makes him a continual messenger of the love of Christ.—Selected.

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### MARY'S HANDS

There was a young girl living on the East-side, in New York, whose mother, on her dying bed, called her to her side and said, "Mary, my dear daughter, there is one thing I want you to promise me before I die, and that is with the help of Jesus you will keep the family together." Mary replied, "Yes, mother,

I promise; Jesus and I will keep the family together."

After the death of her mother, Mary had to work very hard, early and late, to do for the younger children, and to keep the home. For some two years she worked beyond her strength. Finally one day she had to give up. A physician was called. After examining Mary, he shook his head, and said, "My child, you cannot get well again, and will be unable to live more than two or three days."

Mary had been a professing Christian for some time, but when she heard the decision of the doctor, she began to ask herself if she was prepared to meet her Lord. Then she thought of the Sunday-school class which she had so irregularly attended, and of her Bible that had been neglected so much, and her thoughts troubled her. So she sent for one of her girl friends—one who used to sit by her side in the Sunday-school class. When she came Mary unburdened her mind and said, "I have been thinking that when I meet Jesus and he shall say to me, 'Mary, how about that Sunday-school class from which you have been absent so much and your Bible, that you have read so little of late?' Then I shall not know what to answer Him." And the tears stood for a moment in her eyes, and then coursed down her hollow cheeks.

Her visitor replied, "Let me see your hands, Mary." Mary held out her hands. They showed the effects of the work they had done for others. Instead of being soft and white they were hard and rough, and there were heavy caloused ridges at the base of the fingers. "Mary, if Jesus asks you about the Sunday-school class and your Bible, don't say a word, just show him your hands."

When at last we meet Jesus, if our hands are hardened with work done for his sake, we need not fear that he will question us about something we were unable to do, for he will give us a loving welcome to his rest and home.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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**ONLY A TALLOW-DIP.**

The following was related in an evangelistic meeting: A poor woman who had been bed-ridden for years, lived near the railroad track, a long way from any other house. Near by was a deep gully over which the railroad passed on a new, substantial iron bridge, as was supposed. There was a terrible wind one night. This poor woman, as was often the case, was alone. All at once she heard a fearful crash; she felt sure it was the bridge. She looked at the clock. In ten minutes the through passenger train would be along. What could she do? Her son was away from home. Praying earnestly to God for help, she took the only light in the house, a tallow candle, and began to crawl (for she could not walk) toward the railroad track. How she ever got there she never knew.

The track reached, she could hear the roar of the coming train. She prayed this prayer: "O God, help me to light this candle, and keep it burning until the engineer sees it; and make him see it." God heard her prayer. The candle was lighted, there was a lull; just then she waved the candle—would the engineer see it? She heard a grating sound, she knew the brakes were set. She lost consciousness then, but the train came to a stand-still a few feet from the yawning chasm. Hundreds of lives were saved. This weak, sick woman did what she could: God used what she had. He will use what you have for the saving of men, if you will do your part.—Union Gospel News.

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**A SON OF GOD.**

Henry M. Stanley tells that once in the heart of dark Africa, a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find

his voice or say a word, only "I am a son of God, I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station when they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, "I am a son of God, I would not steal."—The Christian.

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**SAVED FROM HURRICANE.**

To the editor of "The Christian" a sea captain relates the following remarkable incident. The God whom we serve is abundantly able to protect all those who take refuge in Him:

"We sailed from the Kennebec on the first of October, 1876. There had been several severe gales, and some of my friends thought it hardly safe to go, but after considerable prayer I concluded it was right to undertake the voyage. On the 19th of October we were about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Bahamas, and we encountered very disagreeable weather. For five or six days we seemed held by shifting currents, or some unknown power, in about the same place. We would think that we had sailed thirty or forty miles, when on taking our observations we would find we were within three or four miles of our position the day before. This circumstance occurring repeatedly proved a trial



to my faith, and I said within my heart, 'Lord, why are we so hindered and kept in this position?' Day after day we were held as if by an unseen force, until at length a change took place, and we went on our way. Reaching our port they inquired, 'Where have you been through the gale?' 'What gale?' we asked. 'We have seen no gale.' We then learned that a terrible hurricane had swept through that region, and that all was desolation. We afterwards learned that this hurricane had swept around us, and had almost formed a circle around the place occupied by us during the storm. A hundred miles in one direction all was wreck and ruin, fifty miles in the opposite direction all was desolation; and while that storm was raging in all its fury we were held in perfect safety, in quiet waters, and in continual anxiety to change our position and pursue our voyage. One day of ordinary sailing would have brought us into the track of the storm and sent us to the bottom of the sea. We were anxious to sail on, but some unseen power held us where we were, and we escaped."

The captain was a prayerful man, trusting in his Lord, though his faith was tried, and he thought the Lord was not helping him. Yet the Lord was keeping his promise to him, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long."

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#### HOW THE PIGS WERE LED.

Two friends once entered Surrey Chapel previous to going to India. One was a Christian, the other not. Mr. Rowland Hill preached from the text, "We are not ignorant of his devices," and told this story:

"Many years ago I met a drover of pigs in one of the narrow streets of a large town; and, to my surprise, they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. The singular fact excited my curiosity; and I pursued the swine until they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he suc-

ceeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him; when he told me the secret. He had a basket of beans under his arm; and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so gained his object. Ah, my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans; and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way; the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his will; and if grace prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him forever. Oh, it is because we are not ignorant of his devices that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them."

The Christian friend mourned over this tale about the pigs; and feared it would excite a smile but not produce conviction in the mind of his unbelieving companion. After the service they left the chapel, and all was silent for a season.

"What a singular statement we had to-night about the pigs; and yet how striking and how convincing it was!" remarked the young man. His mind was impressed—and he could not forget the basket of beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. He left the country; but soon after corresponded with his friend and referred to this sermon as having produced an abiding impression on his mind.—Selected.

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#### A NATIONAL DELIVERANCE.

"An answer to prayer," says Le Clerc, "may be seen by what happened on the coast of Holland in the year 1672. The Dutch expected an attack from their enemies by sea, and public prayers were ordered for their deliverance. It came to pass that when their enemies waited only for the tide, in order to land, the tide was retarded, contrary to its usual course, for twelve hours, so that their enemies were obliged to defer the attempt to another opportunity; which they never found, because a storm arose afterwards, and drove them from the coast."

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**A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.**

In the winter of 1855, in the State of Iowa, the snow fell early in November to the depth of two feet. The storm was such that neither man nor beast could move against it.

In a log cabin, six miles from her nearest relative, lived a woman with five children, ranging from one to eleven years. The supply of food and fuel was but scant when the snow began falling; and day after day the small store melted away, until the fourth evening, when the last provisions were cooked for supper, and barely enough fuel remained to last one day more. That night, as was her custom, the little ones were called around her knee to hear the Scripture lesson read, before commending them to the Heavenly Father's care. Then, bowing in prayer, she pleaded as only those in like condition can plead, that help from God might be sent. While wrestling with God in prayer, the Spirit took the words of the Psalmist and impressed them on her heart: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And again, these words came as if spoken audibly: "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Faith took God at His word; and with an assurance that help would come, she praised God who heareth prayer and retired to rest without a care or fear for the morrow.

When again the morning broke, that mother arose, kindled her fire, and put on the kettle as she had done on other days before the food was gone. Just as the sun arose, a man in a sleigh drove up to the house, and hastening in inquired how they were getting along. Her heart at first was too full for utterance; but in a short time he was told something of their destitution, and of her cry to God for help.

He replied: "Last night about nine o'clock, wife and I were both impressed that you were in need. Spending almost

a sleepless night, I hastened at early dawn, to come and inquire about the case."

Then returning to his sleigh he took into the house breadstuff, meat and groceries, so that mother had abundance to prepare a breakfast for the little ones, who had eaten the last bread the night before. And as if to make the case above mentioned a special providence, without a doubt remaining, the individual who was thus impressed—and that at the very hour that mother was crying to God—was a stranger to the circumstances and surroundings of this family. Indeed, he had never been in that house before, nor had ever showed any interest in the person referred to; but he ever afterwards proved a friend indeed.

Let skeptics ridicule the idea of a special providence, or lightly speak of prayer. One heart will ever believe God's ear in mercy is open to the cry of the feeblest of His children, when in distress their cry goes up for help to Him.—E. M. Dodson, Orworth, Kan.

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**BUILD HIGHER**

A young lady was dying of consumption. As she sat at the open window, she saw a couple of little birds come and build their nest on a branch not high from the ground. Day by day she watched them, and observed first the nest, then the eggs, and then the nestlings. As she watched them day by day, she used to shake her head, and say, "Silly birds, why not build higher?" And then when the little nestlings came and began to show their heads above the nest, the burden of her exclamation was still, why not higher?

One morning when she took her accustomed seat at the window lattice, she saw the nest all torn to pieces, and the ground strewn with the feathers of the poor little nestlings, and marks of violence all around; and then she said, "Ah, did I not tell you to build higher! Had you built higher you would have



been secure from harm, and this dire mishap would not have befallen you." And you, my friends, when you come to cross the river of death, if ever you fail to get to the better land, when you look back it will be with the bitterest remorse that you will cry out, Why did I not build higher? Why did I not lay up my treasure in heaven, instead of spending my time and my money on the meat which perisheth, and on pleasures which pass away in a moment!—Henry Drummond.

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### PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

We know a preacher, still living, who was appointed to the charge of a church in Springfield, Ill. The church seemed very much depressed. Its life was at a low ebb. It was in the midst of the harvest, in the hot weather, when things seemed most depressed. The pastor, a holy man of God, announced on Sabbath evening to a small congregation of a score or two of persons, "There will be a prayer meeting in this church to-morrow morning at sunrise for the revival of the work of God and the conversion of sinners."

The people wondered at the notice, and went home. The pastor went up into his study, which was in the parsonage by the side of the church, and gave that night to prayer. Just as the East began to lighten up a little with the coming day he had the assurance that his prayer was answered, and cast himself down on a sofa for a little rest. Presently he awoke suddenly to see the sun shining on the wall over his head. He sprang up and looked out of the window to see how late it was, when he saw the sun just rising above the horizon. Looking down into the yard by the church, he was overjoyed to see the church crowded with people, and the yard full, and teams crowding into the street for a long distance.

God had heard his prayer, and had sent out his Spirit into the community, and there had been no sleeping in Springfield that night. People in the country

who knew nothing of the appointment got up in the night, hitched up their teams, and drove into town and to the church to find out what the matter was. A good man had taken hold of God. The prayer meeting began, and was closed that night at eleven o'clock. Several souls were converted. A gracious work broke out, and the community was greatly blessed.

The foregoing we certify to on the highest authority, having it from the lips of the man himself, whom everybody knowing him believes as soon as any thing outside of the Bible. We greatly need earnest, persevering, believing prayer. One night of such prayer kept by all the church would startle the nation. We sorely need a mighty baptism of power. We have all the other elements of success. We lack no machinery. We have truth, and the experience of its saving power and the appliances. What we now need is the outpouring of the Spirit upon us as a people. One hour a day spent by the church in earnest prayer for the revival of God's work would make the coming year the most memorable in the history of the church.—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

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### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

An old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and for the sake of so doing went without some things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a sixpence, so that she might buy herself some meat, as an unusual luxury. "Well now," thought the old woman, "I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the sixpence, too."

In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary, who told it at a missionary breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale and, saying that he had never denied himself a chop for God's Word, subscribed £500 on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and £2,200 were raised before the party separated.—Sel.

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## THE SONG OF PEACE.

A snatch of Christian song put an end to bloodshed in a way that could not have been anticipated by the one who taught the singer. The Cincinnati Inquirer tells how the Apaches surrendered to Lieutenant Ord, General Miles' orderly in the Geronimo campaign.

Out in the middle of the desert, miles from white men, Ord was surprised at hearing the sound of a human voice. Approaching cautiously a thicket of cactus, he distinctly heard sung the words: "O, how I love Jesus!"

Fearful of treachery, he advanced cautiously, but all the while that voice continued singing over and over again, "O, how I love Jesus!"

After crawling more than an hour, Ord discovered that the singer was an Indian. Covering him with his carbine, he rushed at him, ordering him to surrender. The Apache threw up both hands and made the sign of peace, continuing to sing "O, how I love Jesus!"

The lieutenant took the Indian back to General Miles' camp, where it was learned through the interpreter that he had been sent out by one of the Apache chiefs to say that the Indians were ready to treat for peace. He was the only Indian in that party who could speak a word of English and all that he could say was: "O, how I love Jesus!" which words he learned from a missionary.

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## THE INFLUENCE OF A PICTURE.

Rev. Hunter Corbett, D. D. of Chefoo, China, while visiting one of the members of his flock by the name of Chang, asked him how it was that he was led to a knowledge of the truth. He replied that some three years before, his nephew, who had been attending the mission school and was visiting him during vacation, said to him one day, "Would you like to see your photograph two or three years from now?" Mr. Chang replied he would; and the lad showed him a picture in his school book representing

an opium smoker in all the wretchedness of the last stage of the vice. He glanced at the picture, and became furiously angry; but the lad took to his heels, and kept at a respectful distance for some days.

Mr. Chang was an inveterate smoker of opium, and had squandered all his property for the drug; and his case seemed hopeless. But, notwithstanding his rage, he could not dispel the vision of the miserable creature represented by the picture. It haunted him day and night. So, in spite of himself, he took the book, and read and re-read it. After days and nights of torment and struggle, he at last was willing to give up opium, and all his sins, and through faith in Christ he was set at liberty.

After his conversion, he went to see an uncle of his, Mr. Yang, who also was an opium user. He told him of the blessings of the gospel, and what God had done for him. He persuaded his uncle with such earnestness that he also abandoned his sins, and became a Christian. Some time after, they were both received into the Church, and continue to give evidence of the soundness of their conversion.

Since then, at the home of Mr. Yang, his wife, his son, his son's wife, and six others have been baptized as converts to Christianity. Also the wife of Mr. Chang, and several of his relatives are seeking to know the way of life.

The results, so far as seen, amply repay the lad for his faithfulness in the wise use of a picture.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## CHARACTER TESTED

The following is taken from "Fifty Years among Authors and Book Publishers," by J. C. Derby. John Harper was one of the members of the well-known firm of that name. Is it a wonder that God so greatly honored and prospered such men?

"Neither he (John Harper) nor his brothers ever worked on Sundays, even



during their apprenticeship. It is told of him that one Saturday evening, when he was a journeyman printer in the employment of Jonathan Seymour (of New York city), he was informed that he was expected to work next day on the catalogue of an auction sale, which was to be held on the following Monday. 'That I will not do,' was the sturdy, though respectful reply. 'I will forfeit my papers, but I will not work on Sunday.' When the clock struck 12 that night, John Harper laid down his composing stick and went home, regardless of the threat to discharge him. On Monday morning Mr. Seymour, who admired the pluck and moral courage displayed by the young man, apologized for having spoken harshly to him, and made him foreman of a department. When in business for himself Mr. Harper never allowed any work to be done in the establishment on Sunday, and this has uninterruptedly continued to be the rule of the office."

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#### GUIDANCE CONFIRMED

One Saturday night in winter, when a snowstorm had blocked all travel, Dr. J. O. Peck felt impressed that he must keep an appointment to preach the next day some miles distance. He went to the stable for a team, but the liveryman said he could not get over the Holyoke mountains. He replied, "Give me the Arabian horse; he will go through if anything can." He started and for an hour the Arabian plunged through the drifts while he hung on behind to keep the sleigh right side up.

The noble animal seemed to feel the man's burden, and struggled heroically. So Dr. Peck talked to the Arabian and petted him as they rested on the mountain. Often as he sat down to empty his boots of the snow, Satan plied him with his mad folly, but he fought on with his brave steed, reaching Chicopee Falls about midnight. His host, surprised to see him, said, "You were not expected. There will be no service tomorrow."

Then the tempter sorely thrust him on his divine guidance.

He retired, but not to sleep. As he sat reading and listening to the howling of the storm the bell rang. Going to the door he heard a voice call out of the darkness, "Oramel!" Then two hackmen brought in his only brother, sick emaciated, just discharged from the army and sent home as was supposed to die. Then he knew God had sent him through that mad storm to meet the sick soldier boy and care for him.—Selected.

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#### GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Lord Craven lived in London at the time of the great plague raged there. His house was located in that part of the city since called Craven Buildings. To avoid the threatened danger, his Lordship resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the luggage put up, and all things ready for the journey. As he was walking through the hall, with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as his postilion) saying to another servant, "I suppose by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech however, forcibly struck Lord C—, and made him pause—. "My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in the city as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that poor fellow has preached a sermon to me. "Lord pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence which made me think of running away from thy hand." Immediately he ordered the horses to be taken off from the coach, and luggage to be brought in. He continued in London—was remarkably useful among his sick neighbors—and never caught the infection.—Selected.

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## THE REPRIEVE.

Sir Evan Nepean, of the Home Department, relates the following respecting himself: One night during his office as Under Secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found all attempts to sleep impossible, and from eleven till two in the morning he never closed an eye.

At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking (it was summer), he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But in his walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it.

The first thing he saw appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been ordered for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes." He could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing Street, knocked him up (it was then past three), and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself; it must have been sent."

The clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to send it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan, "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then come with me to his house, we must find him if it is early." It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived

in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen and they almost ran. They were just in time. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at this visit of the Under Secretary of the State at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we ever heard.

But what a lesson does it suggest to Christians. To each of us is entrusted a reprieve for lost sinners. Is it locked up in our desk? Is it kept back when they for whom it is designed are ready to perish? Let us make haste ere it be too late.—The Watchword.

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## HER FAITH UNSHAKEN.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson of Philadelphia, had the following fact from the pastor of the lady mentioned. The packet ship, Albion, full of passengers from America was wrecked about fifty years ago on the coast of Ireland, and the news was that all on board had perished. A minister near Philadelphia on reading a list of the lost, found among them the name of one of the members of his congregation, and went immediately to inform the wife of the sad fact. She had been earnestly praying, during the voyage of her husband, and had received assurance of his safety amid great danger. Hence, to the astonishment of her pastor, after he had informed her of the shipwreck, and showed her the list of names of those who were lost, she told him that it was a mistake; that her husband had been in extreme peril, but was



not dead. When the next tidings were received, it proved that her husband was among the passengers, and had been in great peril; but that he had escaped, and was the only one saved!—Sel.

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### HIDDEN MONEY

In 1730, a wealthy Quaker in Philadelphia, who intended to go to England for several years, was perplexed in attempting to decide what to do with a large sum of money which he had. He did not want to take it with him, and was afraid to invest it in any business in the colonies.

Being of a very suspicious temper he would not intrust it to the keeping of any of his friends. Finally he resolved to bury it. If hidden, it would be safe and undiminished when he came back. He inclosed the coins in two earthen jars, and, digging a hole in the cellar of his stately house on Fourth Street, buried them and replaced the paving.

In the same year a poor young printer carried on his trade about a square from this man's house. He and his wife lived so frugally that they tasted meat but once a week. At the end of a few months he found that he had a few shillings to spare.

"What shall we do with it?" said his wife, Deborah.

"Buy books," said the young man, promptly.

But he was a shrewd fellow. His shillings would buy but a book or two—meagre diet for his greedy brain. He persuaded some other young mechanics to add each the same amount to his and to put the books on a shelf for the use of the contributors and their friends.

The few shillings spent by Benjamin Franklin that day gave being to the great Philadelphia Library, which for a hundred and fifty years has helped countless men and women to knowledge.

The Quaker died in England, and his family never found the money. Two years ago, while Irish workmen were digging in the cellar of a warehouse on

Fourth Street, they found the earthen jars.

Only a few coins remained, and they were soon spent for whiskey. The bulk of the treasure being in bank-notes and due-bills had crumbled to dust long ago. It was a strange reproduction of the story of the talent put out to usury, and buried in a napkin.—The Earnest Christian.

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### DYING OF THIRST 'MID RIVERS OF WATER.

A ship's company had for several days been allowed only half of their usual supply of water. Land or a passing ship was anxiously looked for, but neither appeared. The water-casks were now nearly empty. The captain was obliged at last to reduce the allowance to one-half a pint a day per man. The sufferings of the men, exposed to the scorching heat of the equator with hardly enough water to moisten their swollen tongues, was almost unendurable. But one morning the man at the look-out sighted a sail. Then all was joy and excitement, for the sailors were confident of obtaining a supply of water. A signal of distress was run aloft, and as the vessels neared one another the captain made known his desire for water. When the captain of the approaching ship replied, "Don't you know where you are? You are in the mouth of the Amazon. Let down your buckets and dip it up!"

So it proved. The mouth of the Amazon is 150 miles wide, and the flood of fresh water, as it pours forth from that mighty river, flows out and overlaps the ocean for fifty leagues. So that crew had been sailing for some time in fresh water, yet were almost dying from thirst.

Many are perishing from soul-thirst, while, Christ, the water of life, whom they do not recognize, is in their very presence. "Have I been so long time with you, yet hast Thou not known me, Philip?" Jno. 14:9.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### THE BEDRIDDEN SAINT'S PRAYER.

"In 1872 I went to London—a year before Mr. Sankey and myself went over—to spend a few months in getting acquainted with some of those men of God who knew their Bibles a good deal better than some other Christians I had met.

"I was in the old Bailey prayer meeting one Saturday noon, where the Sunday-school Union have meetings for Sunday-school teachers, and at the close of that meeting a minister wanted to know if I would not preach for him on the next Sabbath. I told him I would be very glad to. I went to the north end of London next morning and spoke, with no unusual interest, in fact I thought the service rather quiet.

"I was to speak again at 6.30 in the evening, and that evening while I was speaking it seemed as if the powers of the unseen world fell upon me. The mighty power of God seemed to lift the congregation, and when I had got through I asked those who would like to be Christians to rise, and they rose by the hundreds.

"I said to myself: 'These people have misunderstood the invitation.' I said: 'would all those who want to become Christians, who are not Christians, meet the pastor and myself in the chapel back of the pulpit?' and they filled that room full, aisles and all. I said: 'These people have misunderstood me again;' and after explaining the way of life the best I knew how, I said: 'To-morrow night your pastor will be glad to meet you here alone.' I had to go to Dublin; but the next Tuesday I got a telegram from the pastor asking me to come back at once.

"I went back and stayed there for ten days, and they took 400 into that church, and all the other churches round were blessed more or less.

"Let me tell you the sequel of that. There was a member of that church, had been bedridden for years, and she

was becoming very much discouraged. She thought she could do nothing, but one day she thought she could pray, if nothing else, and she prayed that God would revive the church, and she poured her heart out to God in prayer.

"She had seen something in some paper that I had said or done in America, and she prayed to God to send me to that church.

"When her sister came home at noon she said: 'Who do you think preached for us to-day?'

"I don't know,' was the reply.

"Guess,' said her sister. Finally she guessed Mr. Moody from America, and said: 'I know what that means. It is the answer to the prayer, God has sent,' and when they had brought her dinner, she said: 'No, I am going to fast.'

"All that afternoon she was holding me up to God in prayer, and when I was preaching she was praying to God, beseeching, entreating the Lord to hear the prayer and revive the work in that church.

"I believe that it was not my preaching, but the power of that woman's prayers that brought out this blessing. When you and I get to heaven it may be that we will find out those who have accomplished the most have been men and women who were never heard of in their services, but who in secret and at their family altars prayed to God.—D. L. Moody.

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### HOW IT BEGINS.

Give me a halfpenny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you threepence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him the halfpenny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or threepence?"

"Threepence," was the answer; and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with all he



had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near him, watched him, and before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "My lad this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your halfpenny and won six halfpence, did you not?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken your first lesson in their path. That man has gone through it, and you see the end. Now I advise you to go and give his threepence back, and ask him for your halfpenny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He hung his head, but raised it quickly and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless an honest man.—Selected.

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### A LIFE FOR A LIE

It has been said that there never was a lie that did not end in a broken head for somebody. Often those who sincerely believe a lie are the worst sufferers by it.

We clip from a paper an example of a little girl who lost her life by honestly believing a lie her father told.

"A citizen of Oceanica, Md., had a vicious kicking horse, which he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a probable purchaser he remarked: 'That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind him and twist his tail, and he would not raise a hoof.' The little girl overheard this lie, took it for the truth, and one day on being left alone with the horse, tried the experiment, and was killed by

a kick."

That father's lie cost him his child's life. Some people think lying is a little sin; but indeed it is the seed and root of every sin. Sin first came into this world by a lie, and sin and lies have gone hand in hand ever since.

We shall never get rid of sins till we get rid of lies; therefore Christians are to "put away lying, and speak every man truth with his neighbor;" and as for those that love lies and make them, when the Lord sweeps this world clean of sin, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—Selected.

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### REJECTING A CROWN

U. Bor. Sing, the heir of the Rajah of Cherra, India, was converted by the Welsh missionaries. He was warned that in joining the Christians he would probably forfeit his right to be king of Cherra after the death of Rham Sing, who then ruled, but who, eighteen months afterward, died. The chiefs of the tribes met and unanimously decided that Bor. Sing was entitled to succeed him, but that his Christian profession stood in the way. Messenger after messenger was sent, urging him to recant. He was invited to the native council, and told that if he would put aside his religious profession they would all acknowledge him as king. His answer was: "Put aside my Christian profession? I can put aside my head-dress, or my cloak; but as for the covenant I have made with my God, I cannot for any consideration put that aside!"

Another was therefore appointed king in his stead. Since then he has been impoverished by litigation about landed property, till he is now in danger of arrest and imprisonment; and Mr. Elliot, the Commissioner of Assam, has appealed to Christians in this country on his behalf. Here is a convert rejecting a crown for Christ!—Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

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## FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE

The Morning Star narrates the following, which illustrates a highly important principle:

"The office door opened softly, and a stranger in poor, soiled soldier's clothes walked in. The man who sat at the desk was a lawyer—a judge—and he was very busy over the papers of a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war.

The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle, and weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native State and town.

But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and stood, feeling confusedly in his pockets. "I have—I did have a—letter for you." The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words.

He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time.

The confused, nervous search in his pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man, but he had responded to many soldiers' applications already—and he was very busy just now.

The stranger came nearer and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge.

"I have no time to attend to such"—But the impatient sentence was checked upon the good man's lips. The handwriting on the letter was the handwriting of his son.. He opened the letter and read:

"Dear Father.—The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die.. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

And then Judge A—forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out toward the poor sick soldier, and for Char-

lie's sake, his own soldier-boy far away, he loaded him with gifts and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing.

As the judge granted the request of his son for this poor soldier, so God pardons and saves us sinners for the sake of his Son, our mediator, in whose name we come.

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## NOT JUSTICE, BUT PARDON

We are shocked when we hear men talk of dealing with God on the basis of their personal merits. The man who thus speaks is either ignorant, willfully deceived, a hypocrite or a fool.

In the days when Napoleon was First Consul of France, a well-dressed girl, fourteen years of age, presented herself alone at the gate of the palace. By tears and entreaties she moved the kind-hearted porter to allow her to enter. Passing from one room to another, she found her way to the hall through which Napoleon, with his officers, was to pass. When he appeared, she cast herself at his feet, and in the most earnest and moving manner cried, "Pardon, sire! pardon for my father!"

"And who is your father?" asked Napoleon; "and who are you?"

"My name is Lajolia, but, sire, my father is doomed to die," she said with flowing tears.

"Ah, young lady," replied Napoleon; "I can do nothing for you. It is the second time that your father has been found guilty of treason against the State!"

"Alas," exclaimed the poor girl, "I know it, sire; but I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon. I beseech you, forgive, O forgive my father!"

Napoleon's lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. After a momentary struggle of feeling, he gently took the hand of the young maiden, and said:

"Well, my child, for your sake I will pardon your father. That is enough. Now leave me."



Reader, whoever, you are, know that, as a sinner against God, the cry from your lips must always be, "Not justice, but pardon."—Sel.

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### A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD

THEM. Isa. 11:16

The above text of Scripture is well illustrated by the following touching little story related some time ago at a Fulton Street prayer meeting:

"A dress-maker called on a very wealthy lady in a city not far from New York, taking her little girl, five years old, with her. The lady took a fancy to the child, and showed her over the house. She expressed great admiration at all she saw, and, particularly attracted by the carpet, said to the lady: 'Why, I should think Jesus must come here very often, it is such a nice house, and such a beautiful carpet—He must come here very often. He comes to our house, and we have no carpet; I am sure He must come here very often, don't He?' The lady not answering, the child repeated the question, when the answer came, with deep emotion, 'I am afraid not.' The child left, but God's message was delivered. The lady related the incident to her husband in the evening, and both were led to seek the Saviour."

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### THE FIVE-CENT TEST

Some years ago, a shrewd old lumber merchant named Aymer lived in New York. He used to receive cargoes of mahogany and logwood, and sell them at auction. Such a cargo was one day to be sold at Jersey City, and all hands started from the auction room to the place of sale. When passing through the gate to the ferry, Mr. Aymer observed one of the largest buyers slip through without paying the five cent fare. So he told his auctioneer not to accept a bid from that man. Surprised, the auctioneer asked why, and remark-

ed he thought him good pay. Mr. Aymer said he too had thought so, but now had changed his mind, and would not trust him a dollar.

A few months proved the correctness of his opinion, for the slippery dealer failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar.

"A straw will show which way the wind blows."—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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### SHE RAN THE RISK

The Rev. Mr. Darnall, Presbyterian pastor at Milton, N. C., relates the following incident, that actually occurred among a certain congregation in North Carolina: "A young lady at church gave heed to a powerful and awakening sermon, the preacher urging an immediate acceptance of Christ, and warning of the dangers of delay, and putting off for a more convenient season. A few days after, the young lady was dangerously ill, and sent for the preacher to come and see her. He went and found her at death's door, and yet she told him she neither wished him to pray with or talk to her; that she heard his sermon the Sunday before, and at the time had written with her pencil a certain sentence in her hymn-book, and ever since then all had been darkness, and her heart as hard as stone. The preacher took the hymn-book and read on the fly-leaf, in the back of the book, the following fatal sentence: 'I'll run the risk.' A few hours more and the young woman died in the darkness of despair. She had 'run the risk.'"—Sel.

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### VALUE OF A WORD.

I have observed that a word cast in by the by, hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoken beside. Sometimes also, when I have thought I did no good, then I did the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing.—Bunyan.

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## ANSWERS TO PRAYER

A young man in the State of Indiana, not long ago left home for a business opening in Ohio. There, a gentleman from his own native town found him, and was shocked to discover that he had become a profane swearer. Returning home he felt constrained to tell his pious parents of his awful degeneracy. They said little, and, in doubt whether they had understood him, he called next day and repeated the statement. The father calmly replied: "We understood you; my wife and I spent a sleepless night on our knees pleading in behalf of our son; and about daybreak we received the assurance from God that James will never swear again." Two weeks after, the son came home a changed man. "How long since this change took place?" asked his rejoicing parents. He replied that just a fortnight before he was struck with a sense of guilt so that he could not sleep, and spent the night in tears and prayers for pardon. Mark—there had been no time for any parental appeal, or even for a letter of remonstrance—while they were praying for him, God moved him to pray for himself.

A remarkable case of deliverance from persecution and of punishment visited upon cruel persecutors, is recorded of the Jewish colony at Alexandria, about two hundred before Christ.

Ptolemy Philopator furiously angry at the refusal of the high-priest to permit him to invade the temple courts of Jerusalem, on his return to Egypt flung into prison all the Jews upon whom he could lay his hands. There was at Alexandria a huge hippodrome used for gladiatorial shows, and here a host of captives were confined. The king decreed that elephants made furious by intoxicating and stimulating drugs, should be let loose upon them in the arena of this amphitheater, and trample them to death. For two days his own drunken revels delayed the execution of this horrid decree, and for two days there went up ceaseless prayers to Israel's God that He who delivered Daniel from the lions would

rescue his helpless people.

The third day came, and the infuriated monsters were driven into the amphitheater and goaded forward to torture the prisoners. But, wonderful to relate, instead of attacking and destroying these Jews, they turned madly upon the guards and the spectators, killed many of them, and drove the rest in terror from the corridors! Ptolemy was so impressed with this exhibition of power of the God of the Jews that he released the prisoners and, like Ahasuerus, permitted them to destroy their foes.—Arthur T. Pier-son, D. D.

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## COURAGE FOR THE RIGHT

A successful evangelist tells what great results followed from a simple stand for Christ when he was a commercial traveller.

He had made a good sale, and the merchant said, "It is your treat." He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street, and he was expected to go across and "set up the drinks" for the whole establishment. "What is the use?" he said to himself. "This is one of the expedients of the trade. I needn't drink anything. I can order the cigars, or a supper or—" "Yes" something said to him, "you can just sell out right here and make a wreck out of it all."

"Boys", he said in the new inspiration sent from above, "if I should do that I would do the meanest thing in all the world, and if you'll bear with me I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask, I'd do the meanest thing in all the world both for you and me."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk. "Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it." And the merchant afterward took the commercial traveller aside to say, I'll promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

It pays to be outspoken for Christ. Try it.—Rams Horn.



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## GOD KEPT THE TRAIN.

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village, where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said: "The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P—leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, that is the last train, I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance for the long, long journey into the country. What shall I do?" "Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you." "Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother. "No, madam, I have the timetable, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?" "I trust I am," was the reply. "Will you pray with me that the Lord may, in some way, delay the train at the junction?" "Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith." Just then, the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The poor woman hurried back to her deformed and sick child, and away went the train, climbing the grade. "Somehow," says the engineer, "every thing worked to a charm. As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit, it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time." There stood the train, and the conductor with his lantern on his arm. "Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must wait for your coming

tonight, but I don't know why." "I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited. God held it to answer their prayers.—The Watchman and Reflector.

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## SPLITTING THE ROCK.

A few days ago I saw two men engaged in splitting a rock. The steel wedge held by one man against the stone received powerful blows from a sledge hammer wielded by the other. Blow after blow was struck, yet no impression seemed to be made upon the rock. The man would stop a little to take breath, and then go at it again with no thought of discouragement. Eighteen times that sledge hammer came down with no apparent result. The nineteenth blow, however, started a seam, and the twentieth laid the rock open.

What if the man had yielded to discouragement after the eighteenth blow? The rock would have remained unbroken, and his labor would have been worse than wasted, for he would undertake the next task of the kind with less confidence.

Now, Jesus says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Our asking and our knocking may be right enough, but if they are not persevered in until a favorable issue is reached, we, too, shall be injured instead of being benefited by our effort. And just as in the breaking of the rock, every blow, from the first to the last, contributed to produce the desired result, so in our seeking some blessing from God, every prayer brings the blessing nearer. And if the answer is long in coming, let us not yield to the thought that it will never come; but rather believe that it is approaching nearer and nearer, and may be even now at hand.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## ACQUAINTED WITH GOD

An infidel, on learning that a distinguished and intelligent lady was a believer in the Holy Scriptures, professed to be surprised, and asked her, "Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Most certainly I do," was the reply.

"Why do you believe it?" he inquired again.

"Because I am acquainted with the Author!"

This was her testimony, and all his talk about the "unknown and the unknowable" went for nothing in view of the calm confidence born of her personal acquaintance with God.—Sel.

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## BENT NAILS.

Bob Mason and his uncle came down from the city on the same car one evening. "I saved my nickel," said Bob, with a chuckle, as they walked home together.

"So I noticed," was the grave reply.

"Well, I had it in my hand; if the conductor had asked me for it I should have given it to him," said Bob, rather sulkily. "I don't see why I was to blame."

"Because you cheated," answered his uncle. "Just before the conductor got to you he turned to help some one off. You moved up where he had collected fares, and appeared to be deeply engaged in your paper. I know that you did not say in so many words—'I've paid my fare,' but you looked it as hard as you could, and he apparently understood it so. It was cheating, as I look at it."

"Oh, well," said Bob, carelessly; "it was only a nickel anyway; the B. R. T. will never know the difference."

"But you will, my boy. Some one wisely bids us to call nothing small in a world where a mud creek swells into an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold."

"I remember when I was about your age," his uncle continued. "I was helping a carpenter about a piece of work he was doing for my father. I had made a

little mistake and was trying to pull out a nail.

"Draw it straight; don't bend it," he cautioned.

"Why, what harm would it do? I could straighten it, couldn't I?" I asked. "Possibly, but it would never be as strong. You would find it very apt to bend again, and you would also find it hard to drive it true."

"It is pretty much so with us; if we yield to temptation in any way today, we shall find we have weakened ourselves, and it will be harder to hold true tomorrow."

"Don't deceive yourself by thinking it is only a little thing, too small to make any difference. I once saw a large and seemingly strong telegraph pole come suddenly crashing down without any warning or visible cause. But investigation showed that woodpeckers had cut a nest just where the pole broke."

"So, little sins, as we mistakingly call them, eat into our lives and weaken us. Like the bent nail we are liable to break at that place any time. The only sure way to keep in the right path is never to take the first step out. Remember that, my boy."

"I will," replied Bob, gravely.—Ex.

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## IS THERE A LETTER FOR ME?

I was much touched by the following incident, told by a gentleman from the South in regard to the delight of the colored people to receive letters.

The fact had been told to show the laziness of the race, but the gentleman saw something deeper in the incident.

The postmaster of a village said one colored man had come to the post-office regularly twice a day for two years asking the question: "Is there a letter for me?" Sometimes he would say, "I think it will arrive by the next mail." And he said nothing pleased him like getting a letter from the post-office; and a paper with "John Smith Esq." on it was an event in the family that went on record.

I have not forgotten the circumstances



of a young man in the army who received no letters, and when his comrade saw the tears fill his eyes when the mail arrived, he wrote home to his mother and told her of his orphan comrade. "Mother," he wrote, "do write to him, and as his mother is dead, do mother him a little." Very quickly a letter came to the young man. As it was handed he said, "It is not for me. I have no one that cares enough for me to write." But when he opened it and saw, "My dear son," he bowed his head and wept like a child. Then lifting his face, beaming with smiles, he said: "I have got a mother!"

It is such a little thing to write a letter! Such a little thing to send a paper! —Sel.

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### CHRIST AS A PROTECTOR

When I was in England a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in great fright and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass and expected every minute to be caught and the sparrow did not see the glass and expected every moment to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts trying to get us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it, and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, and so they are frightened and flutter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan can not touch the soul that has

the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.—Selected.

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### SAVING HIS BOOTS.

A New York reporter had an extremely good time recently writing up the story of a man who had gone to sleep, drunk, upon the trolley tracks of upper Broadway, taking great care to put his new shoes out of harm's way but allowing his head to rest on the rail. The fender of an approaching car threw him from the tracks, inflicting a great scalp wound. His shoes, however, were altogether uninjured.

We can think of no greater folly than the attempt to put one's shoes out of danger, disregarding altogether the safety of one's head. But, after all, do we not, every day, see people doing things equally absurd? What about providing for the safety and pleasure of the body with utter disregard for the soul? We plan to have seventy years of pleasure and prosperity, while the preparation for eternity is neglected. We plan to protect the trifling things we have accumulated here, jewels, money, houses, land, and take no care to protect the immortal. Is that saner than the sleepy mutterings of a drunken man: "I will save my new shoes. Never mind my head."—Christian Herald.

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### PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

Those who sometimes grow faint and weary in their prayers for the souls of others, should take heart in the experiences of the celebrated George Mueller of Bristol, England. It is related of him that he prayed daily for thirty years for ten persons, and eight of them were converted. He prayed daily for eighteen persons for twenty years, and fourteen of them were converted. Yet many of us grow weary in a few days or weeks in not seeing the immediate answer to prayers.

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## THE HOMELESS SINGER

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside.

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. He was given some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant face that they determined to keep him, if he was willing.

In the morning they found he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, from which he learned the way of life. He became the great preacher and reformer, Martin Luther. Little did Conrad and Ursula think of what they were doing when they cared for this "least of these my brethren."—Sel.

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## THE REWARD OF FAITH.

One of our ministers and his faithful wife narrated to me their experience in testing God: "It was mid-winter, and the cold wind was moaning its doleful

sound even to those who lived in the midst of plenty. But in the pastor's home the last piece of bread had been eaten for supper and only one armful of wood remained. We said our evening prayers and, of course, told Father all about our need, and retired in full faith that in some way he would provide. We arose, kindled a fire, placed the kettle on the stove, and went happily about the house, believing that God would help. A little later on I went to the front door for something, and, on opening, lo! a great pile of goods came tumbling in—flour, sugar, coffee, tea, potatoes, etc. While we were rejoicing a stranger drove up and inquired if Rev.— lived there. He said he had been impressed to bring him a load of wood. A little later a load of coal was sent, with the compliments of a friend. And unto this day we don't know where the goods came from only we do know that our dear, tender, loving Father sent them."

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—A. W. Ballinger.

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## TRUST IN GOD REWARDED

During the last week of February, 1903, a very poor woman lost a purse containing \$40.00, which had been saved by self-denial, and by means of which she intended to visit relatives in the West. She lost the money on a ferry-boat plying between Brooklyn and New York, and knew that someone in the crowd picked it up, yet had such faith in God that it would be restored to her, that she was not distressed.

A gentleman who found it was so much interested in the circumstances under which she accumulated the money, that with its return, he gave an additional sum, with which to defray all her expenses of travel.

The Lord by his providence, deprived his poor saint of \$40.00. The Lord by his providence, quickly bestowed \$80.00 upon the quiet trustful soul, which waited for his salvation.—Rev. A. B. King.



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## AT THINE OWN DOORS.

A rescue missionary was lecturing where he was not accustomed to speak. He said that every Christian however poor or busy, could do personal work for Christ, if willing.

After the lecture a woman said: "What can I do? I am a poor widow with five children to support. How can I find time to go to any one about Christ?"

"Does the milkman call at your house?"

"Of course."

"Does the baker?"

"Yes."

"Does the butcher?"

"Yes," was the curt reply, and the woman turned away.

Two years after, the man of God spoke in the same place. After the service a woman said: "I am the person who was vexed with you when you asked whether the milkman and baker and butcher visited me. But I went home to pray. God showed me my duty. Through my humble efforts five persons have been led to the Saviour, and they all are consistent working members of the Church."—Sel.

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## LOYAL TO HIS MOTHER

An exchange says, the late Dr. Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was a graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not, because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby that she was afraid he would be ashamed of her.

He wrote that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house.

To her great surprise, he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried every-

thing before him; he won a prize, and when it was given to him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize. It is yours; I would not have had it if it had not been for you."

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## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

An aged disciple once declared that it would give him great joy if he but knew that he had been instrumental in saving one soul. But he was without that happy knowledge. At his funeral a man stood weeping sadly, a genuine mourner. "You are a relative, I suppose," said one beside him. "No," said the man. "A very dear friend, doubtless," remarked the person. "I can hardly say that," replied the man. "I never spoke to him, but he was the means of my salvation." Ah! How many sweet revelations will be in heaven to those who are faithful in the Lord's service here.—Selected.

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## FRANKLIN AND PRAYER

Franklin will not be accused of being a Christian believer. Yet, in the National Convention of 1787, at that momentous crisis when no progress seemed to be making toward a closer bond between the confederated States, he arose and addressed the President: "How has it happened, sir, that, while groping so long in the dark, divided in our opinions, and now ready to separate without accomplishing the great objects of our meeting, we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the great Father of Light to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room, for divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard and graciously answered." And Franklin then moved that "henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning, before we proceed to business."—A. T. Pierson, D. D.

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**A LOST OPPORTUNITY.**

A man was justly condemned to die. The time for the execution of the sentence drew near. His friends had tried in vain to induce the Governor to grant him a pardon or even a reprieve. One day as he was sitting in his lonely cell, a stranger called on him, and kindly conversed with him concerning the preparation needful to meet his God. He read the promises of God's word to repenting sinners, and earnestly and feelingly prayed that the Lord would have mercy on him and bless him.

When his Christian visitor was gone, the condemned man said to one of the keepers, "Who was that kind gentleman that called on me?" The keeper replied, "Didn't you know who he was? Why, that was the Governor." "The Governor! Oh, why did you not tell me it was the Governor! Had I known he was the Governor, I would have prayed, and clung to his knees until he had pardoned me."

Just so, sinner, if you could but recognize the presence of Jesus, the loving Saviour, you too, would earnestly implore his pardon.

He is with you. He stands knocking at the door of your heart.—Rev. 3:20.

-- Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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**WHITEFIELD AND THE ROBBER.**

While journeying in Scotland in 1741, Rev. George Whitefield learned of a widow with a large family whose landlord was about to sell her furniture to pay the rent. Whitefield had but little money, but at once gave her five guineas to pay her debt. Whitefield's companion hinted that he gave more than he ought. Whitefield replied, "When God brings a case of distress before us, it is that we may relieve it."

They soon met a highwayman who demanded all their money, which they reluctantly gave him. Whitefield at once turned the tables on his companion, re-

minding him how much better it was for the widow to have the money than the robber. Presently the highwayman returned, and demanded Whitefield's good coat and gave him in exchange his shabby one. They had not gone far on their journey when they perceived the marauder galloping furiously after them. Now fearing for their lives, they urged their horses to all possible speed, and so escaped him, and soon gained friendly shelter.

Judge Whitefield's surprise and thankfulness when removing the robber's coat he found a carefully wrapped parcel containing a hundred guineas.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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**WHY SHE DRESSED PLAINLY**

In the American Messenger some years ago, Annie A. Preston tells the story of a Christian young woman who came to a small city as a teacher in the public school. In the course of time she formed the acquaintance of a couple who, although they were Christians, did not go to church because they thought themselves too poor to dress well enough to be seen there. What did the young teacher do about it? She stripped the plume from her own hat, she attired herself in a plain print gown, and persuaded the couple to accompany her to the house of God.

Some time later this plain, sensible young woman became the wife of a judge who was also the president of a railway. "She still kept up her attire at church, and occupied her abundant leisure in going among the poor. From the most dressy church in the city we have become the plainest, and from a church of almost exclusive wealthy people, we have a large membership among the working classes. Our coldness and purse-pride have been replaced by enthusiasm for the Lord's work. The present prosperity of the church is all due, under God, to the influence for twenty years of that sensible, amiable woman."



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## THE SAVING HAND.

A five-year-old boy, Ivan Lynn Ashcraft whose home is in Folsom, a little hamlet in Delaware County, Pa., is hailed as a true hero. He and his playmates were sporting about the edge of a pond covered with thin ice, when little Davy Ward, aged three, saw some object upon the ice which he desired, and reached out to get, and, losing his balance, he fell and broke through the ice. When his older brother saw it, he began to cry. A larger boy hastened to the rescue, but broke in himself, and barely escaped with his life. Then it was that the little hero with great skill and caution crept out to his little friend, and, using his own words, "When I saw Davy bobbin' up and down I jes' reached out my hand and grabbed his'n." Thus a life was saved, and thus honor was gained.

We may not all have opportunity or ability to save a boy from drowning in a deep pool, but there are boys and girls, men and women, perishing all about us, and their going down means an eternal ruin. What is needed in those who would rescue is a mind to appreciate the peril, a heart of compassion for the perishing, and a hand ready to reach out and save. The words of this little child tell it all: "When I seen Davy bobbin' up and down, I jes' reached out my hand and grabbed his'n."—The Presbyterian.

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## HE FORGOT TO BOW HIS HEAD.

Hurled down to death from the top of a train because he forgot to bow his head!

It was the duty of this man to stand on the top of the train, watching through the long miles of his run, lest accident should come to any of the cars. By night and by day he must be at his post. Sometimes in the winter time the tops of the cars were slippery and dangerous. Now and then storms swept down from the north, and he had to

cling with all his might to the standard of the brake. It was none of these things, however, which brought the trainmen to his terrible end. He could guard himself against ice and storm. The trouble was that he forgot to bow his head.

Just before the train reached a low bridge the fringed out ends of a dozen ropes stretched across the road dangled in the face of the trainman. These were the signal to him of the approach of the girders of the bridge. Now was the time for him to stoop and escape danger.

But he forgot! With awful force his head struck the iron beams above him and he was thrown, crushed and bleeding, to the earth—killed because he forgot to bow his head!

If we had only remembered the morning watch with God this morning, we would have gone through the day safely. Then our hearts would have been made strong for all that might come to us. We knew our weakness; we knew the source of our strength; and yet something pushed the thought of the hour with the Master out of our minds. Who knows what it was? It matters not now. The crisis came in a moment when we were not aware of our peril, and we went down, slain because we did not stop to be with God.

"I do not need to give this time to God! I am strong enough to go through the day without bending the knee before I go!"

Did you say that? Think again. Never deceive yourself like that. Thinking thus, thousands of stronger men than you have gone down to ruin.

Give Him this one precious moment. Bend the head in prayer and petition for His help through the day. Then go out safe in His keeping.—Selected.

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## HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE UNLOVELY.

"It is impossible to love our enemies. it is so contrary to nature to love the unlovely that it is useless to try to obey

such a command."

We hear this sometimes said even by those who profess to love God, and they express anger and impatience toward others, apparently without feeling condemned, forgetting that obedience to God's commands is one of the essential evidences of love. They do not realize that no commands are laid down which God will not give us power to obey.

At eighteen years of age I was teaching a class of street arabs in a mission Sunday school.

The work interested me deeply, and with one exception the boys came to be very dear to me. That one member of the class was fairly loathsome. He continually squirted tobacco juice on the floor and squinted one eye at his teacher whenever she glanced in his direction. It seemed to me I could not endure the sight of that boy. But I realized how impossible it would be ever to benefit him while his feeling of repulsion continued. Even though I could control my voice and manner sufficiently to treat him kindly and courteously, I know he could not be deceived as to my real attitude, because, whatever the external appearance, the heart reveals its dislikes.

Going to my room and "shutting the door," I determined to settle the matter between God and myself. He had seen my heart stained with sin, and had forgiven and cleansed, and now it was for me to forgive as I had been forgiven; and that meant I was to look tenderly upon that lost boy, whose opportunities bore no comparison to those that had always been mine. He was born under conditions that should call forth my pity and sympathy. Yet I could not by any amount of reasoning work up one spark of pity or love. The more clearly I saw the duty of loving the unlovely and seeking the lost to bring them to know the Christ, the more I realized the impossibility of feeling and doing as I ought, by any effort or will of my own.

Then, with utter abandonment of myself to God, there went up the cry, "Lord, I want to obey Thee! I want to

do Thy will! My whole nature turns with abhorrence from that boy. I must have a yearning desire for his salvation. O Father, put into my heart the throbbing of Thine own divine love! Make me to see as Thou seest, to feel as Thou dost feel, that so I may be able to reach this soul for whom Christ died!"

Instantly I was filled with peace and rest, and believed God would do for me, and in me, what I could not possibly do for myself. Jesus could and would work this miracle in my soul.

No longer did I strive with myself, but just trusted Jesus to do the work in his own time and way. The next Sabbath I went to my class and with such absorbing interest for each and all of them that I failed to notice a solitary disagreeable thing in this boy, and on my return home wondered if he had been different or if all the change was in myself. But I could not remember.

God fulfilled my desire, and gave from the fountain of love in His own heart the needed supply for my work, and also gave blessed fruit from the seed sown.—Mrs. James H. Earle, in Sunday School Times.

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### THE SECRET OF SEPARATION

A traveler in Scotland once found in a fisherman's hut a striking picture of the Saviour. "How did you obtain possession of this picture?" he asked the owner. He replied, "I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober, and I said to the bartender: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had and took it home. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, pick me up again out of my sin.'" The prayer was answered, and today that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. A look of exultation came over his face as he answered: "When the heart is opened to the Saviour, He takes the love of drink out of it."—Selected.



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## AS KINGS GIVE

The death of an American woman in Europe last year brought to her heirs in this country an extraordinary collection of jewels and keepsakes, the souvenirs of a long and romantic career in two hemispheres. The one object which the owner had most prized in her lifetime was a bracelet of gold, set with emeralds, and inclosing the miniature portrait of a member of the Austrian royal family, whom she had assisted when he was in desperate peril. It had been given to her by her family, in appreciation of her vain endeavors to save his life at the risk of her own.

This piece of jewelry among others was submitted to the most expert valuer in this city, the man to whose opinion such firms as Tiffany and Co. submit their stones for appraisal. He applied his test for weight, cut, color, etc., to the emeralds, balanced the gold against the little brass weights in his scales, considered a minute, and then wrote upon the sheet a valuation, which was so small a fraction of the expected figures that the eager customer uttered an outcry of dismay.

In response to protest he checked up his work again, but found no errors. The historical and personal association attaching to the gift was a matter lying outside his realm. That did not figure in his estimate. There was so many pennyweights of gold, of so many karats fineness, at so much per pennyweight. The emeralds weighed so much and were worth so much. "They are not first-rate stones, you see," he explained.

"Not first-rate!" cried the owner. "How can that be? They were a royal gift!"

"Ah," said the gray-haired connoisseur, "I have handled many royal gifts and long ago learned that kings keep their best for themselves!"

It is not so with the bounty of our King. The dearest of His possessions, His only begotten Son, is His free Gift. That Gift has been tested through the

ages and still shines without a flaw, and with luster undimmed. Surely "not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—Selected.

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## LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

During the war of the Revolution, Peter Miller was the pastor of a small Baptist Church in Pennsylvania. One of his neighbors had been his inveterate enemy for years and missed no opportunity of abusing the Baptists in general and Miller in particular. Miller did not retaliate, but he said more than once, when the man was more abusive than usual, "I shall get even with you yet."

One day news reached Miller that his enemy had been caught dealing with the British. It was treason, and there was no doubt of his guilt. Soon the inevitable came. The traitor was to be hanged. Miller no sooner heard of it than he set out on foot for Philadelphia, thirty miles away, to plead with Washington for his life.

He was told that his plea was useless; Washington could not spare his friend's life. "Friend!" exclaimed the worthy minister, "he is no friend of mine; he is the only enemy I have in the world."

Washington looked at him searchingly. "Will you tell me," he asked, "what motive impelled you to walk sixty miles to save the life of your enemy?"

The minister took his New Testament from his pocket and showed to Washington the passage. "I grant you his pardon," was the laconic reply.

With the precious paper in his pocket Miller hurried to the place of execution and arrived just as the condemned man was being carried to the scaffold. He noticed Miller running and recognized him.

"There's Peter Miller," he said to his guard, "he's walked all the way from Ephrata to have the pleasure of seeing me hanged." The words were scarcely spoken before Miller reached his side, and, producing the pardon, said, "Now I have my revenge."—My Paper.

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## LIVING BENEATH PRIVILEGE

A few days after General Lee had surrendered and President Lincoln had issued his proclamation of amnesty, a man was riding on horseback along a road in West Virginia. At a certain point a man sprang out from the road-side and seized his horse by the bridle. He had on a tattered Confederate uniform, and in his hand an old musket. With emaciated face and hungry eyes, he cried: "Give me bread. I do not wish to injure you; but give me bread for I am starving."

The man on horseback answered him: "Why do you not go to the village yonder and get food."

"I dare not; I would be shot."

"What for? Tell me your trouble."

The man then told his story.

"A few weeks ago," he said, "I resolved to desert the Confederate service. But when I came to the Federal pickets I was told that an order had been issued not to receive any more rebel deserters; and unless I went back I would be fired upon."

If he returned to his companions in arms he would be shot as a deserter. What could he do?

There was nothing for him but to take to the woods and hide, and there he had been living until starved almost to madness. The man on horseback said to him:

"The war is over!" peace has come. President Lincoln has pardoned the rank and file of the Confederate army. You can go home."

"The war is over!" he replied. "It cannot be. It cannot be."

"Yes, the war is over," and taking from his pocket a newspaper, he showed him the account of Lee's surrender and President Lincoln's proclamation. Realizing the truth, the man flung his musket from him and with a cry of joy, and turning ran for his home.

Now what had so changed his feelings? He had simply read in a newspaper the announcement of the close of the war

and the return of peace to the land. He had done nothing, nor could he do anything, but simply enter into this new and blessed condition of peace. So with the Christian. Peace has been made with God through Christ, and we are to enter into its joy.—Sel.

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## SHE GAVE HER CRUTCH.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

"God, help me!" his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying, brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Saviour. Oh, Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter——"

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was give ter you, and is worth a lot of shin-in' dollars. You kin give up your frien' what helps you to git into the park where the birds sing, and takes you to preachin', and makes your life happy."

"Oh, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will; he gave up mor'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hands of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled; then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the



front of the church and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last; "little Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you——"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in the husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah! you have found your hearts—thank God. Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, or how she would reach her humble home, or of the days she would sit helpless in her chair as she had done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God

and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—Christian Observer.

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## WILL TO DO AND KNOW

Rev. Geo. Bowen, for more than forty years a missionary in Bombay, India, was born in the United States in 1816.

At the age of seventeen, he was led to doubt the truth of Christianity, by reading a chapter of Gibbons' History; but his soul was not at rest. One evening, eleven years later, just before retiring for the night, he said aloud, "If there is a God who notices the desires of men, I only wish He would make known to me his will, and I shall feel it my highest privilege to do it at whatever cost."

Two or three days after, he went some two miles to a public library where he had gotten books before, and asked for a certain volume. By mistake he was given, as he found when nearly home, "Paley's Evidences of Christianity."

He did not intend to read it, but the first sentence gained his attention, and he at last gave the book a careful reading; and was led to accept the Bible as from God.

After reading the Scriptures, he gave himself unreservedly to Christ.

His father was a wealthy man, but the son gave up home, friends, fortune and country; and consecrated his whole life to laboring for the salvation of the heathen.

In connection with the American Board, he went to India in 1848, where he labored in a most self-denying way for more than 40 years.

God thus answered the prayer of this doubting one through the librarian's mistake. We may rest assured that He will, by some means, give every sincere soul a knowledge of saving truth, if He is asked to do it.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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### THE QUARTER-DOLLAR SIN

Rev. Daniel Lindley, after an absence of forty years—more than half of the time passed as a missionary in Africa—returned to this country and returned to Athens, Ohio—the early home of his childhood, the theatre of his youthful days. He trod again the old Campus, walked through the old college halls, stood upon the cliff—the rocky rostrum of college boys. He examined the old paths, and inquired for the companions of his youth. Changes had passed upon every scene. He was asked to preach at night, and to give some account of his life in Africa. At the close of the services, a very respectable and aged gentleman approached, and desired him to take a walk.

They passed on, and, when they had reached a somewhat retired place, the gentleman turned and said:

“Brother Lindley, if a man has ever done wrong, has committed a sin, don’t you think he should confess it?”

“Why, yes,” said Mr. Lindley, “if thereby he may glorify God, if it will make amends to the party wronged, or do good to the party who sinned.”

“Well, that is just what I think. I am in that predicament. I have long desired and prayed for an opportunity to make a confession and amendment to you. When we were boys together fifty year ago, we were playing together. You dropped a quarter of a dollar, and I snatched it up and put it in my pocket. I claimed it as my own and kept it. It was, perhaps, a little, mean, dirty trick; and it has worried me and troubled me ever since.”

“Oh, it was a small matter, and I have no recollection of it,” said Mr. Lindley.

“Ah, you may call it a small matter, but it has been a mighty burden for me to bear. I have carried it now for fifty years; I would not carry it for fifty more for all the gold in California. And suppose I had to carry it for fifty thousand years, or for all eternity! No, sir, it is no small matter; it has been growing

bigger and heavier, and I want to get rid of it. I have no doubt you have forgotten it, but I could never forget it. I have not, for the last fifty years, heard your name mentioned, or the name of your father, or any of the family, but that quarter has come in connection. Why, the very buttons on your coat—everything that is round—represents a quarter. The moon and stars are magnified and illuminated quarters. You need not call it a little sin; if it was, it has grown mighty to plague me, and deservedly too.

With this the gentleman took from his pocket-book a five-franc piece, worn bright and smooth, and said:

“I wish you to take this; it belongs to you, it is rightfully yours, and will be no burden to you. And if this is not enough I will give you more.”

Mr. Lindley accepted it, and the gentleman raised himself erect and drew a long breath, as a man who has thrown off a heavy load. He was at last relieved.

The sense of guilt is enduring and tormenting, and can only die or be relieved by repentance, confession, amendment or atonement. It needs not that it be the theft, fraud or wrong, amounting to a thousand, ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, in order that the soul be oppressed by its burden; a twenty-five cents—a quarter of a dollar sin—may become larger than the globe, weightier than many worlds, with a punishment like the sin of Cain—unendurable.—N. Y. Observer.

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### A LITTLE SLAVE’S FAITH

A missionary in India, passing one day through the school-room, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him say, “Oh, Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for sending big ship into my country and wicked men to steal me and bring me here, that I might hear about Thee and love Thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favor to ask Thee. Please to send wicked men with



another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach and love Thee."

The missionary in a few days after saw him standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ships came in.

"What are you looking at, Tom?"

"I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer."

For two years he was to be seen day after day watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about and exhibiting the liveliest joy.

"Well, Tom, what gives you so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answers prayer. Father and mother came in that ship," which was actually the case.—Sel.

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### A PERILOUS PLANK

"We were on shipboard," relates a captain's wife, "lying in a Southern harbor. We were obliged, first to make our way ashore. The waves were rolling heavily. I became frightened at the thought of attempting it, when one came to me, saying, 'Do not be afraid; I will take care of you.'"

"He bore a peculiarly shaped dark-lantern, only a single ray of light being emitted from a small circular opening. 'Now,' said he, 'take my hand; hold fast, do not fear. Do not look about you, or on either side of you, only on the little spot lighted by my lantern, and place your footsteps firmly right there.'"

"I heard the rushing of the waters, and was still conscious of fear; but by looking steadily only where the light fell, and planting my footsteps just there, not turning either to the right or the left, clasping firmly the strong hand, the danger was overcome, and the shore reached in safety."

"The next day my kind guide said, 'Would you like to see the way by which you came last night? Then he showed me where our vessel had been lying, and the very narrow plank by which we

had reached the shore. He knew that had I turned either to the right or left I should, in all probability, have lost my balance and gone over into those dark waters; but by holding fast and treading just where the light fell all danger would be averted."

The believer often comes to some dark passage, or encounters some severe trial, which so overshadows the way that he fears to go forward lest he fall. But when he clasps the hand of his heavenly Father, he is led gently over the rough and dangerous places and landed safely in some secure spot. The storms may rage and angry waves threaten to engulf, but if we keep our eye on Jesus we shall outride the storms, and have an abundant entrance into the heaven of eternal rest.—Words of Life.

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### PARENTAL HONOR

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," means four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a willfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old, he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he bade his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to the negro servant, "Bring back my trunk. I'm not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother.

This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, is the child who never had occasion to shed tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said, "Honor thy father and thy mother." —Youth's Companion.

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### SELF-DENIAL GIVING FOR CHURCH BUILDING

The pastor of the People's Tabernacle of New York, writing in April 1900 of the Easter offering made by his congregation for their Church Building Fund the previous week, said:

"This \$271.85 was contributed by 365 persons, and we wish we could estimate the value of these gifts by the self-denial they cost. But this is impossible. We do, however, know some facts which show that these gifts were the tributes of loving hearts. A few weeks ago, we called upon one of the members of the church. The carpetless floor was scrubbed clean. Neither the husband nor wife could find employment, and they were so poor as to have scarcely anything to eat, and as they could not buy coal, she sat in a cold room or went to a neighbor's to warm. Yet the offering from that family was more than two dollars.

The family of a widow, who earns her living at the wash-tub, with the help of one daughter, while the other goes to school, contributed \$5.50. To increase the size of their offering, the girls did without sugar for a week. This same family, not long ago, filled out cards promising to give a dollar a week to support the church. They were told that that was too much for them, and that they should give less than half of that sum.

Lack of space will not permit us to give other instances showing the self-denial of the contributors to this Easter offering, but God knows all about it, and we believe that this cheerful and generous giving by the poor will not go unrewarded. The Lord will surely answer their prayers, and dispose those who are able to give large sums with less self-denial to do so, and the \$18,000 still needed to build the church will be supplied."

To the above we may now add, June 8, 1916, that the money needed for the

erection of the church was all voluntarily offered in answer to prayer. We made no personal appeals nor did we have fairs and festivals to raise money, but rather prayer meetings. And toward the last of the Fund money came at the average rate of \$50 a day for more than 500 days, so that we had sufficient when the corner stone was laid, April 7, 1901, to erect the building without debt.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### SAVED IN BATTLE BY PRAYER.

Within twenty miles of Augusta, Me., seven brothers reside, whose ages vary from sixty-three to eighty. They all have a very firm belief in the power of prayer. They are the sons of Enoch and Mary Hallowell Merrill. All but one of these brothers served in the Civil War. During the darkest and most trying days of the war, when five of the brothers were still at the front, their grandfather, Dean Hallowell, of Windsor, Me., was deeply concerned for their safety, as well as that of his son John, who was also a volunteer for the Union cause. There was much anxiety, much weeping, much prayer for them. One morning the good deacon hastened to his daughter's home and greeted her with these words: "Polly, you needn't worry any more about the boys. God has told me they are all coming back alive and so is John." His faith had prevailed, and so he could take this welcome assurance to the daughter. James served four years. Enoch and Melvin enlisted twice, and all saw active service. Two only were wounded, but the lives of more than one was despaired of through illness, yet death seemed to have no power to claim them. John Hallowell, the deacon's son, is still living at an advanced age.

In striking contrast to this story of remarkable preservation during the perils of war, was the fate of the seven sons of a near neighbor of the Merrills. These also enlisted in the same war and went to the front, but not one returned alive.

—Carrie H. Kendall.



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**MONEY NOT THE OBJECT.**

Twenty years ago, a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son" he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage, patience and perseverance. Later in the day, he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything!" he thundered. "Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in an hour, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it though," explained the son, somewhat abashed at his companion's vehemence.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live,—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

That speech went into the bones of the young doctor's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness. But it had taken sixty years of

noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare that old Christian to make the speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson.

—Selected.

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**TWO MEN INSIDE.**

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For." said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation and the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins? Stand up for duty; down with sin. Wrestle with Temptation lawfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.—Selected.

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**KIND SEVERITY.**

The Christian Intelligencer records this incident of a stage-coach trip in Western Montana, twenty-five years ago. A mother and her infant child were the only passengers. A sudden change of weather subjected the woman to more exposure than she was provided for, and before the journey was half

over the freezing cold began to creep into her blood. She could protect her babe, but her own life was in danger.

As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering he gave her all his extra wraps, and quickened the pace of his team as much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious. His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety.

But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to his questions he stopped, and tore open the coach door. The woman's head was swaying from side to side.

Instantly he took the babe from her, and bestowed it as comfortably as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat; then, seizing the mother roughly by the arms, he dragged her out upon the frozen ground. His violence partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and sprang to his box and drove on, leaving her in the road, she began to scream.

The driver looked back and saw her running madly after him.

"My baby! my baby! O my baby!"

The horror of her loss made her forget the cold. By and by, when certain that she had warmed her blood into healthy circulation the driver slackened the speed of his horses and allowed her to overtake him and resume her place in the coach with her living and unharmed child.

Was the man cruel? That mother did not say so when she knew—knew that he had aroused her and brought her back to life. He had done as God does some times, to shake us out of soul-lethargy and moral sleep.

When the sordid care and selfish success are deadening every spiritual sense, till our loyalty to Him, and even our consciousness of right and wrong, are being chilled to death, a sudden terror is often the surest as well as the quickest rescue. A warning incident or shock of misfortune may be the salvation of a

character, the restoration of a life worth living. Such discipline is not God's cruelty. It is his kindness.

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### A MOTHER OF MEN.

Years ago a family of four—a father, a mother, and two sons—dwelt in a small house situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor. A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn bread, milk and bean porridge was their fare. The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw. The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet every Sabbath the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were molded by him. That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., L. L. D., president of Union College.—Sel.

A fact, not brought out in the preceding narrative, rendering the heroism of Deborah Nott the more conspicuous, is that she was a highly-cultured woman. It was largely under their mother's tuition that her sons were prepared for college.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



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### THE SWITCHMAN AND HIS CHILD

On one of the railroads in Prussia a switchman was just taking his place, in order to turn a coming train, then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in a contrary direction. Just at this moment, on turning his head, he discovered his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. What could he do? Thought was quick at such a moment of peril. He might spring to his child and rescue him; but he could not do this and turn the points in time, and, for want of that, hundreds of lives might be lost.

Although in sore trouble, he could not neglect his greater duty; but, exclaiming in a loud voice to his son, "Lie down!" he went to his post, and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him, and the fearful heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers dream, as they found themselves quietly resting on that turnout, what terrible anguish their approach had that day caused to one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should find only a mangled corpse; but, to his great joy and gratitude, he found him alive and unharmed.

The circumstances connected with this event were made known to the king of Prussia, who the next day sent for the man, and presented him with a medal of honor for his heroism.

The boy was saved from a horrible death. What was it that saved him? Prompt obedience to his father's command. He did not hesitate; he did not wait to ask why the command was given; he simply heard and obeyed, and was saved!

Dear reader, if you are still unsaved, may you learn a lesson from this simple tale.

God not only tells men how they may be saved—He not only invites them to come to Him, and even beseeches them,

through His servants, to be reconciled to Him, but God also commands! "And this is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." (1 John 3 :23.) Just as the switchman, in that moment of fearful peril, commanded his son to do that which alone could save him from death, so God in infinite compassion commands you to believe in Jesus—to trust in Him as your Saviour because there is no other way by which you can be delivered from the awful punishment of sin. "The wages of sin is death"—eternal death, but Jesus died—"the just for the unjust," and therefore, "whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts 10 :43.)—Selected.

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### OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

William Rippin was a watchmaker in England. Three or four years after he began business he caught cold in his eyes, and at the age of twenty-eight became blind. Did he therefore murmur or repine? Not in the least. Without delay he fell to learning his trade over again, as it were, and soon grew as clever as before; cleaning and repairing watches, clocks and musical instruments, and other articles, with a skill that was little short of marvelous. The only help he needed in taking a watch to pieces and fitting it together again was in the unpinning and pinning of the hair-spring, which a sightless man could not do, but which he taught his wife to do for him. There were often a hundred watches at a time in his shop waiting for repairs, many coming to him from a distance of one hundred to two hundred miles. Every watch he knew by touch, every customer by voice. Intelligent, handsome, five feet ten inches in height, he was a striking figure, and many who spoke with him were not aware that he was blind.

Truly this blind William Rippin, finding his work to his hand and doing it with his might, was every inch a hero.—Sel.

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## INSTANT SALVATION

Some years ago a messenger met me hurriedly as I was going out of church one Sunday morning, and begged me to cross the street to see a man who was said to be dying. I crossed the street, entered the sick chamber, and drew near the bedside of the young man, who, as a commercial traveller, had been passing through the city and was taken suddenly and seriously ill. I took him by the hand and said, "You are very ill."

"Yes," and with a pitiful look he added, "the physician says I have but a few hours to live."

I said, "Are you ready?"

"Oh no, no; I wish I had three weeks, and I could be ready."

Said I, "My dear friend, let me show you that you only need three minutes in order to be ready, if you will do what God says." And I then opened the Scriptures and showed him how God had laid our sins upon Jesus; and I said, "Now the word is, 'Behold the lamb of God'; look unto Him, even with your dying eyes, and say, 'O lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the World, have mercy on me!' Cast your soul on Him." I asked, "Is not that plain?"

"But tell me how to do it."

So I turned to the tenth chapter of Romans and read, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"Now," I said, "do you receive Jesus Christ?"

"I do, according to the best of my ability."

"Then just open your mouth and confess it, and God says you can be saved." It was all done in a few brief moments.

At six o'clock I returned, greatly anxious to hear from the young man. As I entered the house I met the landlady. I asked, "How is he?"

"He is gone; but," she added, "I wish you could have been here and seen him die. I never witnessed such a triumphant death. It was amazing. After you went out, he sent for my husband, who had been for years a backslider, and had not prayed. He said to him, 'I want you to kneel down by my bedside and praise God that He sent a man who told me how I could be saved in three minutes.'"

The poor man said, "I do not know how to pray."

"But you must." And there, in spite of his protestations, he compelled this backslider to get down on his knees to praise God that He saved him in three minutes. It was a new life for him, as well as for the other.

Five years afterwards, I was called to preach in a strange place, and went much against my will; for I was so busy, I did not see how I could go. In the course of my sermon I related the story of the young man who had been saved in three minutes. On the Saturday following I was asked to attend the funeral of a man who had died; and as I drew near the corpse and looked into his face, I said, "I know that man; I knew him fifteen years ago when, week after week, his Christian wife used to rise in my meeting and request prayers for her husband. For years I have not seen him; but here I am called to attend his funeral." And while I was talking a young man stepped up to me and said:

"I would like to see you a moment. I heard you preach last Sunday and tell the story about a man who was saved in three minutes. When I got home I was so filled with it that I said, 'I will go in and tell this sick man. I went in, sat down by his bedside, and just told the story as you had told it, about the young man who was saved in three minutes; and the grey-headed man said, 'That is remarkable, is it not? I could do that.'"

He did just the same thing; he confessed Christ, sent for his family, and



they gathered around his bed; and there, with his dying breath, he, too, confessed Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God. And so God used that word twice, and I have told it the third time now. Perchance some careless one or some serious one—perchance some worldly one, perchance some thoughtful one—may just believe it, and in the silence of this hour lift the eyes to Him who hung on the cross, and is now on the throne, and say, "O Lamb of God I trust Thee, I take Thee!"—A. J. Gordon.

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### MANNA IN THE DESERT

A Christian physician relates this bit of personal experience. God is certainly a rewarder of all those who seek Him diligently:

"I was going to California in the year 1850 across the plains. We had used up all our provisions. Our last crust of bread was gone. Starvation stared us in the face. We were in a desert, far from all human help. I felt if there ever was a time when I should exercise faith in God, now was the time. I went out of the camp, and got down before the Lord and besought him for deliverance. While I was on my knees, pleading for God to help us, I was directed to go up a stream that ran near us, and I should find bread. I then arose and started, feeling confident that my prayer was answered and that we should find help. It was then nearly dark, and I went on until the last vestige of twilight had disappeared. It was quite dark, but I pressed forward. Suddenly as I went around a bend of the creek I came upon a party of about forty men. The first man I met was a college classmate of mine. They were a party of miners who were out prospecting, and had become bewildered and lost. They had wandered about, supposing they were on the other side of the Nevada Mountains. They were well supplied with provisions, and were about to throw away sacks of flour and other articles, of which we stood in need.

They supplied our wants and we furnished them with some boots and shoes, which they greatly needed, and gave them such information as to their whereabouts and such directions as enabled them to reach the place they desired. We were made a blessing to one another and went on our way rejoicing. I believe God sent us this help just as truly as if he had rained us down bread from Heaven."

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### THE PRICE THAT WAS PAID

The Classmate tells a story of a preacher of the Gospel who had gone down into a coal mine during the noon hour to tell the miners about Jesus Christ. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation.

"Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked: "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting in the cage," was the reply.

"Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sank the shaft and perfected all this arrangement; was there much labor about it?"

"Indeed, yes; the shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor."

"Just so; and when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life you at once say: 'Too cheap! too cheap!' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of his only Son. Men forget that the Lord Jesus Christ himself purged our sins, and that their part is but to accept what has been done, and thank God for it."

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## THIRSTING FOR SOULS

You will remember how Christ sat one day at the well of Sychar weary and athirst, but how He forgot His physical thirst as He found a thirsting soul longing for salvation, and found His meat and drink in leading that soul to know Him, and rejoice in His salvation. So it was ever with Him. We could not imagine Him ever once losing an offered opportunity to win a soul.

I desire to relate to you an incident which I believe will help us at this point. I have it from the lips of the man himself of whom I am to speak, and who lives in my own State of Illinois. Some years ago this gentleman was stopped on the street by an acquaintance, who said to him, "Mr. R., how long have we known each other?" After a moment's deliberation he replied that he thought it was about fifteen years. "Well, Mr. R., I believe you profess to be a Christian?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Mr. R., do you really believe that if I should die to-day, without accepting Jesus Christ as my Saviour, my soul would be lost?" The sudden question startled him, but Mr. R. said he was bound to believe that it would be so. But the friend replied, "Well, you may think you believe it, but I do not believe that you really do believe it. Why, sir, you and I have walked these streets together; we have sat at the same table; we have talked about almost every subject under heaven, and yet you have never once so much as uttered one syllable to show that you had any concern for my soul. You may imagine that you are interested in my soul's welfare, but I do not believe it."

In shame and humility Mr. R. confessed that he had neglected many an offered opportunity to say something of his hope in Christ to the souls that were near to him. Then he asked his friend what had happened to arouse him concerning his soul's welfare. He replied in substance as follows: "Yesterday, as I sat in the car at the station at Chicago,

a gentleman came in and asked to share my seat, and began a conversation which was something like this: 'Pleasant day.' 'Yes, very pleasant.' 'Fine crops reported.' 'So I understand.' 'We ought to be thankful to the good Lord for all his blessings.' 'Why, yes, I suppose we ought.' 'My friend, are you a Christian?' 'Well, really, I—I think the church is a good thing, but I never gave much thought to this subject.' 'My friend, as a sensible man, do you think it wise to go on in life without giving earnest thought to this subject?' 'No, I can't say that I do.' 'Dear friend, I would like to pray with you.' 'Why, really, I don't know that I would object, if we ever met in a proper place for prayer.' 'Oh, we will never get a better place than this. Put your head right down here back of this seat.' And Mr. R., before I realized it, he had drawn me down to his side and was praying for the salvation of my soul, praying that God would lead me to see the truth as it is in Christ, giving me no peace until I found it in Christ. I never heard such a prayer as that, and I shall never forget it. Suddenly the brakeman called out the name of the station, and he said, 'I must get out here. Good-bye. Remember, now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation.' He was leaving the car when I realized that I did not know his name, and hurrying after him I called to him, as he stepped to the platform, 'Sir, will you kindly give me your name?' He answered, 'My name is D. L. Moody.' "Mr. R.," the friend continued, "there is one man in the world who is interested in the salvation of my soul. I have no reason to think any one in this town is concerned about it. But I am going to Chicago to find Mr. Moody and settle this matter." But Mr. R. was too much of a Christian to permit his friend to go away until he had helped him and before they separated his friend had given his heart to Jesus Christ.

Brethren, that incident has been a powerful sermon to me for years. It has led me to speak to many a soul



whom I would have passed by; so many times I have found them wondering why I had not spoken sooner. How is it with you? Are there those who touch your lives every day who could say that you never revealed a real interest in souls? If so, brethren, if so, I beseech you to see to it that not another week will pass without something being done to show them that you have within you something of Christ's longing for souls which impelled you to speak unto them. —Sel.

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### "STRONG IN THE LORD."

Some thirty years ago, W. J. Davis, an African missionary, related to William Taylor, afterward known as the missionary Bishop of Africa, the following incident which occurred in his early missionary experience.

"When I was stationed at Clarkebury in 1832, the Tambokie Chief, 'Vadana,' coveted a pot we daily used in our cooking. He came and begged me every day for that pot for a long time. I gave him many presents, but we could not spare the pot, and I positively refused to give it up.

"Finally the chief said, 'Davis, I'll have that pot!' The next day Vadana came with thirty of his warriors, all armed with assagais—a kind of javelin, their principal war weapon.

"They stood in defiant array before me, and the chief said, 'Davis, we have come for that pot.'

"'We need that pot,' I replied, 'for cooking our food, and, as I told you before, I will not give it to you.'

"'You must give it to us, or we'll take it.'

"'With thirty armed warriors against one unarmed missionary, you have the power to take it, but if that is the way you are going to treat your missionary, just give me a safe passage out of your country, and I'll leave you.'

"'Davis, are you not afraid of us?' demanded the chief sharply.

"'No, I'm not afraid of you. I know you can kill me, but if I had been afraid

to die I never would have come among such a set of savages as you are.'

"'Davis,' repeated the chief sternly, 'are you not afraid to die?'

"'No! If you kill me I have a home in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"Then, turning to his men, the chief said, 'Well, this is a strange thing. Here's a man who is not afraid to die, and we will have to let him keep his pot.'

"When the chief was turning to go away, he said, 'Davis, I love you less now than I did before, but I fear you more.'

The chief never gave the missionary any further trouble about his pot, but showed greater respect for him than ever before.—The Christian.

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### WHAT INFIDELITY DOES

After an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady, rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—"

"Oh! that's not the question," said she, "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

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## HUNGRY FOR KIND WORDS.

When the late C. P. Leland, so many years the famous auditor of the Lake Shore Railroad, was stricken with the illness that finally ended his life, Mr. Newell, the president, was very solicitous as to his condition. He asked about him frequently and went to see him whenever he could. Mr. Newell was stern and unappreciative, and practically worked himself to death.

One morning he was shown into the sick room, and made his usual inquiries.

Mr. Leland lay silent for a little space, gazing fixedly at his chief. Then he spoke.

"Mr. Newell," said he, "I know that the end of my life is very near. The doctors have known it for some time, but they only told me of it to-day. If my work is ended here, I am ready to go. But, before I go, may I ask you just one question."

"Certainly," said Mr. Newell.

"I have held an important position under you for many years. It was a work to which my life has been given; into which my whole heart entered. What I want to ask you is this: In all that work, in those long years of service, has there ever been one little thing of which you approved? One single bit of that work that was worthy of your commendation? One single item anywhere upon which you could lay your finger and say, 'This thing has been well done?'"

Mr. Newell answered: "Leland, you know that your work was well done, and that it always met with my approval."

"Then why did you not tell me so?"

The iron mask fell. Mr. Newell's eyes filled with tears. He took the hand of the dying man in his.

Then he let the other for a moment see into his soul. "I have tried to do these things, but I cannot. They will not out. That is the only excuse I have. I thought you knew how your work has always seemed to me. I

ought to have told you so. Is it too late that I tell you now?"

Little words of kindness are worth more than gold. They should have free coinage.—Selected

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## A SUBMISSIVE WIFE

A good woman's husband was spending an evening at a tavern. The conversation turned on their wives. The husband said his wife was excellent, only she was religious. "But," said he, "such is the command she has of her temper that were I to take you home at midnight and order her to get a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company regarded this as a boast, and dared him to try it. The bargain was made.

"Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the servant who sat up for him.

"Gone to bed, sir."

"Call her up. I have brought some friends home and desire supper." She came down and received the company, told them she had some chickens ready, and that supper should be got. It was served with much cheerfulness.

One of them said to this lady: "Your civility fills us all with surprise. Our visit is in consequence of a wager, which we have lost. As you cannot approve our conduct, why so much kindness to us?"

"Sir, when I married, my husband and myself were unconverted. It pleased God to call me out of that danger. My husband continues in it. Were he to die he must be miserable forever. I think it my duty to render his present existence as comfortable as possible."

This affected the whole company, and left a deep impression on the husband's mind.

"Do you, my dear," he said, "really think I will be eternally miserable? I thank you for the warning. By the grace of God I will change my conduct." He became a Christian and a good husband.—Sel.



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## A SERMON BY A HORSE

A young minister walked along a busy street one raw November day. He was discouraged and embittered, because he thought he was being overworked, and was not receiving the recognition he deserved. His mood was bitter and rebellious, a mood that is found among ministers perhaps as often as among other people.

Out of the din of the traffic there came to his ears the rumble of a heavily loaded dray and the sound of iron-shod hoofs striking the pavement. A dray, loaded with huge rolls of paper and drawn by a pair of magnificent horses, was coming briskly up a slight rise in the street. The driver, a little wrinkled Irishman, crouched lazily on his seat, with the reins hanging loose from his fingers. The two splendid beasts, without a word or a touch from him were doing their work with perfect intelligence and willingness. The minister paused upon the curb to watch them.

Suddenly the horse nearest to him trod upon a slippery manhole cover, lost his footing and went down on his side with a resounding crash. A quick little gasp of pity came from the watchers on the sidewalk. But it was wasted pity. For before the dray had lost its headway, before the little old driver had gathered up his reins, the great horse, with a violent scramble, got his feet again, and threw himself into his collar with an energy that threatened to tear the heavy harness off his back.

As the dray topped the rise and rumbled round the corner, the minister turned slowly away. His eyes were moist and his heart humbled. His impulse was to follow that horse all day, and learn his spirit of generous co-operation. And that night as he knelt at his bedside, he prayed a strange prayer:

"O, God, make me like that horse. Teach me what You want me to do, and help me to want to do it without being driven. When I stumble, may I rise at once and pull all the harder to make up

for lost time. Bless my life with a feeling of harmony and co-operation with Thyself. Amen."

Next Sabbath morning he preached a sermon from the text, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends." It was a good sermon; the people spoke to him very warmly about it after church. But the minister knew in his heart that the sermon really came from a great dumb brute that had never been to church in his life.—Youth's Companion.

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## KILLING THE GUIDE

Sir Samuel Baker relates the following incident:

"Many year ago, when the Egyptian troops first conquered Nubia, a regiment was destroyed by thirst in crossing the Nubian desert. The men, being upon a limited allowance of water, suffered from extreme thirst; and deceived by the appearance of a mirage that exactly resembled a beautiful lake, they insisted on being taken to its banks by the Arab guide. It was in vain that the guide assured them that the lake was unreal, and he refused to lose the precious time by wandering from his course. Words led to blows, and he was killed by the soldiers, whose lives depended upon his guidance. The whole regiment turned from the track and rushed toward the welcome waters. Thirsty and faint, over the burning sands they hurried; heavier and heavier their footsteps became; hotter and hotter their breath as deeper they pushed into the desert, farther and farther from the lost track, where the pilot lay in his blood; and still the mocking spirits of the desert, the afreet's of the mirage, led them on, and the lake, glistening in the sunshine, tempted them to bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes, but never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished—the fatal lake had turned to burning sand! Raging thirst, and horrible despair! the pathless

desert and the murdered guide! Lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered, parched and withered corpses, by the Arabs sent upon the search."

So sin lures unwary souls from the path of righteousness. The Holy Spirit warns and entreats them. Him they grieve and drive away, and when too late they mourn their folly.

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### VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION

Wendell Phillips is an example of what a rich young man may become who resists the temptations of early dissipation. He developed a grand moral character, and must ever remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England. An interesting story is related of his early boyhood: One day, after hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried, "O God, I belong to thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me; and whenever a thing is right it may take no courage to do it." "And," observed Mr. Phillips, in later years of life, "I have never found anything that has impressed me as being wrong, exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right." In other words, in that supreme hour his moral nature conquered and subjugated his lower self. For him thenceforth there was no compromise with animalism, with selfishness, cupidity, or, in a word, with any debasing inclination; they were suppliants at the feet of his soul.—Selected.

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### PROSPERITY AND LIBERALITY.

A London correspondent of the *Western Christian Advocate*, writing some years ago of the raising of a fund for the extinction of debts on chapels, gives the following incident:

"A gentleman named Wilkes, who has promised a subscription of one thousand guineas to this fund, has a history so remarkable as to be worth relating across the Atlantic. Seven years ago he was a journeyman mechanic. Having invented and patented some kind of a crank or spindle used in the cotton manufacture, and needing capital to start himself in the business of making them, he made it a matter of earnest prayer that he might be directed to some one able and willing to assist him. In a singular and unexpected manner he fell in with an elderly Quaker, a perfect stranger, who accosted him with the strange inquiry: 'Friend, I should like to know if a little money would be of any service to thee.' Having satisfied himself as to Wilkes' genius and honesty, the Quaker at once advanced him the required amount. The praying mechanic started in business on his own account, and everything he has touched of late appeared to prosper.

"Hearing of a field in Ireland offered for sale, in which was a deserted mine, he went over to see it; bought the field for a small sum, recommenced working the mine, and it now turns out to yield abundance of excellent copper. For the year 1852 he promised to give the Missionary Society a guinea a day; but such abundance has poured in upon him during the year, that he felt that to be below his duty, and has, therefore, enlarged his subscription for the present year sevenfold. He is actually giving to that noble cause seven guineas daily, or upwards of \$10,500 a year, during this year, 1853; in addition to which he has just given one thousand guineas to the fund above referred to. It is pleasing to add," says the writer, "that this remarkable man retains the utmost simplicity."

Would that liberality and prosperity might ever go hand in hand. Often, as wealth increases liberality is starved out, and the rich give far less than the poor in proportion to their means and ability.



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### THE STORY OF A NEW TESTAMENT.

A little girl expressed to her parents one day a wish that they would give her two New Testaments. To the question of her parents why it must be two New Testaments, the child replied that one was for herself and the other to send to the heathen.

She was given the two volumes and in one of them she wrote: "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whosoever reads this should also love and believe on Him."

This New Testament went to India and found its way to a station in the interior. A Hindoo lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and, as she longed to be able to write, her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription on the fly-leaf. The large and distinct characters of the child's hand-writing attracted her so much that she tried to imitate them again and again.

Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her, and the question arose, "May not those words have been written just for me?" She began then earnestly to read the New Testament; her eyes were opened, and she learned to know and love her Saviour.

Years passed. The little girl had meanwhile grown up, and thought no more of the New Testament which she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown up with her, and it was her deepest desire to serve the Lord among the heathen. She was accepted as a missionary, and sent to a rather out-of-the-way station in India.

There she entered, one day, the house of a Hindoo Christian lady. In the course of conversation the Hindoo lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told how she, a Hindoo heathen, had been, by its means, brought to Jesus, her Saviour. You may imagine the joyful astonishment of the lady missionary when she recognized in the book

the same New Testament on whose fly-leaf she had, many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindoo lady the way to Jesus. Together they knelt down, praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked Him who had drawn them both to himself.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—*Feuille Religieuse.*

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### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A lady in Scotland, whose husband had left her a competence, had two profligate sons who wasted her substance with riotous living. When she saw that her property was being squandered, she determined to make an offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds and gave it to the London Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry at this, and told her she might as well cast the money into the sea. "I will cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters."

The sons, having spent all they could get, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to India. Their positions were far apart, but God so ordered in His providence that both were stationed near good missionaries. The elder one was led to repent of sin and embrace Christ. He shortly afterward died.

Meanwhile the widowed mother was praying for her boys. One evening, as she was taking down her family Bible to pray, the door softly opened and the younger son appeared to greet the aged mother. He told her he had turned to God, and Christ had blotted out all his sins.

Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the Cross had on his mind; while his mother, with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed: "Oh, my twenty pounds! my twenty pounds! I have cast my bread upon the waters, and now I have found it after many days."—*Gospel in All Lands.*

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## HOW "BEN HUR" WAS WRITTEN

The Lutheran Observer tells the following interesting story:

"It is related that 'Ben Hur' was written by Gen. Lew Wallace after investigating a series of questions which were propounded to him by Col. Ingersoll. Gen. Wallace says he was going on an eastern-bound train, and while going through a drawing-room car he passed the open door of a compartment in which sat Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. 'Come in,' said the latter. 'I'm lonely in here, and want someone to chat with.' Wallace entered and seated himself. 'All right, Colonel,' he said; 'what shall we chat about?' Lots of things,' replied Ingersoll. 'Is there a future life?' Looking out of the window dreamingly, as the express sped on, he answered his own query. 'I don't know—do you? Is there a God? I don't know—do you? Was Christ the Son of God? I don't know—do you?' He paused and looked keenly at Wallace. The General was a little embarrassed by the abruptness of the great infidel's interrogatories. He replied: 'Really, Ingersoll, I have never given much thought or study to the questions you propound. I had a Christian training, and I have always tacitly accepted them.' 'Indeed!' said Col. Ingersoll. 'Why, man, you surprise me! They are vital issues. I have studied the subject thoroughly. Every man ought to. Now, take my advice and look into the matter. You will find you'll agree with me.' 'I went away from this interview both embarrassed and mortified,' said the General, 'that I did not feel competent to discuss so important a matter with so learned a thinker. I made up my mind that I would never place myself again in so embarrassing a situation. I took down my books and read every authority I could lay my hands on. After a year's study, so far from agreeing with the great agnostic in his opinions, I wrote "Ben Hur." That is my reply to him.'

"Those who have read 'Ben Hur' will remember how powerfully the author shows the sublimity of Christ's character and proves His divinity. The above story reminds us of the story of Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton. They were both infidels. In conversation one day they agreed to take the two cardinal facts in Christianity, and by disproving them, to overthrow Christianity. Lord Lyttleton selected the resurrection of Christ, Gilbert West the conversion of Paul. The separated and spent some months in the study of their respective subjects. They met again by appointment, when, lo and behold! to the astonishment of each, they had both been converted. Christianity challenges investigation. The more one studies it, the stronger he will become in faith."

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## VOLTAIRE'S SNEER AT NEWTON

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the Book of Revelation, in one of which he said that in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1260 years, there would be a mode of traveling of which the men of his time had no conception; that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased that they should be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures, got hold of this and said: "Now, look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems, that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his philosophy.—But who is the dotard?—Earnest Christian.



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A WONDERFUL ANSWER TO  
PRAYER.

Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Reformed Church, a veteran of the "Arcot" mission, India, some time ago in New York City related the following personal experience to strengthen the faith of his Christian audience in the power of prayer.

While upon a tour, which lasted five months, he found himself overtaken by the rainy season and on the outskirts of the jungle. He applied to the authorities for forty coolies or bearers. They were furnished with a guard to prevent the others from forsaking him. They had not proceeded far before both guard and coolies ran away rather than face the terrors of the jungle at that season.

Proceeding as best he could to the nearest station of the province, he demanded assistance. The governor said "No" with emphasis, adding that not a man could be obtained to enter the dreaded jungle, where the ground was covered with water, where lurked the fever and man-eating tigers, more ravenous than usual since the flocks upon which they preyed had been driven to the uplands. The doctor showed to the governor a firman compelling every one, under severe penalties for disobedience, to assist him all he needed. Under this pressure forty-four coolies were obtained, divided into four companies of eleven each, watched over by the doctor's four native assistants, the doctor himself proceeding on horseback, with a loaded revolver to menace the men and kill wild beasts. The coolies were paid full wages in advance, with the promise of as much more at the end of the journey. Their objective point was the foot of a cataract about sixty miles distant, where they expected to find a boat on which they might float down the river. Above the cataract not a boat could be found, and the river had overflowed its bank. All day they waded in the jungle under alternations of heavy showers and a

broiling, sickening sun. Toward evening the doctor met two hunters returning from the examination of their traps, who were now running to reach (if possible) before nightfall the highlands. In answer to questions the doctor was told there was not a hill, not even a hillock, on which he could spread his tents for the night—nothing but water, water, and endless stretches of it, like that they were splashing through. What could he do for himself and the band that looked to him for leadership? Nothing. Where on earth could he find the means of reaching the cataract and boat? Nowhere. Must they all perish?

In this extremity the doctor, on the back of his horse, prayed to his covenant God, saying in substance, "Oh, Lord, I am helpless to extricate myself from this dangerous situation. Yet I am thy servant, and in obedience to the command of the Lord Jesus have come to India to preach the gospel to the heathen. In his service I have been brought into this difficulty and peril. Be pleased to show me where I am to go." Immediately an answer came, as distinctly pronounced in the ear of his soul as ever any words were spoken to the ear of his body. "Turn to your left, go to the river, and you will find that which you need." Immediately he consulted his guides, who assured him of the folly of proceeding in the direction indicated. Then came the voice the second time, repeating the direction first given. Consulting the guides again he was told that the river had overflowed its banks, and it was impossible that a rescue could come from that quarter. For the third time the voice came, saying, "Turn to the left, proceed to the river, and you will find that which you need."

Then, as master in command for the company, he gave the order to turn to the left, and coming to the river—the Godavery,—what did he see? The very thing he needed most—a large flat-boat, and in it two boatmen, who, mistaking him for an English officer, began to

apologize for the boat's appearance in such a strange spot. They said the flood in the river had loosened the boat from its moorings, and that the "devil himself seemed to be in the boat," for despite their efforts to the contrary it persisted in floating to the spot where it was found.

Dr. Chamberlain, armed with authority from the English government, took possession of the boat, which he found just broad enough to allow the spreading of his tent, under which they safely rested that night undisturbed by the hungry tigers. Next morning they began floating down the river until they came to the next cataract, where they found another boat, and with it relief from all anxiety.—The Watchword.

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### SAVED FROM WOLVES.

A little girl only nine years old, named Sutherland, living at Platteville, Col., was recently saved from death by ferocious wolves as follows: The child went with her father on a cold afternoon to the woods to find the cattle, and was told to follow the calves home, while the father continued his search for the cows. She did so, but the calves misled her, and very soon she became conscious that she was lost. Night came on, and with it the cold of November and the dreaded wolves. With a strange calmness she continued on her uncertain way. The next day, Sunday, at 10 a. m., she reached, in her wanderings, the house of John Beebe, near a place called Evans, having traveled constantly eighteen hours, and a distance of not less than twenty-five miles. All night the wolves growled around her, but harmed her not, neither was she in the least frightened by them.

All know that in ordinary cases fierce packs of bloodthirsty wolves would devour a man, and even a horse. But this little one was invincible in her trusting, simple faith. The narrative states: "She said that the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet; but

her mother told her that if she was good the Lord would always take care of her; so she asked the Lord to take care of her, and she knew the wolves would not hurt her, because God wouldn't let them!" The child was hunted for by a great number of people, and being found was restored shortly to her parents in perfect health and soundness.—Selected.

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### A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon used to tell the following story of the faith of a little boy in one of the schools of Edinburgh. His teacher had charge of a certain prayer-meeting which John attended. One day, the boy came to his teacher and said, "Teacher, I wish my sister could be got to read the Bible; she never reads it."

"Why, Johnny, should your sister read the Bible?"

"Because if she once read it I am sure it would do her good, and she would be converted and saved."

"Do you think so, Johnny?"

"Yes, I do, sir; and I wish the next time there was a prayer-meeting you would ask the people to pray for my sister, that she may begin to read the Bible."

"Well, well, it shall be done, John."

So the teacher gave out that a little boy was anxious that prayer should be offered that his sister might read the Bible. John was observed to get up and go out. The teacher thought it very rude of the boy to disturb the people in a crowded room, and so the next day, when the lad came, he said:

"John, I thought it very rude of you to get up in the prayer-meeting and go out. You ought not to have done so."

"O, sir," said the boy, "I did not mean to be rude, but I thought I should like to go home and see my sister reading the Bible for the first time."

True to his faith, when he reached his home, he found the little girl reading her Bible.



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### A DREADED DUTY AND SAVING RESULTS

Normand Smith, Jr., of Hartford Ct., was accustomed to take part of the apprentices, whom he had in his business, into his family, that he might watch over their moral and religious welfare. They were always present at family worship. He had occasion to leave home for a week or ten days, and his wife, who had been searching her heart of late, and endeavoring to make a perfect consecration of herself to the Lord, suddenly found this question raised in her mind: "Are you willing to pray in your family during the absence of your husband?" She shrank from such a trial, for she was young, her disposition was retiring and timid, and the apprentices were from sixteen to twenty years of age. Her mental distress was great, but she wisely carried the matter before the Lord. Leaving all the household matters with her widowed mother, who resided with her, she gave up the day to prayer, from the morning hour, and it was not till late in the afternoon that alone in her room with God, she felt that she had gained the victory, and was prepared for the dreaded duty.

Then great peace came at once into her soul, and she realized the privilege of presenting those young men to God in prayer. To use her own words, in a letter to the author: "In the morning worship. I only had to open my mouth, and God filled it. The room, and even the house, seemed so full of God, that it was impressed on my mind that God was willing to do a work in the family. So I invited Mr. Barrows (now Rev. Prof. E. P. Barrows, D. D.) to call at tea-time and converse with the young men. He did so, and one of them gave his heart to God during the conversation; and, before the week was out, two others did the same, as did three of their companions in the next house. One of them soon began to prepare for the ministry, and is now a settled pastor."

When her husband returned to the city he did not follow his usual custom of going first to the store, but came directly to the house. Mrs. S. said to him, "I am afraid you will not believe what has taken place in the family, during your absence, if I tell you." He replied, "I am prepared to believe anything; for my mental exercises were such, while I was away, that I knew that something had taken place, and I came directly to the house, without going to the store, that I might learn what had occurred."

And this was the beginning of a precious revival of religion.—Sel.

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### A TRANSFORMED DEMON

When Robert Moffat proposed to go to Africaner, the terrible demon of the Dark Continent, he was warned that he was an incarnate fiend, who would make a virtue of cruelty, and murder him that he might make a drum-head of his skin and a drinking-cup of his skull. But Moffat had faith in the gospel of the grace of God. This Hottentot chief had been driven north by Dutch invaders until, taking his refuge beyond the Orange River, he became a daring and desperate outlaw, robbing and murdering his victims, and swaying a wide region with the iron sceptre of terror. The colonial government set a price upon his capture, dead or alive, and hired neighboring chiefs to make war upon him; but in vain. In 1818 Moffat ventured to take up his abode with Africaner. A change took place in the diabolical ruffian, so complete that it was a new creation. His outward and inward life was transformed; he became a man of peace; the helper, friend, nurse of the missionary; a student of the New Testament, an evangelist in spirit, a winner of souls. Robert Moffat's success was based on his confidence in the power of the gospel to tame the fiercest and most ferocious men, and he saw that man, who in himself combined wolf, bear, leopard and lion, turned into a lamb.—Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

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## A STRANGE WARNING

"I think the most remarkable instance of supernatural interference for the benefit of humanity which I have personal knowledge of," said Mr. H——, "occurred when I was in the freight department of the Providence and Worcester Railroad. As the tracks entered the depot here, some few rods up the road there was a combination of switches, which, if covered by a standing train, could not be re-arranged; so that a down train would, unless signaled to stop, inevitably rush on to what stood in the way. One night the freight train, which always arrived in time to make its changes and get out of the way before the Shore Line express should arrive, was late.

"There was but twenty-five minutes to make all arrangements and clear the track. This was no unusual occurrence; and as the signal red light at the mast-head was up and brightly burning, there was no apparent danger of any thing to produce the slightest nervousness. The delays very frequently occurred, and were thus provided for by the signal. I remember very distinctly, however, that on this occasion I walked out to the very end of the depot platform, and that I suddenly hear in my ear these words, twice repeated, and with impressive distinctness:

"H——, the light will go out! H——, the light will go out!"

"The second was so positive, and struck me with such strange power, that I instantly looked at my watch, saw that the Shore Line express was due in three minutes, grabbed the red lantern on the last car of the freight train, and ran up the track with all the speed of which I was capable. Along I fairly flew, impelled by some strange intuition that there was danger, and never questioning for an instant as I ran why I was running, or what I was to do. Arrived at the first end of the curve near the Corliss Engine Works, I stopped, and for an instant turned and looked back at the

red light. It was burning; but in a second it fluttered a little, and suddenly went out. A world of emotions then seemed to rush through my mind, for the light on the oncoming express already illuminated the rails. I swung my lantern round and round, shouted, and danced up and down in my terrible anxiety. It seemed a thousand years before I heard the whistle for 'down brakes.' The fate of the crowded train, the horrible telescoping of the cars as they would inevitably crush into that solid freight train, seemed to rise like a vision of Hades before me. But at last the engine was stopped. Without indicating to him his previous danger, I informed the engineer that the signal had gone out, and that I was stationed to warn him, and started back to the depot. When I got to the switch, I found the switchman running round and round it, almost mad with terror, for he could not light the treacherous lantern, and had anticipated a most horrible disaster. When he saw me, and heard that all was safe, he put his arms around my neck, and he—we—. Well, he cried like a child, and I believe I offered up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. I immediately established a series of three lights as signals, so that nothing of the kind could possibly occur again.

"We examined the light, and could see no possible reason why it should have gone out. It was full of oil, with a perfect wick, and there was no wind blowing; although, if there had been, it should have remained burning, as it had before through many a storm. Now, what was it that spoke in my ear? What was it that forced me to save that train? There were ordinarily but two passenger cars on the express, and this night there were seven, all full."—Sel.

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## A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

"I don't want to hear anything about God nor religion nor the church," exclaimed a sick man in response to a remark by his missionary visitor from



the Tabernacle, and he emphasized his declaration by turning his face to the wall and motioned her away with his hand. "The Bible is a humbug and all the church is after is the money!" he exclaimed.

Here was an immortal soul, perishing in darkness and sin, and the missionary, undaunted, would not be put off. She accepted the challenge. "You say the church is only after the money and you will have nothing to do with it. Perhaps you patronized the saloons when you were well,—and he had—and I would like to know what the saloon is after."

This was a home-thrust and it touched a tender spot and he wilted at once, and in an altered tone and with tears in his eyes he replied, "You are right my good woman. The saloon is after the money." She then said, "I don't want you to believe that I am after your money. What do you think I get for the work I am doing?" "I don't know, but I suppose you are well paid," he replied. "Yes, I am," she answered, "I receive \$5 per month and my board." "You don't mean to say that you live on \$5 a month!" "Yes, I do, and I live well too," said she.

The barriers were now down and she had access to his heart. She found that he was in a serious condition of health, likely to live but a short time, and yet an avowed infidel. He was a man in middle life, entirely friendless and destitute, and occupied a furnished room in a wretched tenement house. He remained there by the sufferance of the poor woman who owned the room, for he was unable longer to pay her anything.

The missionary learned that he had nothing to eat, and she supplied him with some suitable nourishment, and she spoke to him of the love of God in Christ, and offered up an earnest prayer in his behalf and when she went away he thanked her for her kindness and asked her to call again.

She did call again soon, and was glad to note his changed spiritual condition.

He listened attentively to what she had to say, and said "Amen" to her fervent prayer, and thanked her for it. He was willing to come to Christ, and was glad to be shown the way. At a subsequent visit he declared that he was trusting in Jesus as his Saviour, and he gave evidence of the wonderful change wrought in him by himself offering an earnest prayer to God, and that too in the presence of some of his former associates in sin.

Through the persistent efforts of his missionary friend, although his case was incurable, he was admitted to a good hospital, and ten days later the sick man, Henry Wagner, passed from this world of suffering to a better world, we trust, "a brand plucked from the burning."

—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### JUDGE NOT

How often we misjudge people's motives; and that, sometimes, because we see at the moment but a part of what they are about. If we knew the whole of a matter, our opinions would often be greatly changed. Amongst the lots put up at an auction was one, "A pretty pair of crutches." In the crowd was a poor cripple boy, and the crutches was just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame, shame!" in the crowd. The boy bid again; and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman outbid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple, and made him a present of them. The crowd was now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had just been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it; he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.—Sel.

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## THE MISSIONARY'S DEFENCE.

The following occurrence was related by Missionary Von Asselt, a Rhenish missionary in Sumatra from 1856 to 1876, on a visit to Lubeck:

"When I first went to Sumatra, in the year 1856, I was the first European missionary to go among the wild Battas, although, twenty years prior, two American missionaries had come to them with the Gospel; but they had been killed and eaten. Since then no effort had been made to bring the Gospel to these people, and, naturally, they had remained the same cruel savages.

"What it means to stand alone among a savage people, unable to make himself understood, not understanding a single sound of their language, but whose suspicious, hostile looks and gestures speak only a too-well-understood language — yes, it is hard for me to realize that. The first two years which I spent among the Battas, at first all alone and afterward with my wife, were so hard that it makes me shudder even now when I think of them. Often it seemed, as if we were not only encompassed by hostile men, but also by hostile powers of darkness; for often an inexplicable fear would come over us, so that we had to get up at night and go on our knees to pray or read the Word of God, in order to find relief.

"After we had lived in this place for two years we moved several hours' journey inland, among a tribe somewhat civilized, who received us more kindly. There we built a small house with three rooms—a living room, a bed room and a small reception room—and life for us became a little more easy and cheerful.

"When I had been in this new place for some months, a man came to me from the district where we had been, and whom I had known there. I was sitting on the bench in front of our house, and he sat down besides me, and for awhile talked of this, that, and the other. Finally he began:

"Now, teacher, I have yet one re-

quest.'

"And what is that?"

"I would like to have a look at your watchmen close at hand."

"What watchmen do you mean? I do not have any."

"I mean the watchmen whom you station around your house at night, to protect you."

"But I have no watchmen," I said again; "I have only a little herdsboy and a little cook, and they would make poor watchmen."

"Then the man looked at me incredulously, as if he wished to say: 'Oh, do not try to make me believe otherwise, for I know better.'

"Then he asked: 'May I look through your house, to see if they are hid there?'"

"Yes, certainly," I said, laughing; 'look through it; you will not find anybody.' So he went in and searched in every corner, even through the beds, but came to me very much disappointed.

"Then I began a little probing myself, and requested him to tell me the circumstances about those watchmen of whom he spoke, and this is what he related to me:

"When you first came to us, teacher, we were very angry at you. We did not want you to live amongst us; we did not trust you, and believed you had some design against us. Therefore we came together, and resolved to kill you and your wife. Accordingly, we went to your house night after night; but when we came near, there stood always, close around the house, a double row of watchmen with glittering weapons, and we did not venture to attack them to get into your house. But we were not willing to abandon our plan, so we went to a professional assassin (there still was among the savage Battas at that time a special guild of assassins, who killed for hire any one whom it was desired to get out of the way), and asked him if he would undertake to kill you and your wife. He laughed at us because of our cowardice, and said, 'I fear no God, and no devil. I will get through those watch-



men easily." So we came all together in the evening, and the assassin, swinging his weapon about his head, went courageously on before us. As we neared your house, we remained behind, and let him go on alone. But in a short time he came running back hastily, and said, "No, I dare not risk to go through alone; two rows of big strong men there, very close together, shoulder to shoulder, and their weapons shine like fire." Then we gave up killing you. But now, tell me, teacher, who are these watchmen? Have you never seen them?"

"No, I have never seen them."

"And your wife did not see them also?"

"No, my wife did not see them."

"But yet we have all seen them; how is that?"

"Then I went in, and brought a Bible from our house, and holding it open before him, said: 'See here; this book is the Word of our great God, in which he promises to guard and defend us, and we firmly believe that Word; therefore we need not see the watchmen; but you do not believe, therefore the great God has to show you the watchmen, in order that you may learn to believe.'"

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### THE POWER OF A SMILE

A young man was once confined in a darkened chamber by a long and painful illness. The inmates of the house were distant relatives, and seemed to think that they were doing their whole duty toward the friendless youth by allowing him to remain there. They seldom went into his room, and his attendant was a sad-faced woman who never smiled.

The young man became despondent, and resolved to commit suicide. While he was writing a note telling his reasons for ending his life a knock was heard upon the door, and a sweet-faced lady entered. She was a neighbor, and hearing of his illness had sought him out.

She smiled so sweetly that even before she spoke the young man gave up the idea of the crime which he had con-

templated. She spoke a few encouraging words to him, and when she placed her soft hand upon his hot forehead in a motherly way he broke down and sobbed like a child. She smiled again and knelt in silent prayer by his bedside, with the sweet love-token by which God spoke to him still glowing upon her bright, womanly face.

In that holy silence all his bitterness of soul left him, and there came an intense desire to seek and find Christ. The repentant one felt the presence of God's Spirit, and his hungry soul cried out for rest and peace. Ere the smile faded from the upturned face of the Christian woman the loving Saviour had entered the open door of the seeking soul.

In a week's time the young man left the dim chamber of pain, and went out into the great world to do the Master's work.—The American Messenger.

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### HUMBLE WORK FOR CHRIST.

Humble work for Christ may be of vital importance. The way in which the well-known song whose chorus begins, "Let the lower lights be burning," was written, may be unknown to many. Some years ago a steamer, in the midst of a terrific gale, was trying to make the harbor at Cleveland, Ohio. Two lights ordinarily indicated the entrance to the harbor—one, the upper light, on the bluffs of the coast; the other, the lower light, that of a beacon on a bar at the other side of the entrance. The lookout strained his eyes to catch the lights. Finally he saw the upper light, but it alone could not serve as a guide. Where was the lower light? It had not been attended to. Beaten by wind and wave, the ship staggered on with its many passengers. If it missed the entrance there was little hope of escaping the rocks. Of a sudden, the lower light was kindled, at last, but too late! They had missed the entrance, and in the attempt to tack about the ship went down with all on board.—Selected.

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## WHY HE WAS CRIPPLED

One of Dr. A. J. Gordon's favorite sayings was that God never makes a half providence any more than a man makes a half pair of shears. A good many years ago a little Scotch boy, four years old, was caught in a threshing machine and his right arm was torn off. That was a terrible accident in every sense of the word, for the boy not only lost the use of his arm, but was deprived of a future livelihood. He was a farmer's son, and it was supposed could himself be nothing but a farmer. Now, what would happen to him when he grew up?

This problem the boy's mother took to heart. There she held her mutilated laddie, and prayed that God would make him a prophet. As his service on the farm was out of question, she prayed that he might be used for a nobler husbandry. Thus the boy grew up, with his mother's prayers of dedication ringing in his heart, and in spite of himself they formed his life. He could not evade them. Her prayers shut him in with God.

The lad grew and studied, and was admitted to the University of Edinburgh. He is the student of whom the story has often been told, how Dr. Blackie asked the country boy to rise and recite. Geggie—for that was his name—arose and held his book awkwardly in his left hand.

"Take your book in your right hand, mon!" said the teacher, sternly.

"I hae noe right hand," answered the youth, holding up his stump.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the hisses of the class. Tears of mortification were in the student's eyes. Then Dr. Blackie ran down from his desk, and putting his arm about the lad's shoulder, as a father might, said:

"I did not mean to hurt you, lad. I did not know."

Then the hisses were changed to loud cheers, and Dr. Blackie thanked the stu-

dents for the opportunity of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was about the time that Maj. Whittle came to the University, and in the great awakening that followed Geggie was the first to give himself up to the service of Christ.

Sometime afterward Dr. Gordon was telling the story to his congregation in Boston. There was an impressive stillness, and after the service had closed with more than usual solemnity, a stranger walked up the aisle. The congregation noticed that he had only one arm. With a feeling of peculiar presentiment Dr. Gordon came down the pulpit stairs to meet him.

"I am your Geggie," the stranger said, with great emotion.

Dr. Gordon, with a ringing voice, called his congregation back and told them that his illustration was before them. The student was asked to speak. He related the story of his accident, his mother's prayers, and how he had now consecrated his life.

As the congregation left the church that morning, the thought came to more than one: "Every man's life is divinely planned. If adversity is inevitable, God makes the misfortune fit the plan. Many a youth, without knowing it, is working out the life to which his mother's piety devoted him; and her vows and the Infinite Wisdom are parts of a perfect providence."—Selected.

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## THE VOICE OF GOD.

Those who believe only in the "subjective" value of prayer, that is in its effect on the one uttering the prayer, might well consider the following incident which is vouched for by W. R. Smith of Pryor, Oklahoma, in an article written for the *Evangelical Visitor*.

Some years ago a missionary was traveling on foot in a thinly settled part of one of the Western States.

He was weary in spirit and body, and as he tramped along over the prairie road, he lifted up his heart in prayer



to God, that he would in his divine providence bring about such a condition that would permit him to ride part of the journey that yet remained before him. On reaching the summit of a high hill he saw a buggy apparently standing still in the road, and headed in the same way that he was going.

The preacher soon came up to it, and found a man sitting on the seat, as though waiting for someone. The man spoke to the missionary, saying, "I did not see you the first two times that you called on me to stop, which I did, and looked all around, but seeing no one, I again drove on, but when you called me the third time, I stopped again, and, looking back, saw you on top of the hill, and have waited for you." "Well," said the preacher, "I did call, but not on you, but to my heavenly Father, to send me an opportunity to ride, for I was weary. I did not speak above a whisper." The man said, "That is very strange, for I heard a voice clear and distinct, calling for me to 'stop,' and I did so. Three times this voice spoke to me, saying each time 'stop.' " "What do you think it meant?" "It means," replied the missionary, "that the Holy Spirit called on you to help answer my prayer." The preacher was invited into the buggy, and rode several miles with the man, in whom he found a friend and helper, in sowing the good seed of the kingdom, in these far western wilds. How true it is that God still often moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and help his wayworn children, when they call to him for aid in time of need.—Selected.

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### WRONG WITH THE STATE

In the city of Brooklyn, two or three years ago, a detective went into a drug store, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a man about thirty years of age, and said, "You are wanted." "What do you mean?" asked the man. "You know what I mean. You were in the penitentiary several years ago; you escaped and

went west. You married out there and came back here and settled; and we have been on your track ever since. Now we have you. You need not deny it." He said, "That is true; I won't deny it; but I would like to go home and say good-bye to my wife and child." "All right." They went to his home. He met his wife and little child in the parlor and said: "Wife, haven't I been a good father and worked hard to make a living?" She replied, "Yes, what do you mean?" "I mean that I am an escaped convict from the penitentiary. Since I met you, your love for me has made a different man out of me; but I am an escaped criminal, and must go back to the penitentiary." He was all right with his wife, child and neighbors, but all wrong with the State of New York. His being right with his wife and child did not put him right with the State of New York. You may be all right with your friends and neighbors, but all wrong with God; and, unless you are born again, you can never get right with God.—Selected.

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### WHY BUNYAN RETURNED.

It being well known to some of his persecutors in London that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with him on the subject. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming at so unreasonable an hour.

Early in the morning the messenger came, and, interrogating the jailer, said: "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes," "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."—Sel.

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## HOW GOOD EXAMPLE HELPS.

A well dressed but unassuming man walked quietly into the offices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, one day this week and inquired for the secretary. He named a Middle West State as his home and said he had been thinking about making a contribution to help the Armenian refugees in Turkey and had concluded from what he had read in the newspapers that money is badly needed now. "I can give \$5,000," he said, "but I would like to hear something about the facts."

The assistant secretary of the committee, Walter Mallory, summarized the situation in accordance with information which had been received in recent letters and cablegrams. One of the facts stated by Mr. Mallory is that there are about a million Armenian and Syrian Christian refugees in Turkey and Persia, largely women and children, nearly all of whom are destitute. Deported from their homes by Turkish soldiers, many thousands are suffering for lack of the bare necessities of life. Then he began to tell of sacrifices which contributors to the relief fund had made. The visitor listened to the story of a minister in Ohio, who had written that, from a salary of \$80 a month, his wife and himself would contribute \$40 a month for six months. "Well," said the stranger, "if they can make a sacrifice like that I think I can give \$10,000."

On the way to the office of Charles R. Crane, the treasurer, the donor was told of an old woman who wrote she had no money, but would give her old Paisley shawl—an heirloom which had been in the family many years and had once been her mother's. He listened also to a letter from the mother of a little girl, four years, old, who had earned two cents sweeping the sidewalk. She wanted to give one cent to the Belgian babies and the other to the starving Armenians. "If other people are willing to give up things," commented the stranger, "I

ought to be willing to do the same. I think that everyone ought to help save this old Christian race. I believe I can give \$15,000." Before he entered the treasurer's office the stranger seemed to make some mental calculations and when he wrote out his check it read \$18,000 "Under no circumstances is my name to be made public," said the stranger, so the treasurer, to keep his faith, personally deposited the check in the bank.—The Christian Work, June 17, 1916.

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## GOD IS NOT A MERCHANT

For by grace are ye saved through faith, and not that of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Eph. 2:8.

Once there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was the dead of winter, and no flowers were in the garden, and no leaves upon the trees. But in the hot-house a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright winter sun, and the poor woman gazed at them until the water came into her mouth and she sighed: "Oh, I wish I could take it to my sick darling." She went home and sat down to her spinning wheel, and wrought until she had earned half a crown. She then went to the king's gardener, and offered that sum for a bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly and told her not to come again. She returned home and looked around her little cottage to see whether there was anything she could dispense with. It was a severe winter, yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two; so she pawned it for half a crown, and went to the king's gardener and now offered him ten shillings. But the gardener scolded her and took her by the arm rather roughly and thrust her out. It just happened, however, that the king's daughter was near at hand; and when she heard the angry words of the gardener and the crying of the woman, she came up and inquired into the matter.



When the poor woman had told her story the noble princess said, with a kind smile, "My dear woman, you are mistaken; my father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to sell, but to give;" whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine, and gently dropped it into the old woman's apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift that which the labor of many days and nights had been unable to procure.

The salvation of the soul is the greatest thing you can desire. But you cannot buy it with all the riches of the world, with all the prayers you can pray, with all the alms you can give, with all the useful works you could perform during a life as long as that of Methuselah. The fact is, your soul's salvation is in the hands of a King, and not of a merchant. If you receive it at all, it must be as a gift, for you never can buy it.—Sel.

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#### SAVED BY A SONG.

When the English steamer, *Stella*, was wrecked on the Casquet Rocks, twelve women were put into a boat, which the storm whirled away into the waters without a man to steer it, and without an oar which the women could use. All they could do was to sit still in the boat, and let the winds and waves carry them whither they would.

They passed a terrible night, not knowing to what fate destiny was conducting them. Cold and wet, they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind and musical gifts of one of their number. This one was Miss Margaret Williams, a contralto singer of much ability, well known as a singer in oratorios.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang out over the waters. She sang as much of certain well-known oratorios as she could, particularly the contralto songs of "The Messiah" and "Elijah," and of several hymns. Her voice and sacred words inspired the wo-

men in the boat to endure their sufferings.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small steam craft which had been sent out to try to rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to pause on the waters, heard a woman's strong voice some distance away. It seemed to be lifted in song. The men on the little steam craft listened, and to their astonishment heard the words, "Oh, rest in the Lord," borne through the darkness. They steered in its direction, and before long came in sight of the boat containing the twelve women, and they were taken aboard.

If it had not been for Miss William's singing they would not have been observed, and very likely would have drifted on to death, as so many other victims of the wreck did.—Selected.

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#### A SUCCESSFUL SERMON

The Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, whose recent decease the church mourns, a few years since prepared a sermon in behalf of the cause of foreign missions. The Board of the Reformed Church was at the time largely in debt. Dr. Chambers was to preach his sermon on a Sunday evening. When the evening arrived it was exceedingly stormy, and the church was very sparsely attended. The Doctor considered the propriety of postponing the particular service, and was advised to so do. He, however, did not do it. At the close of the service, as he was about to leave the church, a gentleman, not connected with the congregation, and not a resident of New York, stopped him with the inquiry, "What did you say the amount of the debt was?" He was answered \$53,000. "I will send you my check for that amount," the inquirer replied, and he did. A note from Dr. Chambers to his liberal friend would probably have brought no such result, nor probably would his sermon, if it had not been heard.—*Assembly Herald*.

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### THEIR BREAKFAST CAME.

In his biography of George Muller of Bristol, England, Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., gives the following illustration of how God wonderfully provided for the needs of the hundreds of orphans under the care of Mr. Muller:

"On one occasion, when there were no funds in hand to provide breakfast for the orphans, a gentleman had occasion to go to his office in Bristol early that morning before breakfast, and on the way the thought occurred to him, 'I will go to Mr. Muller's orphan house and make them a donation.' Accordingly he turned and walked about a quarter of a mile toward the orphanage, when he stopped, saying to himself, 'How foolish of me to be neglecting the business I came out to attend to! I can give money to the orphans another time.'

"He turned around and started back toward his office, but soon felt he must return. He said to himself, 'The orphans may be needing the money now. I may be leaving them in want when God has sent me to help them.' So strong was this impression that he again turned around and walked back till he reached the orphanages, and handed in the money which provided them with breakfast."

In relating this incident to a large gathering, Mr. Muller's comment was, "Just like my gracious heavenly Father!" and then proceeded to urge his hearers to trust and prove what a faithful covenant-keeping God He is to those who put their trust in Him.

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### THE POWER HOUSE.

The power house is usually the smallest and quietest building connected with a factory. At one side, away from the noise and clatter, the rattle and bang of the machinery, is the power which makes everything go. The Everywhere

Evangelist tells of a man who learned the way to the power house.

"Once upon a time an evangelist had been booked for a meeting in a town, but, finding that he could not go at the time named, he sent a young preacher, who had been with him in the work, to begin, with the understanding he would follow in a few days. The young man began the meeting, but was soon told that the evangelist would, in all probability, not be present at all. What was he to do? He had had but little experience and few sermons; and then, the people had not engaged him to hold the meeting. Must he retreat or must he storm the fort? He determined to continue the meeting, after talking with his heavenly Father about it. Great crowds came to hear him; the people were moved; the church was aroused and sinners came to Christ. At the close of the meeting the evangelist came and was surprised, but delighted, to see that the work had succeeded so well. The young man, in relating his experience to the evangelist, said: 'Come and go with me to the power house.' He went with him to a little old-fashioned log-cabin and there he found two old women who trusted in Jesus. 'Here,' he said, 'I came each day, and here got down and together we talked with God; and after receiving power I went into the pulpit, and God blessed the words spoken through His child.'"—Christian.

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### SAVED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I had a singular experience, which is very vivid to my mind. The precise year I cannot say, and I may be mistaken in the name of the vessel. But somewhere about the year 1860, the bark Benjamin Burgess sailed from Boston for Cienfuegos. The crew were mostly from the house of which I had charge. There had been, and there still was, a powerful religious influence pervading our house. I said to the men as they were going on board: "Remember,



I shall pray for you every day." I made it a practice, directly after 12 m., to retire, and pray, and commune with God. One day, after the bark had been gone about six weeks, while bringing up before the Lord the different cases, this crew was presented with unusual interest. I was thrown into an agony of feeling before God, and I cried to Him to have mercy on that crew. Such were my feelings. I noted the time. After the terrible struggle in prayer for God to save that crew, with strong cries and tears, there came into my feeling a great peace, as though prayer were answered, and that crew made safe.

Unbeknown to me, the bark was chartered to go to Antwerp, and thence to Boston. On their arrival back, I said: "Boys, did you have a hard time in either passage?" "Yes," said they, "a fearful time on the voyage from Cienfuegos to Antwerp. We were being driven upon the rocks in a terrible gale and storm. Captain Snow said to us: 'Boys, there is no hope and no deliverance, unless God helps us;' and sure enough, to our great astonishment, there came a wind from off the shore, and we were saved." The day of my agony of prayer before the Lord for that crew, that they might be saved, was the day they were having that terrible experience on the bark. I have no comments to make on that experience. I simply give the facts in the case.—N. Hamilton, in *Christian Witness*.

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### TAUGHT BY HIS HAND

Rev. E. P. Dunlap, D. D., for many years a missionary in Siam, at a meeting held some years ago, related the following remarkable incident:

In one of the Southern provinces was found an old man, the Lieut. Governor of the province, who was already a Christian. In his early life he was a maker and worshiper of idols. One day he was looking at his own hands, and said to his wife, "These hands of ours

are very wonderful. There must be some power above us to make such hands. Gods that we make cannot do it. Why should we worship them?" So they decided not to worship them any more, but to worship this unknown power, under a name meaning the "Supreme of the Universe."

This they did for many years. One day in Bangkok the old man saw a man selling books, and said to him, "What books are those you are selling?" The man replied:

"The best of books, which tells us about God who made all things. 'That is what I want,' the old man said, and bought several, one being a Bible, which he opened at the first chapter of Genesis, and read with delight. He and his wife read it and studied it carefully for months. They then said, 'We will worship the Supreme under the name of Jesus, which they did for years.

Dr. Dunlap baptized them, and the old man built a house for him and the missionaries who came that way and entertained them. One day he went to a silver casket and took out some papers. He told Dr. Dunlap that his friends said to him, 'What do you believe, what must we believe if we do not worship idols?' So without any help from any one, lead by the Spirit of God he had formulated a creed from the Word of God. It began:

"I believe in God the father, I believe in God the Son; I believe in God the Holy Spirit," and so on, containing all the essential points of our evangelical faith. The one point of difference was his refusal to eat things strangled, in obedience to the first council of the church at Jerusalem.

What a commentary upon the power of God's word and the necessity of giving it free circulation, without note or comment. How true the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Rev. Henry M. Tyn-dall.

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## COMPOUND INTEREST.

The Christian tells of a minister in Ohio, who in 1860 was engaged to steadily supply a congregation who were in arrears for a whole year's salary to their former pastor, and were only able to promise their "supply" five dollars a Sunday till the old debt should be paid. At the close of the year, only about two-thirds of this amount had been paid. So it was not strange their "supply" soon found himself in arrears for many things. That year the cost of his periodicals alone had amounted to sixteen dollars. This he could not pay, and as none of them could be stopped without payment of arrearages the debt must continue to increase.

On New Year's day the minister was called to marry a couple, and gave the fee, five dollars, to his wife, saying, "I want you to get yourself a dress with this." There was a kind of material much worn then, which she had very much admired, a dress of which would cost four dollars. So she went to the Mission periodicals to find the address of the Mission Secretary, thinking to send the extra dollar there. But as she glanced over its pages and noticed the trials and straits of the missionaries, and the embarrassment of the Board that year, her heart was touched and she felt that they needed the money more than she did the dress, and instead of the one she concluded to send the five dollars.

She went to her husband and read her letter to him. "O," said he, "I am afraid we are too poor to give so much." With a little feeling of disappointment she said, "Well, give me the change and I will send what I intended at first." "No," said he, "you have given it, and I dare not take it back."

And so with a prayer that God would accept and bless the gift she signed her letter. "A Friend of Missions," thinking, as no one would know the author, that was the last she would hear about it in this world.

The ladies of that congregation were accustomed to meet weekly at the parsonage to sew for those in need. The next week a lady who was visiting in the place came with her friends, and as she entered the parlor she tossed a bundle into the lap of the minister's wife, saying, "Mrs. ———, here is a present for you."

The present was a dress pattern of the same kind of material she had intended to purchase. And as she thought to herself, "God has given me this in place of what I have given," she was reminded of the words, "Give, and it shall be given you." But that was not the end.

A short time afterwards she received a letter from the Secretary of the Board of Missions, enclosing a printed copy of her own letter, and asking if she was the author of it; and added, "If so, a large-hearted man in New York has authorized me to send you twenty-five dollars, with a special request that you purchase a dress worth five dollars, and give the rest to your husband and children." There was her five dollars back, with four times as much more added to it.

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## TRUE TO HIS MOTHER.

When General Cass was stumping Illinois in the interest of Buchanan, one day after a political talk he said he wanted to say a word to the young men. This is what he said: "When I was yet in my teens I made up my mind to go to the west from my home in the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania. Our family was large and poor, so I told my mother that I must go. "Well, Lewis," she said, "if you are determined to go I will do the best I can to fit you out." So in ten days she had my outfit ready. I immediately dressed myself in my new suit, which consisted of three pairs of socks, four shirts, a new cap and shoes and a suit of homespun, and four dollars in money.

When she kissed me good-bye, she



said, "Lewis, you are going away from home and friends. I ask you to promise me that you will keep away from the dram shop and the gaming table, that you will keep good company and go to church on Sunday. Will you do all this? Answer me, Lewis," she said, as the tears were streaming down her cheeks. I said, "Mother, I will." And I have kept my promise. Since then I have sat at the tables of three kings in Europe; I have been intrusted with many of the highest offices in my country and once was a candidate for the presidency, and I owe it all to taking that mother's advice. I would say to you young men, "Take your mother's advice and you will bless the day you did so when I am dead and gone."—George Quinan.

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#### THE MISDIRECTED ENVELOPES.

James Jerrold was out of work. He was a young married man. The dissolution of a firm threw him out of employment. Repeated failures to obtain work nearly disheartened him. But his good wife kept him hopeful, and daily prayer preserved his strength and courage, for James Jerrold believed in God.

One evening the mail brought him two letters. One from Slater & Bunce offering him a situation and a large salary; the other was from Wallace & Co. offering a situation and a small salary. He did as doubtless hundreds of others would have done. He wrote to Slater & Bunce accepting their offer, and another to Wallace & Co. declining.

The next day he received answers to his letters. Slater & Bunce wrote their regrets that he had declined their offer, and Wallace & Co. named the time when he should report for duty.

James had carelessly changed the envelopes in replying, and each firm had received the letter intended for the other. He hurried to the city to rectify his mistake. He was too late. The vacancy in Slater & Bunce had been filled. Then James could only accept

the inevitable. He went to his new work and small salary with a heavy heart. Wallace & Co. were an old and safe firm, and they were pleased with him. One day James was startled by a piece of news. He hurried home to tell his wife. Slater & Bunce had failed. James Jerrold's mistake proved a blessing in disguise.—Selected.

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#### A FEARLESS CONFESSION.

It is recorded that Frederick the Great of Prussia was once ridiculing Christ and Christianity in the presence of a gathering of his nobles and generals, who were convulsed with laughter at his coarse and impious witticisms. There was one brave general, however, who sat gloomily silent while the laugh went around.

This was Joachim Ven Lietan, one of the ablest and bravest of them all. Unable longer to endure it, he "dares" something for his Master, whom he loved even more than he loved his king. See him! With the utmost gravity he arose from his seat, shakes his gray head, and addressing the king, said in solemn tone:

"Your Majesty knows well that in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere I have boldly risked my life for you and my country; but there is One above us who is greater than you and me, greater than all men; He is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for your Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with His own blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on Him repose my faith, my comfort, and my hope in life and death. In the power of this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your state. I salute your Majesty."

The brave old general sat down. Frederick looked at him in amazement and unconcealed admiration, and then and there apologized in the presence of those whom he had entertained with his vulgar jests.—Selected.

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## HE SAID, "NO!"

The great Young Men's Christian Association Convention, recently held in Boston, brought delegates from all parts of the world to testify to the value of the Christian religion as the highest rule of conduct for practical life. The following was told by one who had traveled 8,000 miles to attend the meetings:

"My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia. He was an English emigrant of sturdy yeoman stock, and while the free life of a shepherd had taught him tolerance and kindness, he remained true in principal to the strict lessons of his early years.

The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchmen used to think nothing of riding twenty or forty miles to a centrally located farm on Saturday, to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday. When the men came together once a week this way, drinking and gambling seemed inevitable.

"At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herders of the kraals and ranches within a radius of nearly fifty miles.

"'Boys,' he said to his two sons, my brother and myself, 'it's the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, simply in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts, if we can, saving our money, if possible, and being cut by every man around here, or fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not going to break your mother's heart and I say, 'No,' even if they burn us down.' So it came about that my brother and I divided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: 'Father invites you for Saturday and Sunday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old New England and the welfare of the colony.'

"We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single

guest; but the whole section was represented.

"With mother opposite him, father said grace at the table, and we boys saw tears flow down rugged cheeks. That night the men talked along about bushmen and rabbits, and fences, and drought, and how to stand by each other.

"The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I had ever seen assembled; and there was singing of hymns, broken here and there by sobs and tears. When they parted, my father, although a recent comer, was acknowledged leader of the community.

"That section became the most prosperous section in all the country around, and I thought if Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough to live and die by. My father's 'No,' was the one thing needed to save the community, and it saved it."—Youth's Companion.

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## THE MISJUDGED HEN.

One of the members of our church living in the upper part of the city had a hen which annoyed her by cackling as though she had laid an egg. She would seem to delight in getting into the presence of her mistress and then cackle as if wonders had been done as regards egg-laying. But diligent search failed to discover any eggs. This kept on until Mrs. Lion, decided the hen was practicing deception, and she so despised liars that one day after the hen had declared her egg-laying qualities with more vehemence than usual, Mrs. Lion, determined to no longer tolerate the deceitful thing and so the hen was killed and prepared for the pot. But the grief and surprise of the mistress may be imagined when a few days later, a nest full of beautiful eggs were found. When Mrs. Lion saw she had so misjudged the faithful hen, her self-reproach made her nearly sick.

Moral:—Judge not.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.



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### HENRY RYAN'S VISIT TO ETHAN ALLEN.

On one of the Lorenzo Dow's erratic evangelistic tours through New York State he happened on a community where a young Irish Catholic, Henry Ryan, was teaching school. The fame of Dow was in all the land in those days, and the people gathered, coming on horseback for many miles, to hear him. Ryan had never attended any except the services of the Roman Catholic Church, but his curiosity to hear and see Lorenzo Dow overcame his scruples, and he became one of the attendants on the meetings of the evangelist. As he listened to what seemed to him a new Gospel he became deeply convicted of sin, and at once renounced his errors both of doctrine and life, and became a very happy Methodist.

When his parents came to know of his conversion they were very angry, and after arguing with him in vain gave him his choice between giving up his new religion or forfeiting all association with his home. As he would not give up his religion, he was disowned, and with the exception of his sister, who went with him, saying she would not belong to a church that was "destitute of the grace of forgiveness," he was ever afterwards separated from his family.

Ryan soon began to exhort, and not long after was convicted that it was his duty to become a preacher. A little while later he became deeply in love with Miss Huldah Lord, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman who was very much opposed to the Methodists, but as his daughter's heart was completely given to Ryan he finally reluctantly consented to their marriage. Mr. Lord then offered to advance the money to set his son-in-law up in business, on condition that he would give up his preaching, but Ryan would not do that, and was proof against all persuasion.

The territory of the New York Con-

ference at that time was very great, and in the year 1800, the first year of Ryan's ministry, his circuit embraced a large part of the State of Vermont. A great test of faith came to him at the very outset of his itinerancy. For some time nothing had been paid on their salary, and their funds were completely exhausted. Hunger and starvation stared them in the face, and there was now a little child to suffer with them. Mrs. Ryan had bravely tried to be a faithful Methodist preacher's wife, but when she saw her little child hungry she urged her husband once more to give up preaching and go home to her father and set up in business. It was a dark hour for Ryan, and he could see no light in the sky. He felt that he did not dare to give up his ministry, and yet he could not let his wife and child starve. Finally, just as the darkness was coming on one evening, he said to his wife that he would go alone into a forest nearby and pray to God for guidance, and he felt sure that they would be guided aright. The hours wore on, but he did not return to the house, and Mrs. Ryan was naturally almost crazy with anxiety. She saw nothing of him until that long sleepless night had passed and the morning dawned. Then, after having spent the whole night in prayer, he came from the woods and met her with a smiling face, saying "I believe God will send us help to-day. If help does not come to-day I will take you to your father's, and go in business as he wishes me."

The fragments left for breakfast were soon eaten, and there was as yet no sign of deliverance. About the middle of the forenoon, however, a stranger rode up to the door, and without alighting from his horse inquired, "Does the Methodist preacher live here?" "He does," was the reply, and Mr. Ryan went to see what was wanted. The stranger was none other than the far-famed Revolutionary soldier and avowed infidel, Colonel Ethan Allen, who, having told his name, continued, I am not a professor of religion, but I respect brave men, and from all I can learn you

are no hypocrite. I want you to come to my house and bring your wife with you as my wife wants to get acquainted with her." And shaking hands with Ryan the brusque old soldier left ten dollars in his hand. From that time as long as Ryan remained in that neighborhood the family found a warm friend and generous supporter in Ethan Allen.

Henry Ryan became one of the founders of Methodism in Canada, and traveled the Canada district as a presiding elder for several years. He was a very large man, being not only six feet high, but became exceedingly broad and corpulent, so that no one horse was able to carry him around on his district. He was compelled to use two, riding one and leading the other, and thus changing his mount every other day. Something of the character of the work may be imagined when it is stated that it was no unusual occurrence for him to start from Canada on horseback to attend a session of conference at New York or Baltimore; and he did it with as much cheerfulness as the minister of to-day would take a ticket for his state-room in a Pullman car for his trip by the night express.

Mrs. Ryan, too, developed all the courage of the heroine in the later years of their life. On one occasion, when she was alone with the children in the Canadian woods, the house was filled with Indians, painted and armed with their scalping knives and tomahawks. The Indians began to loot the house, and she and the children were much alarmed. Knowing that resistance was useless, Mrs. Ryan called her terrified children around her, took the large family Bible from the stand, and commenced reading it aloud. The Indians watched her for a time, but as she calmly continued her reading they came to the conclusion that she must be a witch, and that, with the aid of her "Big Book," she was about to cast a spell upon them. A panic seized them. They threw down the things which they had collected and fled from the house.—Sel.

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### HOW THE FOG WAS LIFTED.

Soon after his conversion Captain Lewis W. Pennington was sent to sea in command of the Morro Castle, of the Clyde Line. During this voyage an incident occurred which made a deep impression on his mind and led him to meditate much on the unlimited power of prayer. His vessel was bound from New York to Charleston, N. C. For two days and nights she had been surrounded by a dense fog.

The captain, almost worn out by loss of rest and anxiety, was about to enter the pilot-house, about four o'clock in the morning, when the thought occurred to him that he had the privilege of committing the responsibility which was weighing upon him to an all-wise God. He turned into his own room and, kneeling down, besought God's help. It was no vague prayer, but a definite petition that God would remove the fog. He felt assured that his prayer was heard. Entering the pilot-house, his cheerful face was noticed by the officers of the watch, who inquired what had happened. The captain said that he expected the fog to clear immediately. His attention was called to the fact that there was no sun nor any sign of anything that could lift it. The captain told them that he had prayed about it, and he believed that his prayer would be answered. His hearers, however, would have had more faith in a gleam of sunshine, and one of them, as he went out of the pilot house, muttered an expression of contempt for prayer in such cases. The captain followed him to speak a word of reproof, when both saw three vivid flashes of lightning, which seemed almost to strike the ship. The sailor stopped his ridicule and staggered back in amazement as he saw the fog completely dispersed by the electric flash. We understand that one of the officers on board was so impressed with the occurrence that it ultimately led to his conversion—Selected.



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## THE FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD-PIECE.

"A friend," says a venerable clergyman, Rev. Mr. H——, "at a time when gold was scarce, made me a present of a five-dollar gold-piece. I resolved not to spend it, and for a long time carried it in my pocket as a token of friendship. In riding about the country, I one day fell in with an acquaintance, who presented a subscription book for the erection of a church in a destitute place.

"I can do nothing for you, Mr. B——," said I; "my heart is in this good undertaking, but my pocket is entirely empty; having no money, you must excuse me."

"Oh, certainly," said he; "all right, sir. We know you always give when it is in your power."

"We parted; and after I had proceeded some distance, I bethought me of the piece of gold in my vest pocket. "What," said I to myself "I told that man I had no money, when I had by me all this time this gold pocket-piece. This was an untruth, and I had done wrong." I kept reproaching myself in this way until I stopped and took from my pocket the five-dollar piece.

"Of what use," said I, "is this piece of money stowed away so nicely in my pocket?" I made up my mind to turn back, and rode as fast as I could until I overtook Mr. B——, to whom I gave the coin, and resumed my journey.

"A few days after I stopped at the house of a lady who treated me very hospitably, for which I could make no return, except in thanks and Christian counsel. When I took leave, she slipped into my vest pocket a little folded paper, which she told me to give to my wife. I supposed it was some trifle for the children, and thought no more of it until I reached home. I handed it to my wife, who opened it, and to my astonishment, it was a five-dollar gold piece, the identical pocket-piece I had parted with but a few days before. I knew it was the same, for I had made a mark upon it; how this had been

brought about was a mystery, but that the hand of the Lord was in it I could not doubt. "See," said I to my wife; "I thought I gave that money, but I only lent it; how soon has the Lord returned it! Never again will I doubt his word."

"I afterward learned that Mr. B—— had paid over the coin to the husband of the lady at whose house I staid, along with some other money, in payment for lumber, and he had given it to his wife.

"Take my advice, and when appealed to for aid, fear not to give of your poverty; depend upon it the Lord will not let you lose it, if you wish to do good. If you wish to prosper, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you; for with the same measure that ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.'"—Sel.

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## WHAT THE RAIN DID.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a bag filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the old man was wet to the skin. At this he was quite vexed and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with a gun, was aiming at him, and attempting to shoot him! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off; and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said: "How wrong was I not to endure the shower patiently, as it was sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour; the rain, which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

—Selected.

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## THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg, hundreds of the Union wounded were left lying on the ground, and the road ascending Mary's Heights. All night and most of the next day, the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferer's relief. All that time their agonized cries went up for "Water! water!" But there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress.

At length, however, one brave fellow, behind the stone ramparts where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to his love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and finding the commanding officer, said to him excitedly:

"General, I can't stand this any longer. Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But, do you know," said the general, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, "do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir; I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor dying men, I'm willing to run the risk."

The general hesitated for a moment, but finally said with emotion:

"Kirkland, it's sending you to your death, but I cannot oppose such a motive at yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall, and applied himself to his work of Christ-like mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished, everyone in the Union lines

understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot. He staid there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them, as mother would cover her child; and all the while he was so engaged, until his gentle ministry was finished, the fusilade of death was hushed.

So it is on life's battlefield. The cannonade of sin and wickedness is hushed and powerless before the fearless Christian soldier who dares to do right, even though his life hangs in the balance.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

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## HOW A LITTLE GIRL WORKED.

"A little child shall lead them." A modern illustration is recounted in the London Christian. There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre in Syria, and not a Bible, was to be found in any of them not so long ago.

But a little girl who had been taught about Jesus in the British Syrian Sunday schools, at Beirut, went to Tyre, to spend her summer holidays. She took her Arabic Testament with her, and read verses from it to the people. They began to get quite interested, and used to look forward to her coming to them day by day. But at last her holidays were over, and they had to say goodby to the Book and its little teacher.

They often thought and talked about her and about the beautiful words she used to read, until after two years they felt they must get a teacher of their own. So they wrote to Beirut, and asked for one to come: and who do you think was sent? Why, this same little girl, who had by this time left school and was old enough to go as a teacher herself; and she worked up quite a flourishing school.

Now there are twenty-nine schools in different places, in which 3,000 children are being taught about Jesus.—Selected.



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### FINDING THE LOST \$20. BILL

Whether wisely or not, Mrs. Nathan Bullock had signed a note with her son, Walter, for \$20. to enable him to buy a horse. It was her motherly instinct alone which prompted her to do this, without the knowledge of her husband. The title of their little home stood in her name, and if that should have to be mortgaged to pay the note, it would indeed be a serious matter. To guard against such liability she treasured her small savings during the summer, and by working industriously that autumn at fruit drying, she at last had the satisfaction of knowing that the \$20 was on hand, in case her son should be unable to pay the note when it fell due. This \$20 was in the form of a bill, which was neatly folded and carefully placed within her purse, which was never out of the possession of the owner.

One day toward the last of December, Mrs. Powell, the daughter of Mrs. Bullock, paid a visit to her mother. When her daughter took her departure, since she was to walk home, Mrs. Bullock proposed to go a piece with her. When they had reached a point in the road marked by a large stone at the roadside, they stood conversing for a few moments, and just before separating the thought came to Mrs. Bullock to make her daughter a present of a dollar, which she knew would be quite acceptable. She took out her purse, handed the dollar to her daughter, kissed her good bye, and returned to her home.

Not long after, Mrs. Bullock had occasion to open her purse again, and it occurred to her to make sure of having the \$20 bill. It took but a moment to discover that it was missing. She looked through the purse again and again, but the bill was gone. The purse had not left the custody of its owner, neither had it been opened since she gave the dollar to her daughter. She went at once to the place where she had parted with her daughter, thinking that

perhaps the bill had dropped from the purse and had blown to the roadside, and that possibly she might find it. The search was in vain.

After her fruitless search she returned home, and made known her loss to her aged Christian mother, who resided with her, and then had a good cry. The loss represented the savings of half a year. And the note would be due in the spring, and what would she do? Her mother encouraged her to think that the bill would yet be found. It may have been folded with the one she gave her daughter. But when she saw her daughter a few days later and learned that she knew nothing of the lost \$20 bill, all hope in that direction was gone. Winter storms came on and to recover the bill from the road-side, or from the fields into which it may have blown seemed out of the question.

Although not a professed Christian, Mrs. Bullock was a believer in the efficacy of prayer, so when her mother proposed that they pray about it, she willingly agreed. She told the Lord all about her trouble. She confessed she had not served him, nor done as she ought, but with humbled heart and streaming eyes, she promised her Heavenly Father that if he would restore the bill to her she would serve him thereafter and acknowledge to her friends that he had answered her prayer. She arose from her knees with a determination to be a Christian, and was comforted with the hope of finding the twenty dollars.

She continued to make its recovery the subject of her prayer for weeks following, and the wish for its restoration was gradually transformed into a settled conviction that God would in some way restore it to her. Once or twice when her way had led in that direction she had crossed the field toward which the wind was blowing the day she lost the money, thinking that possibly she might find the lost bill. The weeks passed on, the last of March came. Thaws had succeeded the frosts of the winter, and the rain and warm winds

had cleared the fields of snow excepting in patches.

One day Mrs. Bullock felt that she ought to go to her daughter's. The distance not being greater than two miles she walked. While at dinner, an impulse came to her to return home. Her daughter tried to dissuade her from going so early, and told her to wait a little later, and Mr. Powell would take her home. But Mrs. Bullock felt she should go then and go she did. On her return home she was overtaken by an acquaintance who invited her to ride which ordinarily she would have gladly done as the roads were very muddy. But she felt she ought to decline the invitation, and she did so.

As she approached a point in the road where by crossing the fields she could reach her home, she yielded to an impulse to go cross lots, notwithstanding the bad walking. As she picked her way across the field, she scanned the ground in every direction for the lost bill. When about half the distance had been traversed, she spied something fluttering from the top of the stubble. She went to it, and lo, behold, it was her long lost \$20 bill!

Her heart was so full of rejoicing that she could hardly restrain herself from shouting aloud God's praise, and when she reached her home she and her aged mother began to thank God with so loud a voice that Mr. Bullock came from the barn to find out what the trouble was, and then he learned for the first time of the loss of the \$20 bill, and of its safe recovery after being exposed to the freezing and thawing, the snows and the rains of the open fields for three months. He was obliged to confess that it was marvelous; and Mrs. Bullock, true to her vow, never tired of telling how God had answered her unworthy prayer; and ever after she ascribed her conversion to the loss and recovery of the \$20 bill.

This is a true story, and the writer gives it as he heard it from the lips of Mrs. Bullock, whom he had known all his life—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### ONLY A BOY.

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India, to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hindooism.

At the commencement of the proceedings, he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

"What, my boy! do you want to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now, you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if, when I come again at the end of the half year, I find you still steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said, then all the people rose to their feet, and some speaking for the rest, said, "Why, sir, it is he that taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—Forward.

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### LIFE'S HARD JOURNEY.

Certainly if this pilgrimage were all the way a way of ease, then we should not much desire to hasten on it, or to come to the end of it, or to see God in heaven; too much satisfied with the sweetness of the streams, we should stay away from the fountain.—Dr. Cheever.



## CHRIST'S CONSTRAINING LOVE.

A friend of mine who has charge of one hundred and fifty boys in a Reform School, is accustomed, when they misbehave, to put them for a time on bread and water. What do you think he does himself in some of these cases? He goes and puts himself with them on bread and water! The boys in the school see this, and they learn love of their superintendent and father. Now, when tempted to crime, they must say to themselves—"If I do wrong, I shall have to live on bread and water; but the worst of all is, my father will come and eat bread and water with me and for my sake; and how can I bear that? How can I bear to have my father who loves me so well, confine himself to bread and water for my sake!"

So Jesus puts Himself on pain and shame and death that you might be forgiven and saved from sinning; and now will you go on to sin more? Have you no heart to appreciate his dying love? Can you go on and sin yet more and none the less for all the love shown you on Calvary?

In that Reform School of which I spoke, the effects produced on even the worst boys by the love shown them is really striking. The Superintendent had long insisted that he did not want locks and bars to confine the boys. The Directors had said—"You must lock them in; if you don't they will run away." On one occasion, the Superintendent was to be absent two weeks. A Director came to him, urging that he must lock up the boys before he left, for while he was absent they would certainly run away. The Superintendent replied—I think not; I have confidence in those boys. But, responds the Director, give us some guarantee. Are you willing to pledge your city lot, conditioned that if they run away, the lot goes to the Reform School Fund? After a little reflection, he consents—"I will give you my lot—if any of my boys run away while I am gone." Before he sets off he calls all the boys together; explains

to them his pledge; asks them to look at his dependent family, and then appeals to their honor and love for him. "Would you be willing to see me stripped of all my property? I think I can trust you." He went, returned a little unexpectedly and late on one Saturday night. Scarce had he entered the yard, when the word rang through the sleeping halls—"Our father has come!" and almost in a moment they were greeting him and shouting, "We are all here! we are all here!"

Can not Christ's love have as much power as that? Shall the love the Reform School boys bear to their official father hold them to their place during the long days and nights of his absence; and shall not Christ's love to us restrain us from sinning? What do you say? Will you say thus: "If Christ loves me so much, then it is plain he won't send me to hell, and therefore I will go on and sin all I please." Do you say that? Then there is no hope for you. The Gospel that ought to save you can do nothing for you but sink you deeper in moral and eternal ruin. Because you are fully bent to pervert it to your utter damnation! If those Reform School boys had said thus—"Our Father loves us so well, he will eat bread and water with us, and therefore we know he will not punish us to hurt us"—would they not certainly bring a curse on themselves? Would not their reformation be utterly hopeless? So of the sinner who can make light of the Saviour's dying love. Oh, is it possible that when Jesus has died for you to save your soul from sin and from hell, you can do it again and yet again? Will you live on in sin only the more because He has loved you so much?

Think of this and make up your mind. "If Christ has died to redeem me from sin, then away with all sinning henceforth and forever! I forsake all my sins from this hour! I can afford to live or to die with my Redeemer; why not? So help me God, I'll have no more to do with sinning forever!"—President Charles G. Finney.

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## A WORD IN SEASON.

In the year 1861, I was present at a drawing-room meeting presided over by Sir Stevenson Blackwood. His wife, I remember, a Duchess, was there. Among those present was a young man, seventeen years of age, named Archibald G. Brown, who listened with impatience to the address. At the close Mr. Blackwood put his hand on his shoulder asking, "Are you a Christian?" "I am not, and I do not wish to be," was the quick reply. Sir Stevenson, looking at him out of his tender penetrating eyes, simply said, "How sad." These two words, as Mr. Brown said, hooked themselves into his soul. They remained there until he saw the way of salvation through faith in Christ and believed in Him.

Soon after Mr. Brown's conversion, he asked the superintendent of the Sunday school to be allowed to teach a class. But, knowing what a wild life he had led the superintendent responded kindly, but decisively, "No, Archie, we cannot let you teach." Brown then asked, "If I can collect a class, will you give me a corner of the room to teach in?" The next Sunday he came with a class of boys he had picked up in the streets. From that starting point, he went on until he had graduated from Mr. Spurgeon's college, and was recommended by him as pastor of the Stepney Green Tabernacle, where he labored for thirty years and gathered into church fellowship six hundred souls. His church was but a short distance from Dr. Barnardo's Edinburgh Castle, and while holding meetings there I sometimes came in contact with him. His heart was in deep sympathy with any effort for the salvation of men. He has I see, been holding meetings in Denver, Col., on his way around the world. May God's blessings go with him.

Those two little words, "How sad," falling from the lips of one who longed for his salvation, sent home by the Holy Spirit, lead to these grand results. May

the Lord help us to watch for opportunities to speak "Just a word for Jesus"—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

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## WHY SHE PREVAILED.

Living in one of the towns of a Western State was an excellent Christian woman, who had a drunken, infidel husband, for whom she had long prayed. So mean and wicked was he that he would never allow her to mention Christianity in the house, and often abused her.

An evangelist had been holding a meeting in the town, and the last night had come. Repeatedly this little Christian woman had been to the altar praying for this ungodly and unbelieving husband. On this night in question, she was again there, and realizing what it meant for the meeting to close, appealed publicly to the evangelist not to discontinue the services. Immediately in the rear of the house, a man arose, a drayman in the town, who had been wicked, and made this statement:

"Last night I was passing a certain house in this town, and as I was near the fence, a voice attracted my attention out in the yard. Stopping, I heard a woman praying for her wicked, wicked husband, who was at that time drunk and had driven her from the house. Immediately I fell on my knees. I had never prayed before, but I commenced to cry to God for mercy, and he spoke peace to my soul. That woman is she who has just spoken, and her prayer woke me up, and I am saved."

While he was speaking, and as he sat down, the sound of footsteps on the pavement, as a man running, was heard; and immediately in rushed a man in distress of mind, who at once passed up the aisle and begged the people to pray for him. It was the infidel husband of the little praying woman.

Prayer had at last prevailed. Importunity in prayer had won her husband at the last moment, and saved another big sinner for good measure.—Cassius, in Way of Faith.



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## THE BANK OF FAITH.

This is the title of a little book, quaint and curious, by a very eccentric Congregational minister in England, who died in 1813. He was noted for his faith in divine providence, even to the minutest events of daily life, and used to write his name thus: William Huntington, S. S.

The S. S. meant *Sinner Saved!* The book is an autobiography from this one point of view, and every page discloses events in answer to prayer for temporal relief. There is space here for but a brief extract, which may be taken as a specimen of the entire volume.

Of a time when he was in great need, he says: "However, I found that God now began much to try my patience, and that I ought to importune and watch, and wait upon the Lord, and to keep my eye fixed upon him, as a servant's eye is on the hand of his master, until I obtained an answer. And I never waited on his Blessed Majesty in vain; for it was sure to come at length. After putting up many petitions and having been kept long in suspense, I one night called on Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in Chandler Street, Oxford Road, who were great friends to me. Before I departed, they generously made me a present of three guineas. I humbly beg their pardon for mentioning their names, and exposing their secret alms; but as I prayed to my Father, which seeth in secret, and in mercy rewarded me openly, I therefore must proclaim it upon the house-top, to encourage the weak faith of others, that they make God thir Guardian and thir Bank.

Again: "The next morning a person knocked at my door, desiring to see me.

When he came into my study, I looked at him, and perceived him to be a gentleman that I had never seen before.

He told me that he once heard me preach at Dr. Gifford's meeting-house, and once or twice in Margaret St. Chapel, and that he had heard me great-

ly to his satisfaction; and the reason of his coming to see me now was, that he had been exercised, the last night with a dream; that he dreamed the word of God came to him, saying, 'if thy brother be waxen poor, thou shalt open thy hand to thy poor brother,' etc. He asked me if there was such a portion of scripture. I answered, the words were these: (the whole connected passage being given.) He told me many of these words came to him in his sleep; and in the morning, when he awoke, he felt the power of them. In wondering who this poor brother could be, he informed me, it was impressed on his mind that I was the poor brother about whom he had dreamed, and asked me concerning my circumstances. I then told him of the trial I was in, and as he was fully satisfied it was of God, he wondered much at it. At his departure he gave me a pair of doeskin gloves, two new white handkerchiefs, a guinea. He then blessed me, and left me; and I do not remember ever seeing him before that time, nor but once since. Thus God, who had commanded a widow to sustain Elijah, commanded this man to relieve me. The next day, a friend told me that a person had left a guinea with him for me; and while at Mr. Byrchmore's, in Margaret Street, a lady came to his door in a coach, inquiring for me. When I went to the door, she put her hand out, gave me a guinea, and then ordered the coachman to drive away, having done all the business God sent her to do.

Thus our Most Bountiful Benefactor answered these, my poor petitions, also, after he had been pleased, for a time, to exercise my faith and patience, in order to encourage me to a stronger confidence in his grace and providence. At another time, when Providence had been exercising my faith and patience, till the cupboard was quite empty, in answer to simple prayer, he sent me one of the largest hams that I ever saw, Indeed I saw clearly, that I had nothing to do but to pray, to study and to preach, for God took care of me and of

my family also, agreeably to his own promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

—Selected.

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### WHY SHE SUCCEEDED.

A number of years ago in a New England Sunday school a class of girls was given to a young woman in her teens. As fast as the girls were converted they were taken out of her class and unconverted girls took their place. Sixty-three girls were under her instruction and sixty-one of them were converted.

She was then put in charge of the infant class. Some years afterward, during her pastor's absence, I supplied the pulpit and was entertained at the home of her father. The church had over eight-hundred members, and the new church seated 1,400, and was packed to the door.

Two Sundays I visited the infant class. There were two hundred and forty-three in the class. The teacher said, "I keep these children till they are ten years old, and never expect one to leave the class unconverted. I visit every home that I may know the inside life of the family, and win their confidence and love. Then I invite the children to my house, and talk and pray with them and lead them to Jesus."

The first Sunday I was under her father's roof five children came to her house to be taught the way to salvation.

One day at a meeting of ministers her pastor was asked: "What is the secret of the remarkable growth of your church?" He replied: "The greatest single human factor is Miss H——, the teacher of our infant class. One week seven new families came to our church. Not a church officer knew one of them. We asked them how they happened to come. Their reply was: 'Our little children got in Miss H's infant class!'"

One may say, "She was rich and had nothing else to do but call on the children." You are mistaken. She sup-

ported herself by teaching in the public school and did all this work for Christ outside of school hours. The next year after I visited her church, she was invited to address the International S. S. Convention in Chicago. The next year to address the convention in London.

She became so invaluable to her church, that she was employed as assistant pastor. Then Mr. Wanamaker heard of her, and engaged her for fifteen hundred dollars a year to labor in his great school in Philadelphia. She does not need to teach in the public schools any more to earn her bread; she can give her whole time to praying with the children and talking to them about Jesus.—Rev. A. M. Mills, in the Revivalist.

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### THE KIND OF MEN WANTED.

Rev. C. A. Dodds relates: "Last autumn two brothers came from Mardin to Adana. For quite a while they hunted in vain for work. At last they applied to a Moslem agha who owns a village some hours from Adana. He asked them, 'What is your religion?' 'We are Christians.' 'Yes, but Christians are of many kinds. What kind are you?' 'We are Protestants.' 'What! are you Metheny's kind of Christians?' 'Metheny? Who's Metheny? We have heard of him.' 'Why, Metheny of the Protestant Mission at Mersina.' 'Oh, yes, yes, we know the Mersina Protestants. That's the kind of Christians we are.' 'Well, then, you're just the kind of men I want to work for me. I would like to replace all the moslems in my village with Christians of that brand. Bring your families and come along.' They went, and have been working there ever since, to the mutual satisfaction, we understand, of employer and employees."

(The reference is to Dr. David Metheny, who was many years medical missionary in Mersina, only a few miles distant from the ancient Tarsus, the home of Paul.)—The Medical Missionary.



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## THE RUNAWAY BOY.

A number of years ago, before any railway came into Chicago, they used to bring in the grain from the Western prairies in wagons for hundreds of miles, so as to have it shipped off by the lakes. There was a farmer who had a large farm out there, and who used to preach the Gospel as well as to attend to his farm. One day when church business engaged him, he sent his son to Chicago with grain. He waited and waited for his son to return, but he did not come home. At last he could wait no longer, so he saddled his horse and rode to the place where his son had sold the grain. He found that he had been there and got the money for his grain; then he began to fear that his boy had been murdered and robbed. At last with the aid of a detective, they tracked him to a gambling den, where they found he had gambled away the whole of his money. He had fallen among thieves and like the man who was going to Jericho, they stripped him, and then they cared no more for him. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home and meet his father and he fled. The father knew what it all meant. He knew the boy thought he would be very angry with him. He was grieved to think his boy should have so little confidence in him. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned God will have nothing to do with him.

But what did the father do? Did he say, "Let the boy go?" No, he went from town to town, from city to city. He would get the ministers to let him preach, and at the close he would tell his story. "I have got a boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth somewhere." He would describe his boy and say: If you ever hear of him or see him will you not write to me? At last he found he had gone to California, thousands of miles away. Did the father say, "Let him go," No, off he went to the Pacific coast, seeking the

boy. He went to San Francisco, and advertised in the newspapers that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had done, away under the gallery, there was a young man who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came toward the pulpit. The father looked and saw it was his own boy, and he ran to him and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely and took him home once more.

I tell you, Christ will welcome you this minute if you will come. Say, "I will arise and go to my father." May God incline you to take this step. There is not one whom Jesus has not sought far longer than that father. There has not been a day since you left him but he has followed you—Christian Herald.

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## RECOVERY FROM INSANITY.

A most remarkable case of recovery from insanity is given by President William M. Brooks, of Tabor College, Iowa:

"A young lady of my acquaintance, of a finished education, lost her reason in the winter of 1871-2, and in August, 1872, was placed in the institution for the insane, at Mt. Pleasant, Ia. No encouragement was given of her recovery, and a year later, when her father visited her, in June, 1873, she appeared so badly, that he said it would be a relief to know that she was dead. Soon after, Mrs. H., the wife of the Baptist minister, who had long known and loved her, being shut up for days in a dark room, because of inflamed eyes, felt drawn out in special prayer in her behalf, and finally sent for the father and told him of her exercises, and of the assurance gained that his daughter would be fully restored.

"In a few days, came news of a sudden change for the better, and in a little over two months she returned home well, and is now teaching with all her powers in full vigor."

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**A LITTLE CHILD'S TESTIMONY.**

One Saturday night, a woman called upon me to see if I would aid her, as she said they had scarcely anything in the house to eat. After talking a little with her, trusting that she and her husband were the sober, worthy people that she claimed they were, I gave her a small sum of money which she said was sufficient to supply present needs. Monday morning I called at their home, the cheerlessness of which was about what I had expected to find. The husband accounted for his poverty from lack of work, and as neither he nor his wife looked like drinking persons it seemed quite likely true.

After some minute's conversation, I told him he could clean off the snow in front of one of our Tabernacles, and to pay him for it I laid a twenty-five-cent piece upon the table. Their little girl, about two years old, no sooner saw the color of that coin than she surprised me with the exclamation, "Some beer!" "Some beer now!" "Now get some beer!" The mother tried to hush up the child, and threatened to whip her if she did not be still, but it was no use. The little one dodged around a chair, and said, "A pint of beer!"

The mother tried to explain the conduct of the child by saying that she had been across the hall to their neighbor's a good deal, and that they were great beer drinkers. This explanation was hardly satisfactory. I said nothing then, but at a subsequent time I had a talk with the husband alone, and urged him to go without the beer if he had been using it, and tried to show him the danger the child was in. But he persisted he had not bought any beer in two or three months. Not a great while afterwards, however, one of the officers of the church saw him come out of a saloon one Sunday with a pail wrapped up with a newspaper, which has become so fashionable for beer carriers on that day.

This fact, together with the child's testimony, removed all doubts respect-

ing the beer-drinking of the family, who are now removed from the neighborhood.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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**LED BY PROVIDENCE.**

Quite a number of years ago, a brother minister related to the writer an experience which he had soon after beginning his ministry. He had felt that he ought to become a preacher, but, at times, was uncertain whether God had really called him to the work. He was married, his means were very moderate and for what preaching he had already done he had received but little pay. In order to be assured that God wanted him to continue in the work, he resolved to institute a certain test—he would continue preaching until the food which was already in the house was exhausted; then, if it were God's will that he should continue to preach, he would look to Him for a further supply of provisions. Of course he told his wife of his plan. After a few days, she informed her husband that there was no longer any food in the house. Accordingly, the minister went apart and prayed that God would send provisions to his family as an indication that he should continue in his work, if it were indeed God's will he should do so.

Not long after, two men, living some distance away, drove up to the house with a load of provisions such as farmers usually have in store. Both of them were ungodly men. They told the pastor that they had been suddenly troubled about him that morning, so much so that they could not go to work as usual until they had brought him something to eat. They did not know whether he was destitute or not, but they felt that they must take him some provisions.

The minister was now completely convinced that it was God's will that he should go on with his work. He afterwards told the writer that those men who came to him so opportunely reminded him of the ravens that fed Elijah in the wilderness. And little wonder!—Rev. C. H. Wetherbe.



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### AN ARMY MIRACULOUSLY DELIVERED.

The following is taken from an epistle of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who was born in the year 121 and died in the year 180:

The Emperor Caesar Marcus Aurelius Antonius, to the people of Rome, and to the sacred senate, greeting: I explained to you my grand design, and what advantages I gained on the confines of Germany, with much labor and suffering, in consequence of the circumstance that I was surrounded by the enemy; I myself being shut up in Carauntum by seventy-four cohorts, nine miles off.

And the enemy being at hand, the scouts pointed out to us, and our general Pompeianus showed us, that there was close on us a mass of a mixed multitude of 977,000 men, which, indeed, we saw; and I was shut up by this vast host, having with me only a battallion composed of the first, tenth, double and marine legions. Having then examined my own position, and my host, with respect to the vast mass of barbarians and of the enemy, I quickly betook myself to prayer and to the gods of my country. But being disregarded by them I summoned those who among us go by the name of Christians.

And having made inquiry, I discovered a great number and vast host of them, and raged against them, which was by no means becoming; for afterwards I learned their power. Wherefore they began the battle, not by preparing weapons, nor arms, nor bugles; for such preparation is hateful to them, on account of the God they bear about in their conscience. Therefore it is probable that those whom we suppose to be atheists, have God as their ruling power entrenched in their conscience. For having cast themselves on the ground, they prayed not only for me, but also for the whole army as it stood, that they might be delivered from the present thirst and famine. For during

five days we had got no water, because there was none, being in the heart of Germany, and in the enemy's territory. And simultaneously with casting themselves on the ground, and praying to God (a God of whom I am ignorant), water poured from heaven upon us, most refreshingly cool, but upon the enemies of Rome a withering hail.

And immediately we recognized the presence of God following on the prayer—a God unconquerable and indistructible. Founding upon this, then, let us pardon such as are Christians, lest they pray for and obtain such a weapon against ourselves. And I counsel that no such person be accused on the ground of his being a Christian. But if any one be found laying to the charge of a Christian that he is a Christian, I desire that it be made manifest that he who is accused as a Christian, and acknowledges that he is one, is accused of nothing else than only this, that he is a Christian; but that he who arraigns him be burned alive. And I further desire, that he who is entrusted with the government of the province shall not compel the Christian, who confesses and certifies such a matter, to retract; neither shall he commit him.

And I desire that these things be confirmed by a decree of the senate. And I command this my edict to be published in the Forum of Trajan, in order that it may be read. The prefect Vitrasius Pollio will see that it be transmitted to all the provinces found about, and that no one who wishes to make use or possess it be hindered from obtaining a copy from the document I now publish.

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### IMPRESSED TO GIVE £100.

I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday schools in the south of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if I could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. I did my utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny

more. We reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained a thousand pounds that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never be accomplished on this large scale.

On Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business; that a Christian woman in that neighborhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come to her that she was at once to give one hundred pounds. She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would, in probability, never again have one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive, or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars today.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

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### PROTECTIVE PROVIDENCE.

John Brentz of Wurtemberg, a friend of Luther and a reformer of the first rank, was an object of peculiar hatred to Charles V. and the Papists. The emperor made more than one special effort to get him into his hands. On the last

of these occasions a troop of Spanish cavalry was employed for the purpose. The colonel, on his way to Stuttgard, supped at Munich with the Elector, and mentioned at table the purport of his expedition. A cousin of the Duchess of Wurtemberg being present, slipped out and sent warning to the duke, who, in his turn, warned the faithful minister whom he was quite unable to protect.

Brentz immediately cast himself upon God in prayer and at once received on his mind an impression as distinct as if a human voice said to him, "Take a loaf of bread and go into the upper town, and where thou findest a door open, enter and hide thyself under the roof."

He at once acted accordingly, and found only one door, and that the last, open. Unnoticed he climbed to the top, crept on all fours behind lumber and straw, and lay hid in a corner.

Next day the imperial troop entered, and setting a close watch at all the gates, entered every house, and examined every room, probing bed-chests and straw-lofts with their swords and spears.

Brentz, listening to words spoken outside, knew from day to day that the search was still proceeding. For fourteen days it continued, till every house had been examined, that in which he lay hid being one of the last visited, the spears thrust into the straw coming as near to him as possible. Then with joy he heard the word of command, "March! he is not here!" He had not wanted food during this long concealment. The loaf he took with him as directed, would have been altogether insufficient, but the very first day, to his amazement, a hen came up to the garret and laid an egg, and that without any of the usual cackling. Next day she did the same, and so on for fourteen days in succession. The fifteenth day she did not come, and Brentz heard the people in the street say, "They are gone at last!" although he was afraid to venture out until the evening. She had fulfilled her commission with the egg of the previous day.—Selected.



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## ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

"The writer's brother, when superintendent of a Sunday school, felt a strong impulse, one Sunday evening, to call on a member of his Bible class, whom he had never visited before and to inquire if he was in any need. He found him very ill. Though the mother and sister seemed in comfortable circumstances, he felt constrained to inquire if he could aid them in any way. They burst into tears, and said that the young man had been asking for food which they had no power to supply, and that, on Monday, some of their goods were to be taken in default of the payment of rates. When he knocked at the door they were on their knees in prayer for help to be sent. By the aid of a few friends the difficulty was at once met—but the timely succor was felt to be the Divine response to prayer.

"With that brother, the writer was once climbing the Cima di Jazzi, one of the mountains in the chain of Monte Rosa. When nearly at the top, they entered a dense fog. Presently the guides faced right about and grounded their axes on the frozen snow-slope. The brother—seeing the slope still beyond, and not knowing it was merely the cornice, overhanging a precipice of several thousand feet—rushed onward. The writer will never forget their cry of agonized warning. His brother stood a moment on the very summit, and then the snow yielding, began to fall through. One of the guides, at great risk, rushed after him and seized him by the coat. This tore away, leaving only three inches of cloth, by which he was dragged back. It seemed impossible to be nearer death and yet escape. On his return home, an invalid member of his congregation told him that she had been much in prayer for his safety, and mentioned a special time when she particularly was earnest, as if imploring deliverance from some great peril. The times corresponded! Was not that prayer instru-

mental in preserving that life?"

—Dr. Newman Hall.

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## CONSECRATED TO GOD.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen-maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front doorway, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the doorway. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."—Selected.

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## THE LATCH-STRING.

One of the solitary habitations in the back settlements was occupied by a Quakers family, who lived in such secure simplicity that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than in drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without. The Indians had committed frightful ravages all about, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought new tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely able to sleep.

The Quaker and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often runs into his own injury, had used so little precaution that they had slept without even withdrawing the latch, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of night, the Quaker, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed that it would be safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two again lay down, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the

ground floor and the next moment the door string was pulled, the latch lifted and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was in the Indian language, was unintelligible; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without crossing the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from the burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children were lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conference with the Indians, this Quaker was one appointed for that purpose, and speaking in relation to the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which the Indian observed, that by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that on finding the door open it was said, "All these people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the Great Spirit." —Selected.

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## THE ESCAPE OF THE SPREE.

Mr. D. L. Moody and others, who were on the disabled steamer Spree, believed that the vessel was providentially saved in answer to prayer. In the midst of a severe storm, on November 27, 1892, the main shaft broke, and plunged through the bottom of the ship. The water-logged vessel rolled fearfully, and the decks were washed by the waves. The passengers became greatly alarmed, the indications being that the vessel would sink before help could reach it. On Sunday, at Mr. Moody's suggestion, a prayer-service was organized. Every person on board attended, except the officers and crew, who could not leave their posts.



Gen. O. O. Howard, who was one of the passengers, says: "It was the most impressive religious gathering any of us ever attended. Jews, Catholics, and all others forgot differences in creeds and denominations. There was no room for them in such an hour. Mr. Moody read the ninety-first and one hundred and seventh Psalms, which one of the Germans translated verse by verse for his countrymen. Mr. Moody offered a most fervent prayer, and made a short address. God heard us and answered us. I went to my stateroom to rest after the meeting, and I was asleep when some one touched me. I awoke to find a sweet, fond little German girl, the daughter of one of the passengers, by my cot. She could not understand a word of English, but my daughter had drilled her to say four English words, which was the message she brought me, 'The steamer is coming,' and then she added her German 'hallelujah.'"

Mr. Moody says of the rescue: "There never was a more earnest prayer to God than that of those seven-hundred souls on that helpless, almost sinking ship in mid-ocean, Sunday evening, November 27, when we met in the saloon to implore God's help; and God answered us, as I knew He would. He sent us a rescuing ship, and He calmed the sea, and for a week it was 'as smooth as it is in this harbor, though there were storms all around us. It was the grandest test of prayer I ever knew; my son was with me. He is a student in Yale College, and the learned professors there have instilled in him some doubts about God's direct interference in answer to prayer. After we had prayed that Sunday night, I had reached a point where I cared not whether it was God's will that we should go up or down. I determined to go to rest as though we were sailing safely on our way. My boy couldn't rest. We were fast drifting out of the track of vessels, and our peril was extreme. About 2:15 o'clock he came and woke me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out to me an occasional

glimpse of a tiny light that showed over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. 'It is our star of Bethlehem,' he cried, 'and our prayers are answered.' Before daylight the Huron, whose masthead light it was, had reached us, and the waves had stilled and the winds were hushed by Divine command, while we were drawn out of the direct peril to this safe haven."

The Spree arrived at Queenstown December 2, with her stern thirty in the water, notwithstanding her pumps had been steadily worked from the moment of the disaster.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

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### CAN CHRISTIANS SACRIFICE?

People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay. Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink, but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which he made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us: "Who being the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

— David Livingstone.

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 "IS THIS GOD?"

It was one of Victor Hugo's fine thoughts, when he saved the life of a mouse and quoted the Divine kindness as his reason: "To that little being I am Providence. I treat it as, more than once, God has treated me."

The world has heard of the starving child who looked up to her lady benefactor and asked: "Are you God's wife?" Even more effecting, not to say startling in its simplicity, was the similar child-like question that surprised Mr. J. H. Hanan, when he saved nine souls adrift on the sinking "Caspian."

Mr. Hanan, a wealthy Englishman, with a party of American friends whom he had invited to join him on his yacht "Sagamore," was returning from the West Indies, when, about half a day's sail north of Bermuda, his lookout sighted a floating wreck.

For his prompt rescue of the famished crew and passengers of the little ship he is to receive the Albert medal, but, deeper than his sense of this distinguished honor the lesson of innocent faith that he learned then touched him with its revelation and reward. The truth that every human helper of human suffering is a representative of Divine Providence was brought home to him in a way he will never forget.

For nine days the disabled "Caspian" had been tossing on the bounding waves, carried no one knew whither, and despair had come to every soul on board, except the captain's wife, Mrs. Gordon. As the crew afterward testified this brave woman prayed, and impressed her own resolute Christian trust upon her child, Helen Sylvia Gordon, a bright little girl of four years. Hour by hour she had promised to her:

"God will save us; He will not let us die."

When all had been safely transferred from the wreck to the deck of the "Sagamore," Mrs. Gordon fell on her knees, weeping for joy, her face buried in her hands, while Mr. Hanan held her child

in his arms. "God has answered my prayer!" was all she could say.

The child nestled closely to Mr. Hanan sobbing in sympathy. Tears rolled down the strong man's cheeks and were in the eyes of everyone on board.

Then little Helen looked up to her deliverer, and asked:

"Mamma, is this God?"

To a friend Mr. Hanan tried to intimate something of his feeling when the innocent eyes gazed into his, with that unexpected question.

"Talk of medals and rewards," he said. "As for the decoration of Queen Victoria I shall welcome it, of course. Such a tribute is one of which any man may be proud. But beyond that, the greater than that, in my mind, is the memory of one thrilling moment—the vibration of gratitude thrown from thankful hearts into my own. It was the moment when little Helen nestled in my arms, asking in her childlike simplicity, 'Mamma, is this God.'"—Selected.

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BROTHER WILL.

Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast of Scotland were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging; every now and then some one of them was swept off by a furious wave into the sea. The life-saving crew were soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate or all was lost.



The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives into their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh, how those on the shore watched their brave loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers:

"Are all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came:

"All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What! leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there and we on the shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and disheveled hair, who with agonized entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave man? It was his mother.

"Oh, my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am poor. O stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the men, "where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely take care of you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a "God bless you, my boy!" she released him and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed—those on shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast sinking ship by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered

as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of the landing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother it is brother Will."—Selected

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## NEW ENGLAND, HOW SAVED.

At an early date in our history, 1746, the French fitted out a powerful fleet for the destruction of New England. This fleet consisted of forty ships of war, and seemed to all human judgment a sufficient force to render that destruction certain. It was put under the command of the resolute and experienced Duke d'Anville, and set sail on its terrible errand, from Chedabucto, in Nova Scotia.

In the meantime, our pious forefathers, apprised of their danger, and feeling that their safety was in God, appointed a season of fasting and prayer, to be observed in all their churches."

While the Rev. Mr. Prince was officiating in Old South church (Boston), on this fast-day, and praying most fervently to God to avert the dreaded calamity, the wind suddenly rose (the day had till now been perfectly clear and calm), and became so powerful as to rattle violently all the windows in the building. The man of God startled for a moment, paused in his prayer, and cast a look round upon the congregation. He then resumed his supplications, and besought Almighty God to cause that wind to frustrate the object of their enemies, and save the country from conquest and popery. The wind increased to a tempest, and that very night the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke d'Anville, the principal general, and the second in command, both committed suicide. Many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The enterprise was abandoned, and never again resumed.—Sel.

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## THE SUBSTITUTE.

Years ago when slavery was permitted in America, a strange incident took place.

A lady who owned slaves and had educated and treated them kindly, suddenly died, when the estate was sold by her trustees in order that the money it fetched might be divided amongst her numerous relatives. In the auctioneer's advertisement, the slaves—men, women and little children—were treated in the same way as the horses and cows, only considered more valuable. In the list was:

Lot 41.—Julia; a beautiful young woman, aged fifteen, fairly educated, almost white, perfect in form, teeth sound, hair three feet long, and without a fault.

Unknown to her, a free colored young man thought of her very much, and intended to save up money to buy her from slavery, and try to win her to be his wife, having already saved nearly a hundred dollars for that object. In strength he was almost a giant, and in trade a skilful joiner who had a good prospect of making money. It was a terrible blow when he read the advertisement of the sale, but he quickly resolved what to do. He was present at the auction, and when Julia was ordered to step on the block, the crowd pushed nearer to view her. The bidding commenced, and she was finally "knocked down" for \$750 to a cruel-looking man, who at once paid the money, and having taken possession of her, led her away as if she had been nothing more than a beautiful two-legged beast. The young giant followed and at a convenient opportunity, showing himself to the slave-owner, offered to take the place of the heart-broken girl. The man at first would not hear of it though he admitted the young joiner was worth five times more than he had given for the girl. At length he consented to the exchange. Legal papers were drawn up, and when the substitute placed "the freedom" in the hands of the astonished girl, together with his

\$100, he gently said, "Julia, in your future for my sake keep from all wrong; while I live I shall always feel glad that I have taken your place, and one day we shall meet each other before the throne of God, when we shall both be free for evermore!" And with another word, "Farewell!" spoken gently but sadly, he turned away—a slave!

Still a mighty joy filled his heart, and though the skin of his face was almost black, there was a glory in his expression which astonished his master, and almost made him afraid. On the journey up the Mississippi the steamer came in collision with a huge raft of wood, and in the confusion several passengers were drowned, one of them being the newly-made slave. His owner returned to New Orleans to claim the girl as his slave, but believing she was free through the substitute, she resisted him, and at once ran to the judge. The decision was, that as the slave-owner had accepted the joiner in exchange for the girl, she was free; and she left the court, saying to the master who had sought to drag her away, "The law says I am free, for he whom I shall forever love took my place and made me free!"

That touching story will help you to see that your soul is free from the penalty to which you are condemned, if you believe the Gospel which proclaims it. Had the girl not believed that the substitution of the other had given her freedom, she would have allowed herself to be dragged into slavery. She believed that the act of the other one had given her a just claim to be a free woman, and the law upheld her. Likewise, the Gospel declares that God's dear Son took our place, and laid down his life for us, and that whosoever believes this shall be upheld in salvation by the power of God.—The Watchword.

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A MEMORY OF PICKETT'S  
BRIGADE.

It was years after the war, and some veterans of both sides were exchanging



reminiscences at a banquet given by the Board of Trade of New York. It was presided over by the first president, Colonel J. J. Phillips, colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, Pickett's division.

"There is nothing else so terrifying as a night attack," said Colonel Phillips. "The imagination works with intense activity in the darkness, and even in peaceful times adds infinitely to the fear of perils, real or fancied. How much more are the horrors of warfare increased when the opposing forces are hidden from sight, when the first announcement of hostile intention is the thunder of guns, the crack of rifles, the flash through darkness—for it is the darkest possible night that is always selected.

"One of these night attacks in particular—on the Bermuda Hundred lines in 1864—I shall never forget; not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar and sacred circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders, the obeying, as it were, of a higher than earthly command.

"The point of attack had been carefully selected, the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order. There was that dread, indescribable stillness—that weird, ominous silence that always settles over everything just before a fight. It was so thick they could cut it with a knife; so heavy it weighed you down as if worlds were piled upon you; so all-pervasive that it filled creation for you. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion.

"Suddenly that awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the

order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of thy wing.

"'Ready—aim to the left, boys—fire,' I said.

"The guns were shifted, the volley blazed out swerved aside, and that defenceless head was covered with the shadow of His wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and, clasping the colonel's hand, said:

"I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence; then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.—La Salle Corbell Pickett, in Lippincott's.

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## PREACHING.

On a certain occasion Gladstone said: "One thing I have against the clergy, both of the country and in the towns. I think they are not severe enough on congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts and bring up their whole lives and actions to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think are most needed, are of the class which once offended Lord Melbourne. He was seen coming from church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed, 'It is too bad I have always been a supporter of the church, and I have always upheld the clergy, but it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have heard this morning. Why the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!' But that is the kind of preaching which I like best, the kind of preaching which men need most, but it is, also the kind of which they get the least."

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**FIFTY DOLLARS OR FIFTY CENTS.**

There is on the banks of the Connecticut a small church, which, though weak and feeble, still, with the help of a Home Missionary Society, supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship.

About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal, and by other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer-meeting, but, in a pecuniary point of view, was not considered a valuable acquisition. It was a custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and then get the balance from the Home Missionary Society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning, Deacon A., a man of considerable means and considerable penuriousness, started forth, subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of the minister. The first person he met was the above-mentioned coal-carter, moving along the road with a cart-load of that material. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute, seeing that he was a good sort of a person, and every little helps, and so accosted him with, "Good morning, Mr. B., are you willing to give anything toward the support of the pastor?" at the same time handing him the paper. The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-begrimed hand he headed the list with the sum of fifty dollars.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes, and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take the advantage of him, he asked him, "Did you mean that for fifty

cents?"

The coal-carter turned, drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied:

"I do not value the gospel at fifty cents a year!"

This answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said:

"If that man can give fifty dollars, I can give five hundred dollars."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the parish on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

Reader, it becomes you to consider the question suggested by this incident. At how much do you "value the gospel?" for upon your answer may depend your fate for eternity. If by a whole-souled christianity you prove that you have consecrated time, influence, money, all that you have and are, to the service of the master, at that dread hour all will be well. But if not, then this question may well startle you, for, according to your valuation of Christ here will be his valuation of your services there.—Selected.

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**WOOLEY'S CONVERSION.**

For years, John G. Wooley, the distinguished temperance lecturer and eloquent Prohibitionist, was a helpless, hopeless victim of the appetite for strong drink. Although he was the possessor of one of the brightest intellects in his profession, and commanded a law practice of \$25,000 a year, and was the master of an eloquence that enabled him to sway audiences at will, yet he had fallen to the very depths of woe and helplessness.

How he rose out of this helpless, hopeless state is told by his own pen in the "Ram's Horn" and we give it below in the hope that it may be used to help other poor souls who are still held by the grip of a like habit, more remorseless and firm than the chains that bound



Prometheus to the rock on Mount Caucasus. He says:

It is enough to say, and so much I think is perfectly true, that when I went to bed on the night of the 30th of January, 1888, perfectly conscious that I was a slave of alcohol and ruined beyond retrieve. I had had many chances, and had forfeited them all. I had suffered beyond any power of description, but had never acknowledged myself beaten. But this was defeat, utter, merciless, hopeless. No business offer would have tempted me to try again. I knew the old fight was done, and that the next thing was to be something else, death or something. Every fiber of me quivered with a sense of something new impending. I thought the situation over with the desperate calm that I have seen in men who, waiting in their cells with the eye of the death-watch at the wicket, listened to the finishing strokes upon the gallows that at daybreak was to end all.

I had had high ideals, but no principles and had drifted to ruin, not only against reason and interest but against inclination, for lack of landmarks. I saw this clearly. Shame and sorrow unutterable submerged me like a tidal wave. I prayed. Despair made me do it; nothing else. I had no creed, no "faith." I suffered, that was all. The cry brought help. "I remembered God," and my broken heart yearned toward him as if I had always known him. The Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was born of him, not because of anything that was happening then (the whole experience was absolutely void of any definitions or any theology), but just because I WAS.

What followed was simply a decision that seemed to be endorsed by omnipotence. I awakened my wife and told her,—her faith was instantaneous and as conclusive as my own. The decision drew, like a magnet, scriptures that I had learned in childhood, experiences that had not interested me before, sermons and teachings, and old feelings of my own, long lost to my mind. We rose from our bed, brought from my trunk

a little Bible given me by my mother on my fourteenth birthday, which by some good providence had clung to me through all the years, opened at random, and read the forty-third chapter of Isaiah, which begins like the roll of a street organ: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel; fear not for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine." And when the sun rose that morning we two were bending over that book weeping together.—Religious Telescope.

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### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

In the quaint old Flemish city of Bruges, during the persecution of the Protestants in the sixteenth century under the Duke of Alva, a young girl, Weynken Van Reneses, not quite eighteen years of age, met death most courageously.

She was head nurse in the family of a burgomaster and was greatly beloved by her mistress and the little ones. Weynken was the owner of a New Testament, left her by her father, who had received it from the hands of Tyndale. She had been feeding upon this secret treasure daily, when the duke's decree was published, declaring all possessors of the Word of God to be heretics punishable with death.

When a friar came to the house and accused her, she refused to consent to the subterfuge with which her mistress sought to shield her, but boldly confessed her faith in Christ. This confession she reiterated when brought before the "Council of Blood," which sentenced her to be immured alive in the city wall.

She was allowed one week. At the end of that time, as she stood opposite the excavation made ready to receive her, she was offered life if she would recant, but she refused. Again she was tempted after being lowered into the tomb, but she would not deny her Lord, and the cruel work was completed.—Christian Endeavor.

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### A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

The Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, in his *Marvels of Prayer*, relates the following: "I came home one night very late, and had gone to bed to seek needed rest. The friend with whom I boarded awoke me out of my first refreshing sleep, and informed me that a little girl wanted to see me. I turned over in bed, and said: 'I am very tired, tell her to come in the morning, and I will see her.'

My friend soon returned and said: 'I think you had better get up. The girl is a poor little suffering thing. She is thinly clad, is without bonnet or shoes. She has seated herself on the doorstep, and says she must see you, and will wait till you get up.'

I dressed myself, and opening the outside door I saw one of the most forlorn looking little girls I ever beheld. Want, sorrow, suffering, neglect, seemed to strive for the mastery. She looked up to my face, and said: 'Are you the man that preached last night, and said that Christ could save to the uttermost?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I was there, and I want you to come right down to my house, and try to save my poor father.'

'What's the matter with your father?'

'He's a very good father when he don't drink. He's out of work, and he drinks awfully. He's almost killed my poor mother; but if Jesus can save to the uttermost, He can save him. And I want you to come right to our house now.'

I took my hat and followed my little guide, who trotted on before, halting as she turned the corners to see that I was coming. Oh, what a miserable den her home was! A low, dark, underground room, the floor all slush and mud—not a chair, table, or bed to be seen. A bitter cold night, and not a spark of fire on the hearth, and the room not only cold, but dark. In the corner, on a little dirty straw, lay a woman. Her head was bound up, and she was moaning as if in agony. As we darkened the doorway a

feeble voice said: 'O my child! my child! why have you brought a stranger into this horrible place?' Her story was a sad one, but soon told. Her husband, out of work, maddened with drink, and made desperate, had stabbed her because she did not provide him with a supper that was not in the house. He was then upstairs, and she was expecting every moment that he would come down and complete the bloody work he had begun. While the conversation was going on the fiend made his appearance. A fiend he looked. He brandished the knife, still wet with the blood of his wife.

The missionary, like the man among the tombs, had himself belonged to the desperate classes. He was converted at the mouth of a coal-pit. He knew the disease and the remedy—knew how to handle a man on the border of delirium tremens.

Subdued by the tender tones, the madman calmed down, and took a seat on a box. But the talk was interrupted by the little girl, who approached the missionary, and said: 'Don't talk to father; it won't do any good. If talking would have saved him, he would have been saved long ago. Mother has talked to him so much and so good. You must ask Jesus who saves to the uttermost to save my poor father.'

Rebuked by the faith of the little girl, the missionary and the miserable sinner knelt down together. He prayed as he never had prayed before; he intreated and interceded, in tones so tender and fervent, that it melted the desperate man, who cried for mercy. And mercy came. He bowed in penitence before the Lord, and laid down that night on his pallet of straw a pardoned soul.

Relief came to that dwelling. The wife was lifted from her dirty couch, and her home made comfortable. On Sunday, the reformed man took the hand of his little girl and entered the infant class, to learn something about the Savior 'who saves to the uttermost.' He entered upon a new life. His reform was thorough. He found good employment,



for when sober he was an excellent workman; and next to his Savior, he blesses God for the faith of his little girl, who believed in a Savior able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

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### A STRANGE HARVEST.

It is related that a Bible colporteur in Spain one day entered the little village of Montalborejo in Toledo province and offered his Bibles for sale. Among others he sold a large Bible intended for family use. The village priest heard of his presence, and ran to the colporteur. He tore the book out of the buyer's hand, and angrily exclaimed, "These books of the devil shall never enter my parish." He roused the people, and especially the pious women, to anger, and they took up stones and cast them at the inoffensive man.

Six weeks later the colporteur was again on the road leading to the selfsame village. Gladly would he have avoided it had he been able to find a roundabout way. Approaching the village at dusk, he hoped the inhabitants would fail to recognize him. To his astonishment the very first man he met at the city gate detained him with the question:

"Are you not the man who sold the Bible?"

"Yes I am the man."

"Then welcome to our village; every one of us desires to purchase your book," was the amazing reply. In his utmost astonishment, the man inquired:

"Are you not the selfsame people who only a few weeks ago cast stones at me?"

"Most certainly," answered the man, "but a great change has come over us, so that each and every one desires one of your books."

A merchant of the village had picked up the book in the market place, concluding that the paper might be used.

Accordingly leaf after leaf was torn out to serve as wrappers for salt, sugar,

rice or other groceries, thus entering every hut in the village.

Through this means, the people became acquainted with the Gospel, and were burning to learn more of the wondrous Message which had been conveyed to them by the leaves of that Bible, which the priest thought he had destroyed beyond recall. The village ultimately became a center of Christian activity.—Sel.

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### A TRANSFORMED MAN.

Dean Hodges at a meeting of the Massachusetts Prison Association, related this suggestive incident illustrative of the power of kindly deeds to reach the worst men. He said: "I have a friend in London who has spent forty years in prison; and not as the keeper of the prison either. He spent those forty years in prison because he could not get out. Eight times he told me, he was flogged. And now that man is a decent Christian citizen. When I saw him he had upon his cap the letters 'P. G. B.' which he told me signified Prison Gate Brigade. That man goes every morning to the gate of one of the London prisons and watches for men to come out that he may try to get hold of them. What was it that transformed him? Not his eight floggings. The effect of all that, so far as I could learn, was to harden him. He had not found in all his long years of experience, a reformatory that reformed, or a penitentiary that made men penitent. But one day when he came out from one of these terms of service, he was met at the gate by a Christian brother, who belonged to the Salvation Army, who took his arm and said 'Come with me, and let me see if something cannot be done for you.' And so the man found a friend; and by and by that friend led him to his friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, who cared for such as he. The consequence was that the man's heart was touched and he was made over into a better man."

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**WAS IT THE HAND OF GOD?**

Col. Henry Watterson, the gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and for many years recognized as one of the most able editors of America in his paper the "Louisville Courier Journal" has this to say respecting a critical period in the history of our Country:

On the morning of Feb. 3, 1865, upon a steamer lying at anchor in Hampton Roads off Fortress Monroe, Abraham Lincoln, attended by William H. Seward, met three Confederate commissioners, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell, appointed by Jefferson Davis, "for the purpose," as Mr. Davis wrote, "of securing peace to the two countries," but as Mr. Lincoln had written, "with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country."

There had been many epistolary and verbal exchanges between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond, before this fateful conference had come to pass. The parties to it were personally well known to one another. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens were, indeed, old friends. The proceedings were informal and without ceremony. At the outset it was agreed that no writing or memorandum should be made of what might be said or done. It is known, however, that at a certain point the President of the United States and the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, sitting a little apart from the rest, Mr. Lincoln took up a sheet of paper and said, by way of completing the unreserved conversation that had passed between them, "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of this page and you may write below it whatever else you please." He had already committed himself, in the event that the Southern armies laid down their arms, and the Southern States returned to the Union, to the payment of \$400,000,000 for the slaves.

That such an opportunity for the South, then on the verge of collapse,

to end the war should have been refused will remain forever a mystery bordering on the supernatural.

Two months later Lee surrendered. Instead of achieving an honorable peace on favorable terms, the Confederacy went down in total shipwreck—vanquished—the waves of passion and plunder for ten succeeding years sweeping over the stricken survivors as they floundered in the sea of reconstruction; the Christ man who had thrown out a life line gone, no one left having the will and the power to stay the fury of the elements.

Was it the hand of God? Could it have been that God deemed the South not sufficiently punished? Who shall tell us?

Two years before the end of the Napoleonic drama Matternich, speaking for the allied sovereigns, offered the Corsican adventurer peace with the recognition and confirmation of his dynasty and a larger France than he had found when he overthrew the Directory, created the empire and ascended the throne, and Napoleon rejected it with scorn. He preferred and took the road to ruin. He was war mad. He could not see Elba and St. Helena looming through the powder clouds of triumphant battle. So he rushed upon Waterloo. What fate was it that brought the rains that night before the battle, delaying the attack and thus converting a probable victory into a disastrous defeat?

Was it the hand of God? Had God decided against world conquest and decreed that Bonaparte should sleep in the grave with Tamerlane the Great? Who shall tell us?

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**WHAT A DEAF MUTE DID.**

A great evangelistic service was being held, and testimonies were called for. One man arose and spoke as follows:

"I was saved five weeks ago by a deaf mute. He couldn't talk the Gos-



pel, but he wrote a line which was the means in God's hands of saving me.

"I was at a railway station, and about to take a train. I was ragged, dirty and partly drunk. This deaf and dumb man came up to me, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote on it, 'Jesus is my Saviour. He helps me every day. Read John 3: 16.' And he put this note in my dirty pocket. I had just enough money to pay my way to the next station. It seemed as though I was more hungry and miserable that night than ever before.

"I put my hand in my pocket, and felt the piece of paper, pulled it out and read it. I could not remember what John 3: 16 was, and I was weak and faint, but I was bound to find it out. I went to a house and before I could say what I wanted to the woman who came to the door, she said sharply, 'No beggars allowed here.' I said 'I am not begging, but I want to look at your Bible a minute.' The woman was startled, and shut the door in my face. I went to the next house, where they handed me a Bible. I looked at the words and handed the Bible back.

"I slept that night in an old shed down by the river, but it was the happiest night of my life. I read the paper over and over, and thought of John 3: 16; and now I am a saved man, and I can say, as could the deaf mute, 'Jesus is my Saviour. He helps me every day.'

The effort of the deaf and dumb man was not a very great one. He did not write very much on that little slip of paper, but God used it to save a soul. Are you and I ready to preach the Gospel in this simple way?—Selected.

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### OVERCOME BY KINDNESS.

There was in a barracks an incorrigible soldier, who had been fined, imprisoned, flogged, and put on extra drill, but all to no purpose. His colonel, seeing him one day in the guardhouse for some misdemeanor, said to him, "What! You here again?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, with a dogged hardihood that showed he cared for no punishment.

The Colonel turned to the sergeant, and said: "I don't know what to do with this fellow. We've flogged him, fined him, imprisoned him, put him on extra drill; in fact, we've tried everything"

"No, sir," answered the sergeant, touching his cap with the military salute. "There is one thing you have not tried; you've never forgiven him." The Colonel held down his head, somewhat ashamed, and after consultation with his brother officers, returned to the soldier, and said to him: "There, sir, you may go; you're forgiven; you will not be punished for this." A new light seemed to break upon the mind of that man, and from that time, two years past, there has not been a better man in the regiment.—Selected.

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### THE SKY TELEGRAM.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day said to him, "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard to be good?" "Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I. But I have found out how to get help; do you want to know how?" "Yes, sir." "Then just send a telegram." The boy looked up in amazement. The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said, "What do you do in there?" "Think," said the boy. "Well, can God see what you think?" "I suppose He can." "Yes, He can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, you just send a sky telegram this way; just think this thought quickly, 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it and send the help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: "Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks and I've sold more papers since I've been doin' that than I ever did before."—Evangelist.

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**IMPRESSED TO GIVE \$5.**

The following, taken from the 'Pioneer Preacher,' by Rev. Sherlock Bristol, recounts an experience of his student days at Oberlin. He was formerly a home missionary in the Northwest, and resided the last we knew at Saticoy, Cal. We most emphatically believe that God often thus influences the minds of men to provide for those who trust in Him. But for this faith we should be burdened with anxiety from which we are now happily free:

"Nothing special occurred during my Junior year, save that I was wonderfully provided for financially. Strange it was, but true, that when I came to need money or books, or clothing, somehow they came. And I noticed, too, that God held them back just long enough to enable me to appreciate their value, and thus properly estimate the love of the giver. And I used often to wonder if the commandment to pray and to pray often, did not arise in part from the yearnings of the great paternal heart for converse with his children.

"I ought not here to omit the mention of a special providence, supplying special need of so marked a character that I was compelled to say, 'This is the finger of God.'

"I had borrowed five dollars of a Mr. Penfield, a student. One day he came to me in haste and said, 'My people are sick and I must start for home this noon, and shall need that five dollars to pay my fare.' I went at once to get it, but I could neither get it where it was due me nor borrow it. Just then money had become very scarce in Oberlin. The bell rang for twelve o'clock, the stage threw off its mails at the post-office and was rushing to the hotel to change horses, then rush back, take its mails and go on. I was returning to Tappan Hall and saw Mr. Penfield standing in the south door waiting for his money. What should I say to him? That the Lord had failed me this time? What a disappointment to him, and what

influence would that failure have on my faith and his? But I saw a man running toward the hall, who reached it simultaneously with myself. Before I had time to speak to Penfield the stranger cried out, 'Is there a man by the name of Bristol here?' 'That is my name,' I said, "and I am the only one of that name in college," 'Well,' said he, handing me five dollars, 'I suppose this belongs to you,' 'Who gave it to you?' 'Don't know. Just as I left Cleveland a gentleman handed me this and said to give it to a man in Oberlin by name of Bristol. That is all I know about it,' and he turned and ran back to the post-office. I handed it over to Penfield, and went to my room to thank God for the gift, and also for this helper of my faith.

"Years after, in passing through Cleveland, I met a lawyer by the name of Sterling, and he asked, 'Did you, some two years ago, receive five dollars from me?' I said I had no recollection of it, but told him of receiving five dollars of a stranger as narrated above. 'Do tell!' said he, 'I sent that five dollars and it has troubled me more than any five I ever lost or thought I lost. Thus it was: I was standing by the Weddle House as the stage was starting off one morning, gazing upon the passengers filling up the coach. As the driver was gathering up his lines a passenger thrust his head out of the window and asked, 'Does this coach pass through Oberlin?' 'Yes,' said the driver. At once I drew out my purse, and handing the stranger five dollars said, 'Give this to a student by the name of Bristol there; they all know him.' The driver cracked his whip and the stage was off. I was confounded at what I had done, and said to myself, 'What a fool I was to give that five dollars to a total stranger? He will forget the name, and if he don't he will have no time to look up Mr. Bristol; the stage only stops to change horses. Ten to one he will keep it. Surely I am a fool.' A hundred times I said this of my action, and wondered at its precipitancy. It seemed



as if for an instant another will had control of my hand and my purse. So you received it after all, and just when you needed it, too,' and he went away in deep meditation. Of course such singular interpositions are rare, but do not some such occur in every life, enough to startle us out of our materialism, with the conviction, 'Thou God seest me'?"

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### THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Years ago, when slavery existed in this country, a mother in Virginia was in great distress, for she had just learned that her son was to be torn from her and be sold. Many times before she had been obliged to give up her dear children to satisfy the greed of the slave-dealer, and her grief and disappointment were now greatest because her master had promised her that this, her last child, should remain with her to comfort her old age. But because of financial reverses his promise was to be broken, and, along with other slaves, her boy was advertised to be sold.

The day for the sale had at last come, and after several slaves had been struck off to the highest bidder, her boy was put upon the block. He was a manly-looking fellow of about twenty years, and was rightfully the pride of his mother's heart. As the auctioneer, in a business-like way, called attention to his sinewy limbs and athletic frame, the heart of the mother was well nigh bursting with an agonizing desire that God would in some way spare her boy. The buyers realized that a prize was to be had, and the bidding, which began at a thousand dollars, was active. Soon \$1,200 was reached, \$50 being offered at a time, then the advance was slower.

When the bids dropped to \$5 the mother knew that the critical moment was approaching. She withdrew from the crowd, and going into the courthouse she dropped upon her knees, and lifting her hands and streaming eyes toward heaven, she exclaimed, "Oh Lord

Jesus, if I were on the throne in your place, and you were down here having your only son sold as a slave, I would help you if I could. You can help me, and Oh, I pray that you will!"

Jesus heard that prayer, and one of whose presence she knew nothing heard it also. A rough hand was laid gently upon her shoulder, and the slave-buyer said, "Cheer up, aunty, the boy shall be yours."

We should ever remember that Jesus can sympathize with us whatever our trouble. For he was tempted in all points like as we are. And if we go to him for help with the confidence of this slave-mother, we may rest assured that we shall not go in vain.—Selected.

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### SAVED BY A CHILD.

"God's work in the world has not been given alone into the hands of those who have years and wisdom. Even the little children have a share in it, and by their very innocence and trustfulness sometimes touch hearts that are closed to all other influences. A beautiful instance is recorded in the columns of an Eastern paper.

During a recent panic, a merchant, becoming discouraged, imagining that his credit was gone and that business men distrusted him, and loosing faith in himself, decided to end his troubles by taking his own life. Going to his home, he took a pistol from a desk drawer and made his way toward a piece of woods, intending to shoot himself. Suddenly he felt a soft hand slip into his own, and a childish voice asked sweetly.

"Can I go with you to the woods, Mr. ———? There are such pretty flowers there, and my mamma won't let me go alone."

She was the daughter of one of his neighbors. Her trust in him, her faith that he would bring her safely back, changed the whole aspect of life for him, and saved him from the sin that he had been about to commit.—Selected.

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## PRAYER AND REVIVALS.

One hundred thousand persons were reported as having connected themselves with churches as the result of the revival which broke out at Rochester, N. Y., in 1830, under the labors of Charles G. Finney, and spread throughout that region of the state. Mr. Finney attributed his success to the spirit of prayer which prevailed, as the following from his autobiography will show. Is this not now the great need of the church?

"When I was on my way to Rochester, as we passed through a village, some thirty miles east of Rochester, a brother minister whom I knew, seeing me on the canal-boat, jumped aboard to have a little conversation with me, intending to ride but a little way and return. He, however, became interested in conversation, and upon finding where I was going, he made up his mind to keep on and go with me to Rochester. We had been there but a few days when this minister became so convicted that he could not help weeping aloud, at one time, as he passed along the street. The Lord gave him a powerful spirit of prayer, and his heart was broken. As he and I prayed together, I was struck with his faith in regard to what the Lord was going to do there. I recollect he would say, 'Lord, I do not know how it is; but I seem to know that Thou art going to do a great work in this city.' The spirit of prayer was poured out powerfully, so much so, that some persons stayed away from the public services to pray, being unable to restrain their feelings under preaching.

And here I must introduce the name of a man, whom I shall have occasion to mention frequently, Mr. Abel Clary. He was the son of a very excellent man and an elder of the church where I was converted. He was converted in the same revival in which I was. He had been licensed to preach; but his spirit of prayer was such, he was so burdened

with the souls of men, that he was not able to preach much, his whole time and strength being given to prayer. The burden of his soul would frequently be so great that he was unable to stand, and he would writhe and groan in agony. I was well acquainted with him, and knew something of the wonderful spirit of prayer that was upon him. He was a very silent man, as almost all are who have that powerful spirit of prayer.

The first I knew of his being in Rochester, a gentleman who lived about a mile west of the city, called on me one day, and asked me if I knew a Mr. Abel Clary, a minister. I told him that I knew him well. 'Well,' said he, 'he is at my house, and has been there for some time, and I don't know what to think of him.' I said, 'I have not seen him at any of our meetings.' 'No,' he replied, 'he cannot go to meeting, he says. He prays nearly all the time, day and night, and in such an agony of mind that I do not know what to make of it. Sometimes he cannot even stand on his knees, but will lie prostrate on the floor, and groan and pray in a manner that quite astonishes me.' I said to the brother, 'I understand it: please keep still. It will all come out right; he will surely prevail.'

I knew at the time a considerable number of men who were exercised in the same way. A Deacon P——, of Camden, Oneida County; Deacon T——, of Rodman, Jefferson County; a Deacon B——, of Adams, in the same County; this Mr. Clary, and many others among the men, and a large number of women partook of the same spirit, and spent a great part of their time in prayer. Father Nash, as we called him, who in several of my fields of labor came to me and aided me, was another of those men that had such a powerful spirit of prevailing prayer. This Mr. Clary continued in Rochester as long as I did, and did not leave it until after I had left. He never, that I could learn, ap-



peared in public, but gave himself wholly to prayer.

I think it was the second Sabbath that, I was at Auburn at this time, I observed in the congregation the solemn face of Mr. Clary. He looked as if he was borne down with an agony of prayer. Being well acquainted with him, and knowing the great gift of God that was upon him, the spirit of prayer, I was very glad to see him there. He sat in the pew with his brother, the Doctor, who was also a professor of religion, but who knew nothing by experience, I should think, of his brother Abel's great power with God.

At intermission, as soon as I came down from the pulpit, Mr. Clary, with his brother, met me at the pulpit stairs, and the Doctor invited me to go home with him and spend the intermission and get some refreshments. I did so.

After arriving at his house we were soon summoned to the dinner table. We gathered about the table and Dr. Clary turned to his brother and said, 'Brother Abel, will you ask the blessing?' Brother Abel bowed his head and began, audibly, to ask a blessing. He had uttered but a sentence or two when he broke instantly down, moved suddenly back from the table, and fled to his chamber. The Doctor supposed he had been taken suddenly ill, and rose up and followed him. In a few moments he came down and said, 'Mr. Finney, brother Abel wants to see you.' Said I, 'What ails him.' Said he, 'I do not know; but he says you know. He appears in great distress, but I think it is the state of his mind.' I understood it in a moment, and went to his room. He lay groaning upon the bed, the Spirit making intercession for him, and in him, with groanings that could not be uttered. I had barely entered the room, when he made out to say, 'Pray, brother Finney.' I knelt down and helped him in prayer, by leading his soul out for the conversion of sinners. I continued to pray until his distress passed away and then I returned to the dinner table.

I understood that this was the voice of God. I saw the Spirit of prayer was upon him, and I felt his influence upon myself, and took it for granted that the work would move on powerfully. It did so. The pastor told me afterward, that he found that in the six weeks that I was there, five hundred souls had been converted."

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### FARRAGUT'S TURNING POINT.

Admiral Farragut tells this story of his boyhood: "When I was a boy I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that I thought would make a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in any shape. At the close of dinner one day, father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said, 'David what do you mean to be?'

" 'I mean to follow the sea.'

" 'Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast. Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast. Be kicked and cuffed about the world and die in some fever hospital. This is to be my fate, thought I. I'll change my life at once. I'll never utter another oath, never drink another drop of liquor, and never gamble! I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I had made them I became a Christian. That act was the turning point in my destiny."

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## SUBMISSION.

"For me, I feel that nothing can be easier than to fulfill the duty which lies before me in life," said P——, a young Christian, in a college prayer meeting. "I have given up my plans for entering into business. I shall devote my life to preaching the gospel. I have divided the day into periods. So many hours for prayer, so many for biblical study, so many for work and necessary recreation. I shall make it an absolute rule to speak with kind entreaties to evil-doers, never to allow my temper to be disturbed, and to occupy myself wholly in works of kindness and charity. I have begun this carefully-ordered life, and find it easy and full of sweetness."

The next day P—— received a telegram that his father was dying. He hastened home, to find him dead and insolvent. He left the care of his helpless brothers and sisters on P——. He was forced to go to work as a bookkeeper, and to postpone his preparation for the ministry. His life for two years was a hard one; seventeen hours of labor, and an unhappy, quarrelsome family at home. At the end of that time an accident disabled him for months. He was confined to bed, suffering great pain at intervals, and surrounded by the direst poverty, which he could do nothing to relieve. He grew bitter and skeptical.

"Can there be a just God?" he said to a friend, "My purposes were good. He has thwarted them all. I might have been a pillar in God's house. He has left me a useless lump of clay by the wayside."

"He gave you the opportunity to preach submission and patience as you could have done in no pulpit," was the answer. "You are a lump of clay and he the potter. It does not matter whether you are made into a rare porcelain vessel or an earthen one, provided you hold his purity and love and give it to the world."

The rebuke had its effect. Years af-

terwards P—— gained his wish and became a Christian minister. He declared that at no time of his life was he brought so near to God in humility and love as during the years when he was debarred from openly proclaiming his name.

There are few of us who do not at some time in our lives complain that God has restrained and thrust us into the background when we would have rendered him service. The roots of the tree, could they reason, would doubtless rebel when they are buried in the dark, damp earth, but out of it they gather the life and sweetness for the flower and fruit. Obedience is true religious service, and experience is often the best scholarship of life.

—Youths Companion.

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## THE FIRST OFFER.

A clergyman was visiting a man of business and the following conversation substantially occurred:

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not 'of a settled mind in religion,' as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering laborers who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer.

"Is that so?"

"Certainly; they said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed the first offer immediately."

"True; I had not thought of that before. But then the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes, but it is likely that even he had never rejected the offer of salvation as preached by Christ and His apostles. Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some



reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is illusion. You had really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now."

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way and committed his body to the great Physician in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next—even the most common—duty of life that you have to perform, do it as a service to Him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to see you peril. Beware of delay!"

"You are right; may God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject." Ex.

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#### DELIVERED FROM PIRATES.

Thrilling experiences with river pirates are narrated by the Rev. W. H. Dobson of Yeungkong, South China. After a day spent at Macao, en route from Hongkong to Yeungkong, with his helpers, they and their boat were in the hands of a robber band for two nights and a day and were then cast adrift with only the foresail and no oars. They finally dropped anchor near a place called Wongchung, a noted pirate nest. Two miles from there was a chapel. Mr. Dobson sent a messenger with his card to the preacher or elder asking him to come and see him. The elder did so, accompanied by a bodyguard, armed, as the country was infested by robbers. The only way for Mr. Dobson to get his boat into Kongmoon, twenty miles away, was to leave the crew and start from the chapel, two miles distant to get help. "I went into my bunk room," writes Mr. Dobson, "and asked God if there was anything I could do for these people before I left, and immediately the answer came—'In all thy ways ac-

knowledge Him, and he will direct thy paths.' So, calling the crew together, I called their attention to the fact that the light had been burning before their ship's idol all during the robber raid, and that the idol had in no wise helped them; but now, if they would consent to blow out the light and not light it again all night, I would ask the true God to guard them all during the night, and give them an easy means of getting into Kongmoon on the morrow. They immediately went and blew out the light. Then I asked God to protect them and take them to Kongmoon, and further said that I asked this in order that those who were standing around might know that our God is a true God, who hears and answers prayer."

Mr. Dobson left the crew and went on to the village and the gates were locked behind him. On leaving next morning, to his surprise the boat on which he was traveling stopped where the junk he had left the night before lay at anchor. He asked whether they had been molested. They replied, "No, indeed, we had a fine rest, doctor." "I asked them," said Mr. Dobson, "to whom we prayed last night, and then they said, 'Heavenly Father.' The first thing they saw in the morning was two launches, towing boats full of soldiers, who promised to take them into Kongmoon that afternoon." Kongmoon was reached in safety.

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#### HIS VERY OWN.

I was told once of an old man in a Yorkshire village, whose son had been a sore grief to him. One day a neighbor inquired how he was doing. "Oh, very bad!" was the answer. "He has been drinking again, and behaving very rough." "Dear, dear!" said the neighbor, "if he was my son I would turn him out." "Yes," returned the father, "and so would I if he was yours. But, you see, he is not yours, he is mine."

—Selected.

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### THE STORY OF "PASS IT ON."

Once when I was a schoolboy, going home from a far away little town in which I dwelt, I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; that being settled I thought, in my innocence, that I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic and need of more. I had been lying in my berth for hours wretchedly ill and past caring for anything, when in came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. I should like to shake hands with you," he said. Then came the explanation—how that some years before a little kindness had been shown by my father to his mother in the sorrow of her widowhood. "I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly, "but I'm glad it has."

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened.

"Oh," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. You remember if you meet anybody who needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, when one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a lad, a gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What's the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money

enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I told the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. I told the little fellow of long ago and of the kindness to me. "Now, today," I said "I pass it on to you; and remember, if you meet with anybody who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

—Purity Advocate.

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### "ALMOST UP! ALMOST UP!"

Mr. E. P. Smith relates that, during the terrible charge up Missionary Ridge, four soldiers were seen bearing back a comrade on a blanket. When they laid their burden down, he knelt by him, and said:

"Sergeant, where did they hit you?"

"Most up the Ridge, sir."

"I mean, Sergeant, where did the ball strike you?"

"Within twenty yards of the top, almost up."

"No, no! Sergeant, think of yourself for a moment; tell me where you are wounded;" and turning back the blanket I found his upper arm and shoulder mashed and mangled by the shell. Turning his eye to look for the first time upon his wound, the Sergeant said:

"That is what did it! I was holding the standard to my blouse, and making for the top. I was almost up when that ugly shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer, two minutes longer, I should have planted the colors on the top. Almost up! Almost up!"

His own regiment, rallying around the colors that had dropped from his shattered arm, were even then shouting the victory for which he had given his life; and he was dying without the sight.

The Lord calls for men who shall be good soldiers of the cross of Christ, and they are to endure hardness, and count



not their lives dear unto themselves. And when assailed by foes on every hand, they are still to keep pressing onward and upward; and if stricken, and pierced, and wounded, and sore, they are still to press forward, until the victory is gained. And when such a one finds himself borne down by his adversaries, assailed in reputation, wounded in feelings, crippled and hindered and crushed, if the question comes, "Where did they hit you?" his answer is, "Almost up! Almost up!"—Selected.

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### THE LINE FENCE.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase the tract of land which, says the Lewiston Journal, had been "lawed over" for years.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red-hot to fight that line fence question on his own hook.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then

we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nothin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing."

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### RETURNING THANKS.

A sweet little girl was invited to take lunch with a friend. She had always been used to hearing a blessing asked before commencing to eat, but as she waited quietly the gay talking did not cease, and the waitress commenced to pass the cold chicken. She watched each one help themselves, and saw no heads bowed in thankfulness. Finally it came to her, and she looked at the dish and saw a wing, the part of which she was partial. She looked at her hostess, then, before taking any, bowed her little head and said in a low voice, "Thank you, Jesus, for my wing, anyway."—Christian Advocate.

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### A LIE IS FOREVER.

A little girl, whom we know, came in her night clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded its worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—Selected.

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**GOD'S CARE IN LITTLE THINGS.**

Some writer has truly said: "The things we call little and commonplace, like the little jeweled axles in the wheels of our watches, are the very pivots on which the greatest spiritual experiences turn; and trusting God for a headache or a dollar, may teach us to trust him for all the fulness of his grace and power." In like manner the following experience in my early Christian life did much to teach me how to trust God for greater things.

I had been a Christian less than three years, when one summer, with a journey before me, I was resting in a village in Ohio. The seven dollars necessary for my railway fare I put to one side in my purse, and in one-way and another I spent all the money I had remaining. As I was retiring for the night, with my trunk packed, and expecting the omnibus to call for me in the forenoon, the thought occurred to me that it would be better to count that money and see if it were all right. I did so, and to my dismay found it some cents short. I racked my memory in vain to remember where I had spent it, or what had become of it. I felt I could not tell any one my difficulty, and how was I to leave in the morning with not enough money to pay my fare? Then, like many Christians, I began to worry. After a long time I fell asleep, and on awaking in the morning, my difficulty like a cloud came upon me. It occurred to me to tell God all about it, and in so doing I had peace and quietness. In about half an hour I heard a rap at my door, and on opening it, found a gentleman there who handed me the exact sum, twenty-three cents. I asked him why he did it. He replied one day in an emergency he had borrowed it of me, and had forgotten all about it until a little ago. I had forgotten all about it, too, but God had not, and when I cried unto him he delivered me by reminding this brother of that sum. But my story is not finished. In departing a

friend, who was in poor circumstances, gave me a dollar. I refused to take it, feeling hers was the greater need, assuring her that I had enough. But she urged me to, saying, "You may need it to get lunch on the way." I took it reluctantly to please her, secretly resolving in some way to return it. When I reached the city I found, to my astonishment, the fare was eight dollars instead of seven. Had not this dear woman given me the dollar I would have been alone in the great city without enough money for the rest of my journey. How God's care humbled me. He not only gave me the few cents I thought I needed, but supplied a need which he alone foresaw, and of which I was ignorant. It made a great impression on my mind. How true it is that he "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

—Mrs. M. B. Fuller.

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**AT YOUR OWN DOOR.**

Sopha had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the Heavenly Father seemed to say: "Sopha, stop; where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Where are you now?"

"In America, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then the Father said: "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."

"And who above them?"

"Why, some Switzers."

"Who in the rear?"

"Italians."

"And a block away?"

"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to these people about my Son! Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their souls?"—Selected.



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### QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

"My children," said the old man, "the words of your dying father will be few. I wish them to sink deep into your hearts." Then raising himself a little in his bed, with a degree of strength which he had not been able to command for several of the last weeks of his sickness, he proceeded:

"When young, I enjoyed religious privileges, and was the subject of occasional serious reflection. When just entering my sixteenth year, religious impressions were made on my mind with unusual force. I seemed to hear a voice continually saying to me, 'Seek religion now.' I was unhappy; my former amusements lost their relish. Still I was not willing wholly to relinquish them and obey the voice which urged me to seek religion immediately. One day, after much reflection, I deliberately promised to God, that as soon as the season of youthful amusement was past, I would give myself to religious pursuits. My anxieties immediately left me; I returned to my amusement, and the whole subject was soon forgotten.

"When at twenty-five the monitory voice returned, reminded me of my promise, and again pressed upon me the importance of eternal things. Though I had not thought of my promise for years, I acknowledged its obligations, but an immediate fulfillment seemed more impracticable than it did nine years before. I vowed with increased solemnity, that, when the cares of a rising family should subside, I would certainly attend to the concerns of religion.

"Again I applied myself to worldly avocations, and soon buried all thoughts of the admonition I had received. At fifty when you my children, were diminishing instead of increasing my cares, this heavenly monitor returned. 'Fulfill your promise, seek religion now,' was continually pressing upon my mind. I knew that I had made such a promise, but I felt dissatisfied that its fulfillment should be claimed so soon. I regretted

that I had not attended to the subject before, when I could have done it with less difficulty; but such was the extent and pressure of my business, that to do it then seemed impossible. The subject made me unhappy, and, after much deliberation, I sought relief to my troubled feelings by most solemnly renewing my promise to God. I said, When the pressure of my business is past, I will devote my whole attention to a preparation for eternity.

"No sooner had I fixed my mind on this course than my anxieties left me; the strivings of the Spirit ceased in my bosom, and ceased forever. When sickness warned me of approaching death, I sought to fix my feelings on this subject, but it was in vain. There was a gloom and terror drawn around religion, at which my soul shuddered. I felt that I was forsaken of God, but it did not move me. I had no love to God, no repentance for sin, nor wish to forsake it. I felt nothing but the sullen gloom of despair. I knew I was in the hands of a justly offended God, from whom I expected no mercy, and could ask none. With these feelings I am now about to enter the eternal world. To you, my children, I can only say, Profit by my example: quench not the Spirit; seek religion now, if you would avoid a miserable eternity; put not off the concerns of your soul till"—

The sentence died upon his lips; his strength, which had been all summoned to make this last effort, suddenly failed; he fell back upon his bed, and, with a groan that seemed to speak the pains of another world, the immortal spirit took its flight from that body which it had inhabited nearly fourscore years, to receive according to that it had done.

This little narrative I had from a grandson of the old man, who stood by his dying-bed. He was a minister of the gospel, and dated his first permanent conviction of his sin, and exposure to eternal ruin, from the solemnities of that awful scene. The descendants of the old man were numerous, many of whom

became hopefully pious; several were first awakened by this dying charge.

—Selected.

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### FIRST SIGHT OF MOTHER.

A minister living in an Indiana village received a call one night from a parishoner. "Will you go to Indianapolis for me?" he asked. "We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see."

Johnnie had been born without sight and now, a little lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope till now having been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

"Go with my wife and Johnnie," said the father. "I cannot go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us and send me word as fast as the lightning can bring it."

The minister went and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not over-confident, began his work, and, till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said: "The boy will see."

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father; and the minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little lad, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to the other of the three.

"Johnnie," said the minister, "this is your mother."

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and

caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried: "Oh, mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?"

It was, indeed, like a glimpse into heaven. "I felt," said the minister, "as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly-translated soul into its first sight of our Heavenly Father."—Youth's Companion.

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### SAVED BY SONG.

On board the ill-fated steamer *Seawan-haka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the weary and agonized husband; "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as those sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sung, one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me.

Let me hide myself in thee."

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life boat. This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."—Western.



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## GUIDED ARIGHT.

"I will guide thee with mine eye." If one will yield himself to the guidance of the Holy Spirit and seek only to glorify God in all, he will often be able to look back over the way passed and see clearly that God was leading him although at the time he was entirely unconscious of it.

This afternoon there were two families on whom I intended to call as I started forth. But I had prayed for guidance at morning worship, and had now an unusual desire to be led aright. Passing down a certain street to call at one of the homes thought of, it occurred to me to stop and see a lady living across the street. I had known her for some time, but had never called upon her. Yielding to the impulse I went, and in response to my inquiry was told by her sister, who had come to care for her, that Mrs. D—— was very ill, but would see me. She was thankful indeed for the call, and said, "The Lord sent you." After speaking some words of comfort and encouragement, prayer was offered, and when I left she was more cheerful in mind, and I was grateful for being led to make the visit.

No one was at home at either of the two places where I intended to call, but calls were made upon three families where I had no thought of going, and at all the places there were marked indications that my coming was well-timed.

—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

The late Doctor Krummacher, chaplain to the king of Prussia, in referring to faith and prayer, writes as follows:

"A little incident occurs to me which I can hardly withhold, on account of its simplicity and beauty. The mother of a little girl, only four years of age, had been, for some time, most dangerously ill.

"The physician had given her up,

When the little girl heard this, she went into an adjoining room knelt down and said:

"Dear Lord Jesus, O make my mother well again."

"After she had thus prayed, she said, as though in God's name, with as deep a voice as she could: 'Yes my little child, I will do it gladly!' This was the little girl's amen. She rose up joyfully ran to her mother's bed, and said: 'Mother you will get well!'"

"And she recovered, and is in health to this day. It is, then, always permitted for me to pray thus unconditionally respecting temporal concerns? No; thou must not venture to do so, if whilst you doubt.

"But shouldst thou ever be inclined by God's Spirit to pray thus, without doubt or scruple, in a filial temper, and with simplicity of heart, resting on the true foundation, and in genuine faith, then pray thus by all means! None dare censure thee; God will accept thee."

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## SAVE SOMEBODY'S BOY

An excited crowd was collecting on Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y. A gentleman having just arrived by the train was attracted to the spot. He inquired the cause of the excitement, and was informed that a boy was drowning in the whirlpool. Quickly divesting himself of his coat, and throwing down his traveling bag, he plunged into the raging waters.

For a time he was lost to view, and anxious hearts were throbbing with fear lest he had sacrificed himself. Soon, however, he appeared with the lad in his strong grasp. Ready hands were extended to him, and both were safely landed. Clearing the water from his eyes so that he could see, the man exclaimed, "Merciful God, this is my boy!"

Thousands are going to destruction about you. Be willing to sacrifice yourself if need be to save them, and you will save those that are dear to Christ, and also perhaps especially dear to yourself.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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**THE CONGREGATION OF FOUR.**

Religion was at a very low ebb in a town in Vermont. The discouraged pastor gave notice that the usual weekly prayer meeting in the red school-house would be discontinued, as so few attended. It was winter, and a deep snow lay on the ground. There was a praying old lady in the church, who undismayed by the pastor's notice, and in fact inspired by it with a new earnestness, took her lantern on the usual evening, plodded her way to the school-house, and there spent an hour in wrestling prayer for a revival. On her way home, being exhausted, she stopped at a good deacon's to rest. Astonished to find her out alone, in such weather and at such an hour, he asked, "Where have you been mother?" "Why, to the prayer meeting," she replied. "I thought that was given up," said the deacon. "Not at all." "Indeed! Who was there?" "Why God, the Father, was there; God, the Son, was there; God, the Holy Spirit was there; and unworthy I was permitted to be there! We had a most blessed time, and next week we are to have another meeting." Next week came, the word had been passed around, and the red school-house was crowded with penitent professors of religion who, confessed their past coldness, and renewed their consecration. A revival of great interest followed.—Selected.

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**A BANK SAVED BY FAITH.**

In an English town a report got out that the bank was about to fail. Five hundred people ran for their deposits on the same day. The pastor of the dissenting church in the town was invited by the bank directors to meet them. They said to him, "Sir, if these people press us to the wall, they will lose their money. If they don't press us, we will pay every dollar." The pastor said, "I will help you; I have some money, and I trust you." He went home, got his

money, came to the bank door, and standing on the step said: "Friends, you all know me; I have been living here twenty-five years, and I believe in this bank. Here are three hundred pounds that I am going to deposit. I believe the bank is good." In less than thirty minutes every one of those people had dispersed, and the bank was saved by faith. Unbelief as to that bank was about to ruin it. The moment faith was implanted, the bank was saved. Railroads are saved by faith. Steamboats are saved by faith. Your business, friend, is saved by faith. Every good thing on earth is saved by faith.—Sel.

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**"I DID STEAL THAT SHEEP."**

A writer in the Baptist Weekly tells a story of a circumstance which occurred at Oswego, and which illustrated the practical shrewdness of an old minister named Amasa Brown.

"A member of the church charged another with stealing a sheep. The culprit denied the charge. Both were men of influence. The church was divided. A council was called, and Mr. Brown was there. There were no witnesses except as to character. It was the word of one man against another. One was a slanderer, or the other a thief. Elder Brown suggested a most extraordinary measure to elicit the facts in the case. He called the two men to the rostrum before the pulpit, and directed the man who made the charge to engage in prayer—and requested the council and audience to look him in the face while praying. He made an earnest prayer. He appealed to the Lord as one who knew the charge was true. Then the other was called on to follow. He made a regular prayer for the church, the pastor, etc., and then said: 'As touching this matter of the sheep, O Lord-a-hum, as to touching—touching this-ah'—when he sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Brethren, I cannot pray. I did steal that sheep!' So the matter was settled."



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## THE GINGER-BREAD STRUGGLE,

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin has told in a five-minute speech how it was he came to be a missionary. He said: "In the vast majority of cases missionaries are made by the influence of the family. My widowed mother made me a missionary. She had me read every Sunday out of the 'Panoplist' and then later out of the 'Missionary Herald.' We had in those days in our town a missionary contribution box, a cent box, and we were encouraged to earn some special cents for that box. I remember well one occasion which was, I think, a turning point in my experience. When the fall muster came every boy had a pocket full of cents to spend. My mother gave me seven cents to spend, saying, as she gave them: "Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common."

"So I began to think as I went along, shall I put in one, or shall it be two? Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for ginger-bread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way, and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, the boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary, she broke down, and said, 'I have always expected it.'"

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## SHUT UP WITH A BIBLE.

When Nicholas I. became Emperor of Russia his first task was to put down a formidable sedition among the aristocracy of his realm. Many nobles detected in guilt, and many who were simply suspected, were thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper; his wrongful arrest in-

furiated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp, shrieking through his cell, and curse the Emperor and curse God. Why did he not prevent this injustice?

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from the venerable clergyman on the ninth day of his confinement produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as the minister was gone the angry nobleman kicked the Bible into a corner. What to him was the word of God, who let tyrants abuse him? But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him he caught up the Bible and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the fiftieth Psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee." The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling, and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it, and commit whole chapters to memory. The story of the Savior's life changed him. He saw himself a fellow sufferer with the Christ who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful rage gave way and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. An unworldly joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a book—the Book in all the world that could have done it—

had given the proud noble another heart.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of the mansion walked in tears through the crape-hung parlors, suddenly the sight of their doomed kinsman himself astonished them at the door!

It was an unhopèd for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's keys unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death, the Czar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the Czar made what amends he could by bestowing upon him a splendid castle and a general's commission.

Seventy-five years have passed since then, and with them the life of the almost martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellowmen, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless—and the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress—still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.—*The Youth's Companion.*

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### WHAT HE HAD LEFT

After Jeremy Taylor had been turned out of his plundered home, yet in his sore persecution for Christ's sake he by the grace of God was able to say: "I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and, un-

less I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who leaves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

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### "HEREIN IS LOVE."

A gentleman who was a professed Christian was taken seriously ill. He became much troubled about the little love he felt in his heart for God, and spoke of his experience to a friend. This is how the friend answered him: "When I go home from here, I expect to take my baby on my knee, look into her sweet eyes, listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me; for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But she loves me little. If my heart were breaking it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with pain, it would not interrupt her play. If I were dead, she would forget me in a few days. Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but was a constant expense to me. I am not rich, but there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me? or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy my love before extending it?"

This practical illustration of the love of God for His children caused the tears to roll down the sick man's face. O, I see," he exclaimed, "it is not my love to God, but God's love for me, that I should be thinking of. And I do love Him now as I never loved Him before." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." I John 4:10.—Selected.



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## A SECOND CHANCE.

In Florence, Italy, one of the treasures of art admired by thousands of visitors is Michael Angelo's representation in marble of the young David. The shepherd boy stands with firm foothold, the stone grasped tightly in his right hand, ready to be sped on its holy errand. When the statue was unveiled, three hundred and fifty years ago, it caused an unparalleled sensation among all lovers of art. The work is, indeed, a marvelous piece of sculpture.

But the strangely winning thing in the story of that statue is that it was the stone's second chance. A sculptor began work on a noble piece of marble, but, lacking skill, he only hacked and marred the block. It was then abandoned as spoiled and worthless, and thrown away.

For years the block lay in the back yard, soiled and blackened, half hidden among the rubbish. At last Michael Angelo saw it and at once perceived its possibilities. Under his skillful hands the stone was cut into the fair and marvelous beauty which appears in the statue of David.

In like manner, when a life has been spoiled by unskilled and unscrupulous hands, so that it seems as if all were lost, there is one, the Great Sculptor, who can take the marred, disfigured block, now lying soiled amid the world's rubbish, and from it carve yet a marvel of beauty. —Selected.

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## ARE YOU WATCHING.

A young lady whose parents had died while she was an infant had been kindly cared for by a dear friend of the family. Before she was old enough to know him, his business took him to Europe. Regularly he wrote to her through all the years of his absence, and never failed to send her money for all her wants. Finally a word came that during a certain week he would return and visit her. He did not fix the day nor hour. She received several invitations to take pleas-

ure trips with her friends during that week. One of those was of so pleasant a nature that she could not resist accepting it. During her trip he came, inquired as to her absence, and left. Returning, she found this note:

"My life has been a struggle for you, might you not have waited one week for me?" More she never heard, and her life of plenty became a life of want.

Jesus has not fixed the day or hour of His return, but He has said, "Watch!" and should He come today would He find us absorbed in thoughtless dissipation?—British Evangelist.

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## BELIEVING IN THE BIBLE.

During Mr. Moody's meetings in New York City, a man brought a difficult passage to him with this question:

"How do you explain that Mr. Moody?"

"I don't explain it."

"Well, how do you interpret it?"

"I don't interpret it."

"How do you understand it?"

"I don't understand it."

"Well, what do you do with it?"

"I don't do anything with it."

"You don't believe it, do you?"

"Certainly I believe it. There are lots of things I believe that I don't understand. There are a good many things in astronomy, a good many things about my own system that I don't understand, yet I believe them. I am glad there are heights in that book which I have'n't been able to climb. I am glad there are depths I haven't been able to fathom. It is the best proof that the book came from God."

"But you don't believe in the Old Testament just as you do in the New Testament?"

"Yes, I do. We have one Bible, not two. The very things in the Old Testament that men cavil at the most today are the things the Son of Man set His seal to when He was down here, and it isn't good policy for the servant to be above his Master. The Master believed these things."—Selected.

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**THE BIRD ONLY HURT ITSELF.**

"Having returned from a visit to a poor widow in trying circumstances, I felt that I had utterly failed in my attempts to comfort or uplift her heart; and sat down dispirited, to think how I could best reach her case. A robin just then happened to fly into the room, and in its efforts to escape again, dashed itself madly against the walls and ceiling, until its poor little head and wings were sore and bleeding. On my attempt to catch and set it free, it only redoubled its frantic efforts, and when in my hand, struggled so violently, as only to hurt its bruised sides more. Ah! I thought thus it is with that poor widow—with us all, when the Lord 'straitens' us with trouble.

"We dash and wound our poor hearts against the firm wall of his will; we think of nothing but escape, and struggle madly against the kind and most gentle hand that only holds us with its wholesome strength, whose 'end' and aim is but to restore us to the bright pure air of his mercies, that we may sun our hearts with his presence and wing our way more freely toward Himself.

"I returned, read the text again, and applied my illustration as simply as possible to the poor woman. Presently the dull eye began to brighten, the hard countenance to grow tender, and tears dropped on the poor worn cheek, as she murmured a promise that she would hope for the future, and try and trust the wise hand which held her."—Se-

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**THROW THE REINS TO JESUS.**

Professor Drummond was staying with a lady whose coachman had signed the pledge, but afterward had given away to drink again. This lady said to the professor: "Now this man will drive to the station; say a word to him if you can. He is a good sort of fellow, and really wants to reform, but he is weak." While they were driving down, the pro-

fessor tried to think how he could introduce the subject. Presently the horses bolted. The driver held on to the reins and manipulated them well. The carriage swayed about, and the professor expected every moment to be upset, but presently the man drew the horses up, and streaming with perspiration, said: "I say, that was a close shave. Our trap might have been smashed into matchwood, and you wouldn't have given any more addresses." "Well," said Professor Drummond, "how was it that it did not happen?" "Why," was the reply, "because I knew how to manage the horses." "Now," said the professor, "look here, my friend; I will give you a little bit of advice. Here's my train coming. I hear you have been signing the pledge, and breaking out again. Now I want to give you a bit of advice. Throw the reins of your life to Jesus Christ"; and then he jumped down and got into the train. The driver said afterward that it came upon him like a flash of lightning. He saw where he had made a mistake, from that day he has ceased to try to manipulate his own life, but gave the reins to Jesus Christ. The story bears its own moral. One need not add a word; only let us learn its lesson, and carry out the professor's advice.—Selected.

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**TEMPTATION RESISTED.**

We have read a story, vouched for by a southern banker as true, that, during the time of the Civil War, a steamer stopped at a landing on the Mississippi River, when a planter came to the captain and said, "I will give you ten thousand dollars to take a boat-load of cotton to New Orleans." "I cannot do it," replied the captain. "For I have strict orders not to allow a single bale of cotton on board." The cotton was worth nothing to the planter without a market and he increased his offer. I will give you twenty thousand dollars." "Can't do it," was the prompt reply. "Thirty thousand dollars." "Can't do it." The



planter followed the captain on board offering him successively larger sums until he had reached one hundred thousand dollars. "My orders are strict," said the captain, "and I cannot disobey them." "Then I will give you a hundred and ten thousand dollars," said the planter. The captain rose to his feet and his face hardened, as, reaching his hand into a drawer, he took out a revolver, and leveling it at the planter said, "Get off this boat, or I will kill you. You are getting too close to me."

That captain was wise. He began to feel the fascination of the temptation. He began to feel down in his heart that he wanted that money, that there was danger, he might yield, and that the only safety lay in removing the temptation absolutely, ridding himself of it or getting entirely away from it. What a glorious thing it would be if all Christians would set themselves to defend their innocence with the determination of that captain.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

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### THE SAVED HAND.

Some years ago a minister of the gospel was preaching about the benefits of blessings that may be obtained through prayer. "I once knew a little boy," said he, who had a very bad sore on his right hand. It got worse in spite of all that was done for it. At last it began to mortify, and the doctor said it would have to be taken off, in order to save his life.

"The day was fixed for the operation. The little boy was a Christian. He had a little, retired, shady spot, in a corner of his father's garden, where he used often to go and take his book when he wanted a quiet time for reading.

When he heard the doctor say that his hand must be cut off, he felt very sad; he did not like to lose his right hand. So he went to that quiet, shady spot in the garden, and there he knelt down and prayed that God would make his hand better, and let it get well again without having to be cut off.

"The next day, when the doctor came to look at his hand, he was very much surprised to find it looking a great deal better. The next day it was better still; and the third day, he said he thought it was going to get well, and that it would not be necessary to have it taken off.

"This little boy grew to be a man. He became a minister; and this," said the speaker, holding up his hand, "is the right hand that was saved, through prayer from being cut off. And I hold up this hand before you as a proof of the blessings that may be obtained in answer to prayer."

"In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God." [Phil. iv., 6.]—Selected.

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### RELY ON YOURSELF.

Nothing better could happen to the young man who has the right kind of grit than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1,000 and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone and several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, Father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, Father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; and again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William Seward.—Self Help.

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## THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A remarkable testimony to the power of conscience is found in the so-called Conscience Fund of the United States. This fund was started in 1811, when a letter was received containing five dollars, which the writer confessed having taken from the Government. This was given to the Treasury, and records of such contributions have been kept ever since, although the money itself is not kept separate. Nothing further was received until 1827. From that date until the present year only one year has passed without additions to the conscience fund. During the last fiscal year, \$54,923.15 was received, including one contribution of \$30,000 and another of \$10,000. It was the largest income during any one year. The total fund now is \$498,763.54.

It has been truly said that the conscience fund preaches a sermon. It shows that there are men and women who are not satisfied with ill-gotten gains, but who feel the constraining influence of a desire to be honest. Square dealing is essential to a mind of peace, and the frequent contributions to the conscience fund demonstrate that not until a wrong is rectified can the human mind find rest.—American Messenger.

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## SAVED BY PRAYER.

I was taught as a child to read the Bible, and I have never been able to shake off those early influences. I have always believed in God's providential care. I have always felt that God was about my path. For instance, when the expedition in search of Emin Pasha was nearly annihilated for want of food, I left Bonny with the invalids and about a biscuit a day for their allowance. About a dozen men accompanied me on a desperate and final quest for food, and day after day we met with no success.

We had been nine days away from camp, and I felt that perish we all must unless help came from God. I began to

pray, "O Lord help us! Do not let these poor innocent people perish. I have had light and knowledge, and have sinned much against thee, but these men know very little, and I have brought them here into the desert, for which they are not responsible. Do not let the innocent suffer with the guilty."

All night I prayed, and when the morning light glinted through the trees I called to the men to begin to march. I felt sure we should find food that day. Before we had gone half a mile we saw stretching out before us a small grove of ripe bananas. We were not following any track. I was steering by the compass, and if we had gone 500 yards to the right or left we should likely have missed this beautiful sight. At once we began to pull them and roast them, and, having eaten a good meal, we got 150 loads of ripe bananas, with about sixty pounds to the load, and the expedition was saved.—Henry M. Stanley.

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## SAVED BY A BEAR.

Ignaus, an Arctic mail carrier, whose six dogs died in one night from some poison in a frozen fish which was a part of his supplies, was a hundred miles from a trading post, and the cold forty degrees below zero.

Broken-hearted after his dogs, the poor fellow would have given up and died had he not had a wife and a little babe awaiting him at the end of his route, but even the thought of those who were dear to him failed sometimes to keep his mind from wandering.

Before his loss he had the variation of talking to his dogs, who seemed almost human. Now, no sound, except the cracking of the ice; no sight but snow, snow, snow, in great stretches of dazzling whiteness; its crisp crust, many feet thick, was as solid as a glacier.

At last the poor man felt that he could not bear it any longer. He had lightened the load on his sledge, and drew it after him day by day, and slept in his fur bag on it at night. He cried to the



Great Father in agony of pleading, "Oh, leave me not alone so long; send some one, oh, send me some one, or I die!"

Once more at night he lay down in his fur bag and slept. But what was this pushing him over? Ignaus opened his eyes, and there stood before him a great bear. Evidently the brute was curious; he had never seen anything like it before.

Strangely enough, Ignaus was not afraid. He rose and fed the bear with frozen fish from the sledge; the creature acted like a great wild dog, and when satisfied lay down on his side while Ignaus satisfied his own hunger; then when he started on his walking again, the bear trotted beside him.

The Great Father sent him, thought Ignaus. At night again he fed the bear, and the warmth of the shaggy brute put new life into Ignaus.

When within five miles of the trading post suddenly the bear turned toward a great forest in the distance, and Ignaus saw him no more.

Reaching the post, the president, when he heard how Ignaus had come across vast solitudes of ice and snow without his dogs, said, "He is the bravest man of the north; surely the good God sent the bear to save his reason."

—Home Guard.

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### HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

The famous Eddystone light-house off the coast of Cornwall, England, was first built in a fanciful way, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used boldly to defy the storm, crying, "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The light-house was built a second time of wood and stone by Rudyard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder

and his structure perished in the flames.

Next the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock; as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscription like those of Winstanley, but on its lower course he put, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and its key-stone, above the lantern, the simple tribute, "Laus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon light to storm-tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men, Christ, the Light, must be held up before men or they will perish. Let us, then, place Him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone. But taking the word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course but Smeaton's humble inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.—Selected.

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### UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.

While traveling in a coal mine district I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. The coal dust seemed to blacken the buildings, trees, shrubs, everything. But as a foreman and I were walking near the mines I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt!"

"See here," said the foreman, and taking up a handful of coal dust, he threw it over the flower. It immediately left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for such a place."—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

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**KATE SHELLEY'S BRAVERY.**

In 1898 Miss Shelly won a gold medal from the Iowa Legislature, "and a wealth of admiration from all who read of her heroic act." The facts are these: In a fearful thunder-storm and a torrent of falling rain, she looked out of her window in the darkness of the night, and by the vivid flashes of lightning shining on the scene, she saw that a railroad bridge near her home had been swept away by the storm. Just then she saw the headlight of a locomotive swiftly approaching the spot where the bridge had just been swept away, and plunge into the abyss below. She lighted her lantern, and, alone, amidst the thunder and lightning, and storm, she crept up a rocky steep and with her clothes torn to rags, and lacerated flesh, she reached the rails, and on her hands and knees crept out to the last tie of the fallen bridge, swung the lantern back and forth over the abyss, until she heard the faint voice of the engineer, who, though in the greatest peril himself, cried to her to go quickly and give the alarm to save the express train, which was then coming toward that perilous spot, and summon help also, to rescue him.

She started for the nearest station, a mile away. To reach that station she had to cross a high trestle bridge of five hundred feet in length. She had gone but a few steps when a gust of wind put out her lantern, which she then threw away, knowing that she could not relight it in the storm. She then dropped upon her hands and knees, and crept along from tie to tie over the trestle. Her way was lighted only by frequent flashes of lightning. After crossing the bridge she hastened along the rails by the flashes of lightning to the station, and with what strength she had left told her story, and then fell in a dead faint at the station-agent's feet.

Help went quickly to the poor engineer's rescue, and telegrams flew up and down the line, notifying all that the

bridge was gone. While Miss Shelly lay yet unconscious, the express train came rushing into the depot. When the passengers learned what perils the brave girl had passed through to save them, and saw her lying still in an unconscious state, they took her up tenderly, and bathed her torn and bleeding limbs, and soon brought her back to consciousness. Oh, how the scene beggars description, as the men and women gathered about the brave girl of sixteen, looking upon her pale face, her torn and bleeding form. As they think how she went through all this to save their lives, words are too weak to express the deep gratitude of their hearts. They laid a substantial expression of their appreciation at her feet. Then as the best they could do, they embalmed her memory in their warmest affections, while the world placed a wreath of lasting honor on her brow. And Kate Shelley, living or dying, with her approving conscience, can say: "I did what I could."

What an example to all Christians, who see so clearly the dark abyss just a step before unconverted men, and they rushing with great speed toward it. Let us swing the lamp of truth before them, and cry with great earnestness: "Danger ahead! Bridge gone! No crossing but through the bleeding victim of Cavalry!" May we all learn a lesson of sacrifice and effort to save others, from this incident, that, in the coming day Christ, may say of us: "They have done what they could."—Selected.

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**SPOILING OUR FASCINATION.**

Sir James Thornhill was the person who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments he stepped back gradually, to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eye intently fixed on the painting) that he was almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it. Had he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have com-



pleted his destruction, and he would have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present, who saw the danger the great artist was in, had the happy presence of mind to suddenly snatch up one of the brushes and spoil the painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was soon turned to thanks when the person told him:

"Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You were advanced to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called to you to apprise you of your danger you would naturally have turned to look behind you, and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had, therefore, no other way of retrieving you but by acting as I did."

Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with His people. We are all naturally fond of our own legal performances. We admire them to our ruin, unless the Holy Spirit retrieve us from our folly. This He does by marring our best works—that is, by showing us their insufficiency to justify us before God. When we are truly taught of Him we thank Him for His grace, instead of being angry at having our idols defaced. The only way by which we are saved from everlasting destruction is by being made to see that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."—Toplady.

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### THE BODY ONLY A TENEMENT.

When his age was eighty years, John Quincy Adams was met on the streets of Boston by an old friend, who, taking his hand, said, "Good morning! And how is John Quincy Adams, today?"

"Thank you," the ex-president replied. "John Quincy Adams, himself, is quite well, sir. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time

and season have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon."

A short time after this interview, the venerable ex-president was seized with a paralytic stroke in the house of representatives, and his last words were: "This is the last of earth; I am content." —Selected.

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### MOTHER TOLD ME.

Mr. William Taylor, the evangelist, often called "California Taylor," had at one time been separated for three years from his wife and family. When at last he met them in Sydney, the father would not have known his boys had he met them in the street, apart from their mother, nor would the children have recognized their father. With tears of tender joy the parent embraced his sons, saying to one of them, "Ross, do you know me?" "Yes, papa." "How do you know me?" "Mother told me it was you." The boy received his father by faith, and his faith was based on his mother's testimony. She could not be mistaken, and she would not mislead or deceive her sons on such a point, and the boy knew he might trust her word; so he loved the stranger at once, and received him as his father. "Mother told me so." Faith or trust in God enters the heart just in this way—"faith cometh by hearing." How do I know God is my father, and loves me? Jesus, the son of God, "told me so." He said, "the father himself loveth you." He could not be mistaken, because he must know his father's heart.—Selected.

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Unbelief, in distinction from disbelief, is but a confession of ignorance where honest inquiry might have found the truth. "Agnostic" is but the Greek for "Ignoramus."—Tryon Edwards.

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## LOUISA OSBORNE'S GIFT.

"In the beautiful Island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshiped in bungalows and old Dutch chapels, decided that they must have a church built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were each eager to forward the new enterprise. But, to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girl's school at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in this world, but far more, it was her marriage portion, and in making this gift in the eyes of every native she renounced all hopes of being married. As this alternative in the East was regarded as an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act of renunciation. "No," said Maria, "I have given it to Jesus, and as he has accepted it, you must."

And so today the first Christian church in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

The deed was noised abroad, and came to the knowledge of a young theological student, who was also a beneficiary of the mission, and it touched his heart. Neither could he rest until he had sought and won the rare and noble maiden, who was willing to give up so much in her Master's cause.

Some one in the United States had been for years contributing twenty dollars annually for the support of this young Hindoo girl, but the donor was unknown. Rev. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon visited America about that time, longed to ascertain who was the faithful sower and report the wonderful harvest.

Finding himself in Hanover, N. H., preaching to the students of Dartmouth College, he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated "Peabody"; what Pea-

body?" "Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here, the widow of a former Professor," was the answer. "Oh! I must see her before I leave," said the earnest man, about to continue his journey.

The first words, after an introduction at her house, were: "I have come to bring you a glad report, for I cannot but think that it is to you we in Ceylon owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She is exceptionally interesting, devotedly pious, and bears your name."

"Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago in Salem, Mass., she came to me, after an evening meeting saying; 'I have just heard that, by giving twenty dollars a year one can support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money, I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours.'" "At that time," continued the lady, "a servant's wages ranged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month at a monthly concert for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving away so much for one in her circumstances, as a time might come when she could not earn. 'I have thought it all over,' she would reply, and concluded I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health and cannot work, why, there is the poor-house, and I can go there. You see they have no poor-house in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor."

In telling this story, Dr. Poor used to pause at this point and exclaim: "To the poor-house! Do you believe God would ever let that good woman die in the poor-house? Never!"

The missionary learned that the last



known of Louisa Osborne, she was residing in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service before a crowded house he related among missionary incidents, as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored America had been developed, matured and well-nigh eclipsed, by her faithful protegee in far-off benighted India. His heart glowing with zeal and deeply stirred by the fresh retrospect of the triumph of the Gospel over heathenism, he exclaimed: "If there is any one present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be obliged."

The benediction pronounced and the crowd dispersing, Dr. Poor passed down one of the aisles, chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened step he reached her, exclaiming in tones of suppressed emotion: "I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborne?" "That is my name," was the calm reply. "Well, God bless you, Louisa, you have heard my report, and know all; but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer one question. "What made you do it?" With downcast eyes, and in low trembling voice she replied: "Well, I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus."

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem, for the missionary returned to his adopted home, where ere long the loving hands of his faithful native brethern bore him to his honored grave. The humble handmaiden of the Lord labored meekly on awhile, and ended her failing days not in a poor-house verily, but, through the efforts of those who knew her best, in a pleasant, comfortable Old Ladies' home. "Him that honoreth me I will honor."—The Christian Giver.

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### AN HONEST MAN.

An incident, which exhibits the sterling integrity of a man who could withstand the temptations of wealth rather than do the smallest act of injustice, is told in Mr. H. M. Chittenden's "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River." The principal actor was one of the early settlers of St. Louis, a Mr. LeBarge, who had purchased a small tract of land for which he paid twenty-five dollars.

Land was then of very little value, and transfers were often made without deed and with no more formality than in exchanging cattle or horses. In this way Mr. LaBarge traded his land on what is now Cedar Street, St. Louis, to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse.

Long afterward, when these transactions were almost forgotten, and the property had become very valuable, a lawyer presented himself to the old gentleman and asked him if he had ever owned any land on Cedar Street. Mr. LeBarge replied in the affirmative, and described its locality. The lawyer then asked him when and how he disposed of it. He could not at first recall, but Mrs. LeBarge remembered the circumstances and related them to the lawyer, at the same time remarking to her husband that that was the way they got their horse to set themselves up on the farm with.

The lawyer then assured Mr. LeBarge that the title to this property was still vested in him, and that he could hold it against all comers, for there was absolutely no record of the conveyance in existence.

The old gentleman, with a look of indignation, asked the lawyer if he took him for a thief.

"I traded that land," said he, "to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse, which was worth more to me than the land was. I shall stand by the bargain now. If Chaurin Lebeau's children have no title, tell them to come to me and I will make them a deed before I die."—Selected.

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## LESSONS OF TRUST IN GOD.

My boyhood's home was on the New England seacoast, at a point where Long Island Sound opens into the Atlantic Ocean. Seventy-five or a hundred years ago there was, in a New England village, no such wide distance between the rich and the poor as nowadays there is in many a prosperous community. Few families had household servants. Servants, indeed, were not then known there as a class. Families who were "better off" than their neighbors were accustomed to call on the women and girls of those neighbors to act as "help" in household work, such as washing and baking and house-cleaning and sewing and nursing. Men and boys who were not in any particular trade, or who were not on the water as sailors or coasters, were accustomed to do service for their well-to-do neighbors as "help" in planting and harvesting and wood-chopping, and other odd jobs. Thus, while most were enabled to get along day by day moderately well, there was at times a family where a widow and her fatherless children, or others, would, through special circumstances, be pressed for means of support beyond the knowledge of their neighbors.

Such a family lived not far from my mother and grandmother, in a house often pointed out to me as I heard the story afterward. The mother and her two children served and trusted God, and did the best they could for themselves, as they found opportunity, in doing such work as their neighbors could furnish them.

But at one time the mother found herself in extremity. As a stormy night shut in she had not a particle of food for the next day's need. When they lay down that night, she prayed with her children, without telling them of her helplessness—for, indeed, she was not helpless while she trusted God as her helper. With the new, bright morning the mother prayed for their daily bread,

assured that her Father could supply it—as he alone knew how.

She asked her children to go down to the shore before breakfast, and get some clean sand from the beach for their sitting room floor. Before the days of woolen carpets, in the humbler New England homes they were accustomed to strew sand on the floor, and to ornament the borders by arranging it in figures with a broom. When the children had gone, the mother again kneeled and prayed for their daily bread. After this she spread the breakfast-table, for which she had no food.

Suddenly the children returned without the sand, but bringing gleefully a fine fish, which they had found in a hollow of the beach, as left by the outgoing tide after the storm, and which they together had captured. As with a grateful heart she thanked God for his goodness, and then began to prepare the fish for their breakfast, when she was called to the door by a visitor.

A man from the country above the village had called to say that on one occasion her husband, now dead, had done some work for this man for which he had not been paid. The man had now brought a bushel and a half of corn-meal to give the widow on account, promising to bring more by and by. As with swelling heart the mother thanked the donor, and brought the meal into their now doubly glad home, she told the children of how God had answered her prayer, and they kneeled together to give him thanks.

Then she hastily made a "johnny-cake" of the Indian-meal, and baked it by the fire, while she broiled the fish for their breakfast. Together they asked God's blessing on that God-given meal, and thenceforward they both served and trusted God more fully and joyously than ever.

The village neighbors, when they learned of God's care of one whom they had unintentionally neglected, resolved henceforward to minister more faithfully to her whom God had privileged to



represent him in their community. When I heard that story from dear mother, it didn't seem any more strange, or any less true, than the Bible stories. Indeed, it didn't seem so very strange anyway. It seemed just like God. And I think so still. I've never had reason to think differently.— H Clay Trumbull.

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### WARNED IN A DREAM.

Both scripture and experience teach us that though "a dream cometh through the multitude of business," and is often but the broken minglings of fantastic fancies, yet there are times when men are warned of God in dreams, as in the case of Joseph; and to disregard such warnings is dangerous in the extreme. The eminent English evangelist, William Haslam, relates the following instance which occurred within his own circle of acquaintance.

"A careless, worldly man in my parish dreamt one night that he was in the market-hall of a certain town. He was surprised to see in a wall a doorway which he had never noticed before,—so much so, that he went forward to examine it, and found that it really was a door, and that it opened to his touch. He went inside, and there he saw an oppressive and strange scene. There was a number of men and women walking about, who appeared to be very woeful and in great agony of pain. They were too distressed to speak, but he recognized most of them as persons who had been dead some time. They looked mournfully at him as if sorry he had come there, but did not speak. He was much alarmed, and made his way back to the door to escape, but he was stopped by a stern, sullen-looking porter, who said, in a sepulchral voice: 'You cannot pass!' He said, 'I came in this way, and I want to go out.' 'You cannot,' said the solemn voice. 'Look, the door opens only one way; you may come in by it, but you cannot go out.' It was so, and his heart sank within him as he looked at that mysterious portal. At last the por-

ter relented, and as a special favor let him go forth for eight days. He was so glad at his release that he awoke.

"When he told me the dream I warned him and begged him to give his heart to God. 'You may die,' I said, 'before the eighth day.' He laughed at the idea, and said he was 'not going to be frightened by a dream.' 'When I am converted,' he continued, 'I hope I shall be able to say that I was drawn by love, and not driven by fear.' 'But what,' I said, 'if you have been neglecting and slighting God's love for a long time, and he is now moving you with fear to return to him?' Nothing would do; he turned a deaf ear to every entreaty. When the eighth day arrived, being market day, he went to the hall as usual, and looked at the wall of which he had dreamt with peculiar interest; but seeing no door there he exclaimed, 'It's all right; now I will go and have a good dinner over it, with a bottle of wine!'

"Whether he stopped at one bottle or not, I cannot tell; but late on Saturday night, as he was going home, he was thrown from his horse and killed. This was the end of the eighth day."—The Christian.

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### SEAMEN NOT ATHEISTS.

It is not often that you find a seafaring man who is an atheist. Addison tells us of a time when he was on board ship, and there was a passenger on deck who was an infidel. He was reported to the captain as an atheist, and neither he nor the sailors could make out what sort of a strange fish that might be, and asked him what he meant. They were told that he did not believe in God. A storm coming on, the men proposed that they should pitch him overboard, seeing he did not believe in God Almighty; but he was soon cured of his unbelief, for, when things looked threatening, the first person who was down on his knees, crying for mercy in great terror, was the precious atheist, who soon got rid of his atheism when he felt in danger of his life.— Spurgeon.

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## A STORY OF FAITH.

Dr. F. W. Krummacher relates this beautiful and simple story of faith of Rev. Mr. Henke:

A Christian friend came one day to this man of God, who unhesitatingly invited him to dine with him, although he knew not what to set before him. When the bell rang at noon, the servant passed several times through the room, with an anxious countenance, in order, unobservedly, to beckon her master out. Henke, however, was not aware of her meaning, and only reminded her at last, that it was time to lay the cloth. The servant was perplexed and requested her master to step out to her for a moment. "Sir," she began in a mournful voice, "you wish me to lay the cloth, but don't you know we have scarcely a piece of dry bread in the house, and you sent your last penny to a sick person this day?" "Ah," answered Henke, with a smile, "is that all you have to say to me? Do but lay the cloth as usual, it will be time enough for the meat when we sit down to the table."

The maid, not a little astonished, did as she was told. "Let us take our seats," said the friendly host, with a cheerful countenance. They sat down to the empty table, and the worthy childlike man offers up a prayer. On his saying "Amen!" the door bell is rung, and there is a basket with abundance of food, which a neighbor had felt constrained to send to him. Calmly, as if nothing particular had happened, Henke ordered all the dishes to be filled; and then looking smilingly at the astonished servant, he said: "Well, have you still anything to object to our kind entertainer?"

These, says Dr. Krummacher, are valuable facts; but such things cannot be imitated. It is certainly easy to order the cloth to be laid; but nothing is accomplished by that. However, if you possess anything of Henke's faith, then do not hesitate to order the cloth to be laid. A Royal Host will provide the feast.—Selected.

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## THE TRACK WAS CLEARED.

The following remarkable incident was related in the writer's hearing some years ago, by the Rev. Dr. Bryan, of East Bay City, in the course of a sermon preached before a conference of the Methodist Church, in northern Michigan:

"I was once returning home from one of the southern States, on a train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was congratulating myself upon the excellent progress I was making in the direction of my own home-state, when the train upon which I was riding suddenly reduced speed, and was run off upon a siding at a dull, desolate way-station.

No one seemed able to explain our mysterious delay. The passengers quickly left the coaches and stood by the track-side in a quandary. While they thus waited a fast freight came up and drew off upon another siding, and a little later an "accommodation train" did likewise. The mystery deepened, and not a little impatience was manifesting itself among the waiting passengers, when suddenly there came a roar and flash out of the south, and a "lightning express" dashed up the line, like a thunderbolt out of the sky, and disappeared in a cloud of dust and smoke.

It was then that the conductor of our waiting train dropped lightly from the steps of one of the coaches, and pointing in the direction of the fast receding train explained: "Yonder goes the Superintendent's Special; he has heard that his son is dying 1,000 miles away, and has ordered every train off the road, that he may get through to his boy!"

Fellow Christian, the same God who holds the worlds in his palm, and feeds the fishes a mile beneath the sea, is your Father, and in your trouble or peril He will order every obstacle from His path that He may fly to your side, on the swift wings of His love! "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."—Rev. Stanley G. Tyndall.



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## A MOTHER'S FAITH.

In a sketch of the life of Beate Paulus, the wife of a German minister who lived on the borders of the Black Forest, are several incidents which illustrate the power of living faith, and the providence of a prayer-hearing God.

Though destitute of wealth, she much desired to educate her children; and five of her boys were placed in school, while she struggled, and prayed, and toiled, not only in the house, but out of doors.

"On one occasion," writes one of her children, "shortly before harvest, the fields stood thick with corn, and our mother had already calculated that their produce would suffice to meet all claims for the year. She was standing at the window casting the matter over in her mind, with great satisfaction, when her attention was suddenly caught by some heavy, black clouds with white borders, drifting at a great rate across the summer sky. 'It is hail-storm!' she exclaimed, in dismay; and quickly throwing up the window, she leaned out. Her eyes rested upon the frightful mass of wild storm-clouds, covering the western horizon, and approaching with rapid fury.

"'O God!' she cried, 'there comes an awful tempest, and what is to become of my corn?' The black masses rolled nearer and nearer, while the ominous rushing movement that precedes a storm, began to rock the sultry air, and the dreaded hailstones fell with violence. Half beside herself with anxiety about those fields, lying at the eastern end of the valley, she now lifted her hands heavenward, and wringing them in terror, cried: 'Dear Father in heaven, what art thou doing? Thou knowest I cannot manage to pay for my boys at school, without the produce of those fields! Oh! turn Thy hand and do not let the hail blast my hopes!' Scarcely had these words crossed her lips, when she started, for it seems as if a voice had whispered in her ear: 'Is my arm shortened that it cannot help thee in other

ways?' Abashed, she shrank into a quiet corner, and there entreated God to forgive her want of faith. In the meantime the storm had passed. And now various neighbors hurried in, proclaiming that the whole valley lay thickly covered with hailstones, down to the very edge of the parsonage fields; but the latter had been quite spared. The storm had reached their border, and then suddenly taking another direction into the next valley. Moreover, that the whole village was in amazement, declaring that God had wrought a miracle for the sake of our mother, whom he loved.

At another time she found herself unable to pay the expenses of the children's schooling; and the repeated demands for money were rendered more grievous by the reproaches of her husband who charged her with attempting impossibilities, and told her that her self-will would involve them in disgrace. She, however, professed her unwavering confidence that the Lord would soon interpose for their relief, while his answer was: "We shall see; time will show."

In the midst of these trying circumstances, as her husband was one day sitting in his study, absorbed in meditation, the postman brought three letters from different towns where the boys were at school, each declaring that unless the dues were promptly settled, the lads would be dismissed. The father read the letters with growing excitement, and spreading them upon the table before his wife as she entered the room, exclaimed: "There, look at them, and pay our debts with your faith! I have no money nor can I tell where to go for any."

"Seizing the papers, she rapidly glanced through them, with a very grave face, but then answered firmly: 'Its all right; the business shall be settled. For He who says: "The gold and silver are mine," will find it an easy thing to provide these sums.' Saying which she hastily left the room.

"Our father readily supposed she intended making her way to a certain rich

friend who had helped us before. He was mistaken, for this time her steps turned in a different direction. We had in the parsonage an upper loft, shut off by a trap-door from the lower one, and over this door it was that she now knelt down, and began to deal with Him in whose strength she had undertaken the work of her children's education. She spread before Him those letters from the study-table, and told Him of her husband's half-scoffing taunt. She also reminded Him how her life had been redeemed from the very gates of death, for the children's sake, and then declared that she could not believe that He meant to forsake her at this juncture; she was willing to be the second whom He might forsake, but she was determined not to be the first.

In the meanwhile, her husband waited down stairs, and night came on; but she did not appear. Supper was ready, and yet she stayed in the loft. Then the eldest girl, her namesake Beate, ran up to call her; but the answer was: "Take your supper without me; it is not time for me to eat." Late in the evening the little messenger was again dispatched, but returned with the reply: "Go to bed, the time has not come for me to rest." A third time, at breakfast next morning, the girl called her mother. Leave me alone," she said; "I do not need breakfast; when I am ready I shall come." Thus hours sped on; and downstairs her husband and children began to feel frightened, not daring, however, to disturb her any more. At last the door opened, and she entered, her face beaming with a wonderful light. The little daughter thought that something extraordinary must have happened; and running to her mother with open arms, asked eagerly: "What is it? Did an angel from heaven bring the money?" "No, my child," was the smiling answer; but now I am sure that it will come." She had hardly spoken, when a maid in peasant costume entered, saying: "The master of the Linden Inn sends to ask whether the frau Pastorin can spare time

to see him?" "Ah, I know what he wants," answered our mother. My best regards, and I will come at once." Whereupon she started, and mine host, looking out of the window, saw her from afar, and came forward to welcome her with the words: "O madam, how glad I am you have come!" Then leading her into his back parlor, he said: "I cannot tell how it is, but the whole of this last night I could not sleep for thinking of you. For some time I have had several hundred gulden in that chest, and all night long I was haunted by the thought that you needed this money, and that I ought to give it to you. If that be the case, there it is—take it; and do not trouble about repaying me. Should you be able to make it up again, well and good; if not, never mind." On this my mother said: "Yes, I do most certainly need it, my kind friend; for all last night I too was awake, crying to God for help. Yesterday there came three letters, telling us that all our boys would be dismissed unless the money for their board is cleared at once."

"Is it really so?" exclaimed the inn-keeper, who was a noble-hearted and Christian man. "How strange and wonderful! Now I am doubly glad I asked you to come!" Then opening the chest he produced three weighty packets, and handed them to her with a prayer that God's blessing may rest upon the gift. She accepted it with the simple words: "May God make good to you this service of Christian sympathy; for you have acted as the steward of One who has promised not even to leave the giving of a cup of cold water unrewarded."

"Husband and children were eagerly awaiting her at home; and those three dismal letters still lay open on the table when the mother, who had quitted that study in such deep emotion the day before, stepped up to her husband, radiant with joy. On each letter she laid a roll of money, and then cried: 'Look, there it is! And now believe that faith in God is no empty madness!'"—Wonders of Prayer.



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## SAFE AND SMOOTH NOW.

How blessed is the thought that the terrible mystery which once affrighted the souls of men has been dispelled. One tells of a dark pool in the neighborhood of his native place, which was said to be unfathomable. It was impossible to see an inch into the awful black waters. The young people looked upon its frowning face with a shudder, and were mortally afraid of standing on its brink.

One day, a boy, braver than his fellows, ventured to put his foot over the edge, when, to his surprise, he found the water quite shallow. Encouraged by this, he waded in very slowly and cautiously, feeling his way, and though the water deepened, it was so gradual that in the middle of the pool it only reached up to his waist. He walked from one end of it to the other, and dispelled forever the mystery, so that the smallest boy delighted to wade in the black water.

So Jesus has sounded the lowest depths of the darkness which we call death, and now we know that following in His steps we have nothing to fear. The bottom is good, the waters shall not overflow us, and His own hand shall lead us through.

In the old days in the South a gentle Christian lady lay on her death-bed. At the last her mind wandered, and she fancied herself in the carriage returning, perhaps after night-fall, from a long journey.

Presently she murmured with a smile, speaking to the coachman, as she thought:

"The carriage goes smoothly now; we must be nearly home, ar'n't we, Dave?" The old colored coachman sat weeping in the room, and hearing the question, he sobbed out:

"'Taint po' Dave, Mistis; de Lord done tuck holt er de lines;" and hearing that precious word of faith, the aged saint fell into quiet sleep, and passed out into the Home beyond.

Yes, the way is safe, for Jesus has gone before, and the carriage goes smoothly there, because, when human hands are loosened, He holds the lines and guides the trusting soul into His own eternal rest.—Selected.

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## AN ALPINE HUNTERS'S ESCAPE.

An Alpine hunter, ascending Mount Blanc, in passing over the Mer de Glace, lost his hold, and slipped into a frightful crevasse. Catching in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projecting spars of ice he broke his fall, and reached the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose high, and above he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little stream formed from the melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet, which might lead to some unknown crevice or passage.

In silence and terror he picked his way down the mountain side till his further advance was stopped by a giant cliff that rose up before him, while the river rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters, which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him, and he might fear, before him. There was no time for reflection or delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One minute of breathless suspense a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below, and then a light began to glimmer faintly on the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields and the flowers, and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouni.

So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet, one chilly moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.—Selected.

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## ONE NEGRO'S CONSCIENCE.

Some years ago, when visiting a little town in Western Ohio, I found a colored man who made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. This man's name was Matthews. When I saw him he was about sixty years of age. In early life he had been a slave in Virginia.

As a slave Matthews had learned the trade of a carpenter, and his master, seeing that his slave could earn money for him by taking contracts in various parts of the country where he lived, permitted him to go about to do so. Matthews, however, soon began to reason, and naturally reached the conclusion that if he could earn money for his master, he could earn it for himself.

So, in 1858, or about that time, he proposed to his master that he would pay \$1,500 for himself, a certain amount to be paid in cash and the remainder to be paid in yearly installments. Such a bargain as this was not uncommon in Virginia then. The master, having implicit confidence in the slave, permitted him, after this contract was made, to seek work wherever he could secure the most pay. The result was that Matthews secured a contract for the erection of a building in the State of Ohio.

While the colored man was at work in Ohio the Union armies were declared victorious, the Civil War ended and freedom came to him, as it did to 4,000,000 other slaves.

When he was declared a free man by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation, Matthews still owed his master, according to the antebellum contract, \$300. As Mr. Matthews told the story to me, he said that he was perfectly well aware that by Lincoln's proclamation he was released from all legal obligations, and that in the eyes of nine-tenths of the world he was released from all moral obligations to pay his former master a single cent of the unpaid balance. But he said that he wanted to begin his life of freedom with a clear conscience. In

order to do this, he walked from his home in Ohio, a distance of 300 miles, much of the way over the mountains, and placed in his former master's hand every cent of the money that he had promised before to pay for his freedom.

Who will be brave enough to say that such a man is not fit to use the ballot, is not fit for citizenship?—Booker T. Washington.

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## "NOW OR NEVER."

There are points on the bleak British coast where certain hardy adventurers gain a scant livelihood by hunting the eggs of the rockbirds, which build their nests and rear their young along the face of those dangerous cliffs.

The method is to secure a strong rope at the top and let it drop to the desired level down the wall of the precipice. The egg hunter then lowers himself at will, and searches out the nesting places of the sea birds, as he descends.

One day an egg-hunter had made the descent, and, in his effort to swing himself in on a narrow "shelf," gained the rock but lost the rope. He stood like one fascinated and watched the slow vibrations of the rope as it swung out over the sea, and at every vibration becoming more remote from his grasp. As death stared the man in the face, his mind concentrated upon the one possible means of escape, and the thought flashed into his mind: "Yonder rope is swinging nearer to me this instant than it ever will again, soon it will be too late; it is now or never," and springing from the rock-shelf, he flung himself out over the sea, seized the rope as it approached his eager hand, and was saved!

Unbeliever, is it not true that the mercy of God and the offer of life through His Son are coming nearer to you today than they may come again? Opportunity is a fleeting thing. Why delay? Cast yourself upon His love now. There is no time like the present. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of Salvation."—Rev. Stanley G. Tyndall.



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### "IN PERILS BY THE HEATHEN."

I wish I could give you a glimpse of the real condition of that land without the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Go with me into Central Africa. You find the people absolutely naked in body. Go with me into one of their huts, circular in form, in shape like a beehive; the only opening a little hole two and a half feet high by a foot wide, into which you crawl on your hands and knees. When you are inside, and your eyes have become accustomed to the semi-darkness, and your nostrils to the almost overpowering stench, if you can become used to it, what a scene of filthiness greets you! You will understand when I say I have counted at night, being called to attend to their sick, as many as eleven persons and seventeen goats in a hut fifteen feet in diameter.

Is it any marvel to you that, living thus with their beasts for generations, they become beastly, beastly in thought, beastly in conversation, beastly in every appearance?—for the same law works in Africa as America; the man becomes what his associates are. Is it any wonder that amid the putrefying atmosphere of such moral conditions love is throttled to death? Is it any wonder that in some tribes when any are sick they take them to the bush and build a fire beside them and leave them?

These people did not want me there any more than the world wanted its first great missionary, Christ. They tried their best to get rid of me, held councils of war to decide what to do with me. Finally, several of the natives came to me and said that they had decided to kill me if I remained in their midst more than three days. I felt I was in the place God wanted me to be, and that it is the safest place in the world, as it is also the sweetest. I would to God we could get rid of the notion of saying, "Thy will be done" with a groan, as though it was necessarily a hard thing God asked of us. God's will is

in the sunshine as well as in the shadow. God's will is in the laughter, and the joyfulness and the gladness of life as much as in the sorrow and afflictions of life.

I sent word back to them, "I am here to tell you about God. I expect to stay." They threatened all manner of things. But at the end of the time they came to the conclusion that it was no use; so they issued an order that any one found bringing food to the white man should be killed, and for nearly two months that order was rigidly enforced. It would have fared very ill with me if it had not been for a divine provision. An old woman used to pass my hut to and from her work in the field. Every time she passed she managed secretly to drop a root of cassava, the root from which our tapioca comes, before my door. I roasted that root, and it enabled me to eke out my slender supply of provisions throughout those months. God's ravens are not dead yet. When we get to the end of ourselves, we find God there every time, if we are looking for Him.

The greatest difficulty of all in connection with the work of Christ in Africa is that which comes from the multiplicity of the language there. I had no word of their language and no way of getting it except through actual contact with the people, as it had never been written before. The first word I got was the word "Nachow," which means; "What is it?" And I flung that word at them, pestered them with it on every possible occasion, as I pointed to tangible things about me, and listening carefully for their reply, would jot it down phonetically. In that way in the course of the years, I obtained a vocabulary and grammar of the language.

I spent four years alone, burying five companions, and others had to return home; had fever myself between thirty and forty times; was several times ambushed by the natives; three times attacked by lions, several times by rhinoceri; for fourteen months I never saw

a piece of bread; for two months I had nothing to eat but native beans and sour milk. I had to eat anything from ants to rhinoceri. Do not misunderstand me now; I am not posing as a martyr; I enjoyed it. But let me say this my friend; I would gladly go through the whole thing, with my eyes wide open to it, if I could have the joy I had of bringing salvation to the people. And do you know there are two hundred, possibly, such tribes in the Dark Continent without a written language, much less a Messenger of the Cross.

I do not ask you to pity the heathen. Pity is a weak thing that spreads itself in tears, and then forgets the object of it. But I do ask you with all the strength of my heart that you simply treat Jesus Christ right. Is it right?—I submit to you that it is not right to receive eternal life from those scarred hands, and then give Him the spare change we happen to have left after we have supplied our luxuries. I submit it is not right to receive Heaven at the price He paid for it and then give Him the odds and ends, the convenient service, that cost us nothing. My friends the crumbs that fall from your laden tables are not enough, and they will not do to meet the need of the lost world groping in its ignorance, in its blindness, without God. You have no right to crucify the Lord Jesus Christ afresh upon the cross of your convenience.—W. R. Hotchkiss, In Christian Work.

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### THE CHILD HEROINE.

We have read a touching incident about three little children, who, last autumn, late in the season, wandered alone in a dreary region of New Brunswick. The sun had already sunk in the west, and the gloom of evening was spreading itself over the surrounding country.

The night came on fast; and feeling sure that they could not get home before daybreak, the eldest (a girl of only six years) quietly placed the two little ones in a sheltered nook on the sea-beach;

and fearing the cold chilly night for the younger children, Mary stripped off most of her own clothes to keep them warm.

She then started off to gather dry seaweed, and whatever else she could find to cover them with. Having tenderly in this way wrought for some time to make them a nest, she at last fell down exhausted with the cold, and half bare to the cold inclement night.

That evening the loving father and tender mother sat up wondering at their children's long absence; the hours dragged slowly past with anxious watching, and silent listening for the well-known little pattering feet. In vain the fond parents' eyes pierced through the darkness. At length they roused the neighbors with their anxious inquiries after their lost ones. All that night was passed in searching, and in tears, till early in the morning, lying fast asleep, and somewhat numbed with cold, were found little Johnny and Lizzie. But, oh! a touching spectacle lay near them; their little savior was stiff, cold and dead on the seaweed which the poor little child-heroine had not strength to drag into the nook, where those she so deeply loved, and died to save, were sleeping. Thus this little New Brunswick girl died in her successful and self-sacrificing endeavor to save her brother and sister.

Does not this recall the love of the Lord Jesus Christ to you who read? Mary went to the full extent of human love in dying for her little brother and sister. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Yet the Lord Jesus laid down his life for his enemies; for "scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth His love toward us," etc. He makes no mistakes. Yet how many listen to this story with more emotion and interest than they do to the story of the cross, where the love of Jesus, the Son of God, is told in letters of blood.—Dawn of the Morning.



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## THE SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

The last Sabbath of August, 1911, it was the writer's privilege to attend a camp meeting at Alton, N. Y. In the audience, which gathered at the morning service, it was good to see the faces of many whom he had known for thirty or forty years. At the close of the service he accepted the cordial invitation of Mrs. Gardner Barrett, to go home with herself and husband and take dinner. In the course of the meal mention was made of an experience connected with Mrs. Barrett's conversion, which occurred more than thirty years ago, and which illustrates how the free Spirit of God may sometimes be pleased to work.

In the winter of 1879 religious meetings were being held at York Settlement. The services continued night after night. Much prayer had been offered for the salvation of sinners, and a feeling of seriousness pervaded the meetings, and the impenitent were interested, but none of them had yet yielded to Christ. Mrs. Barrett, then a young woman and not long married, had not attended the services. But one afternoon she felt strangely drawn to go to the meeting that evening, and after a little persuasion her husband accompanied her.

At the beginning of the service that evening several prayers were offered, and the writer prayed that God would in that meeting bring some soul to repentance. After he arose from his knees he felt a persuasion, amounting to certainty, that some one would come to Christ before the meeting closed. And furthermore he felt impelled to stand up and declare it. A natural disinclination to do a thing so strange caused him to hesitate. And then the thought came, "If you, a Christian, hesitate to stand up and make yourself conspicuous by declaring that some one will come to Christ before this meeting closes, how can you expect that person to have the courage to publicly take such a stand for Christ?" With that

thought, up he got and declared that some one would come to Christ before the meeting closed.

Having done this he had not the least anxiety regarding the outcome, that he would be found a false prophet, although he had no idea who the repentant person would be. In fact what he had done seemed to have passed out of his mind, so interested was he in the services of the evening which followed.

When the opportunity was given for any who would come to Christ to manifest it by coming forward, Mrs. Barrett arose and went across the room to where her husband sat, and urged him to come with her. When he declined, she exclaimed aloud, "I must die alone, and I will seek the Lord alone!" She went forward, kneeled down, yielded herself to Christ, and was soon rejoicing in Him as her Saviour. And during all these years since she has lived a consistent Christian life.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## THE REFINER.

A lady in Dublin became interested in the meaning of the following text. "For he is like a refiner's fire. And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." She called upon a silversmith and asked him to explain the process of refining, which he did. "But do you sit, sir, while you are refining?" she asked. "O, yes madam, I must sit, with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, since if the silver remain too long, it is sure to be injured." She at once saw the beauty of the text. Christ sees it needful to put His children into the furnace, but he is seated by the side of it and will permit them to remain in it no longer than is best. The lady was leaving, and had got as far as the door of the shop, when the man called her back and said he had forgotten to tell her how he knew when the process of purifying was complete—it was when he saw his own image reflected in the silver. O, yes, when Christ sees His own image in His people, then his work of purifying is accomplished.—Spurgeon.

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### WHY SHE WAS THANKFUL.

In a small, dark room in a crowded tenement one of the missionaries of the People's Tabernacle found a poor German washer-woman, whose spirit of thankfulness ought to rebuke many of us. She is a widow, and previous to her husband's death was the support of the family during the eight years of his life as an invalid. She said, "It had been so long since I had had a new dress that last summer I began asking the Lord if He wouldn't please give me one so that I might go to church. He did not answer right away, but after a while one of the families that I work for had to move, and gave me four days' work, and then I bought the new dress. And only a few days ago I was given another extra day's work, and I used the dollar and a quarter for a new hat, so now I can go anywhere.

For two years this woman because of a strange hoarseness has been obliged to speak only in a whisper, and so has been unable to get work excepting from those who know her, and yet all through the call that dark morning, she was constantly praising the Lord for His goodness to her, and said with a reverent upward glance, "These things were a present from Him to me."

After a prayer of praise and thanksgiving had been offered, she hastily opened a drawer and presented her visitor two quarters saying, "I want you to take this and use it for your church or Sunday school, or wherever you think it will do the most good." In reply to some objection she answered "Oh, I give money to my church too and I want you to use this for yours."

—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### ETERNITY.

A young French nobleman came to consult a physician, bringing letters from the French emperor, Napoleon III. The emperor had a warm regard for this young man, and the doctor wanted to save him. He examined him and

found there was something upon his mind.

"Have you lost property?"

"No."

"Have you lost any relations?"

"Not within the last three years."

"Have you lost any reputation in your own country?"

"No."

The doctor studied for a few moments and then said:

"I must know what is on your mind: I must know what is troubling you."

Then the young man said:

"My father was an infidel; my grandfather was an infidel, and for the last three years these words have haunted me: 'Eternity, and where shall it find me?' I walk about in the daytime, I lie down at night, and it comes upon me continually: 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' Doctor, is there hope for me?"

The doctor said:

"Sit down and be quiet. A few years ago I was an infidel. I did not believe in God and was in the same condition in which you now are." The doctor took down his Bible and, turning to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, read: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." When he had finished the young man said:

"Do you believe that He voluntarily left heaven, came down to the earth, and suffered and died that we might be saved?"

"Certainly I believe it. That brought me out of infidelity, out of darkness into light." And the doctor preached to his patient salvation and Christ his only Saviour, after which doctor and patient both knelt in prayer.

When Mr. Moody was in London in 1867, he learned that a letter had been received by Dr. Whinston from that young nobleman telling him that the question of "eternity and where he should spend it" was settled and troubled him no more.—Selected.



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## THE LOST CHILDREN PRAYED.

Dr. Robert Turnbull the distinguished author and preacher, of Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford, did not remove to America until he was nearly twenty-five years old. It was while he was still a little boy in his Scottish home that the incident occurred of which he told us that memorable Monday morning.

On a wintry day Robert and his little sister strayed out from their home for a walk on the moor. As it drew toward dark, on the short winter's day, a driving snowstorm came on. Soon the children were blinded and dazed by the chilly storm. With no well-defined road over the moor, and with all land marks shut out from sight by the falling snow, the children were soon bewildered. As they looked about them, and turned from side to side in search of the way, they quickly lost all knowledge of the points of compass, and were helpless as to the direction they should take. They realized that they had lost their way, and they dared not move in any direction. Yet these were children who had been taught that their Father in heaven could help them.

"Robbie let us pray," said the sister; and they dropped together on their knees on the snowy moor, as if in their home bedroom.

"We only knew 'the Lord's Prayer,'" said Dr. Turnbull, as he told the story; "and we said that prayer together. But God knew what we really meant. 'Please show us the way home': and He answered us accordingly.

"As we rose from our knees and peered about through the driving snow, my sister, keener-eyed in her faith, called out gleefully: 'There's Old Maggie, Robbie. She'll show us the way.' And we sprang toward her, calling out as we pressed on, 'Maggie, Maggie.'"

"Old Maggie," said the narrator, "was a humble neighbor, and in a sense a dependent of ours, who was often at our

house to perform service or to receive supplies. There she was just before us now in the driving snow, breasting the storm, with her plaid about her. As we called to her she did not look back, but pressed on, while we with our tired little feet followed after as best we could, glad of her safe lead. But suddenly Old Maggie disappeared. Bewildered again we stopped and looked about us in the snow. To our wonder and delight, there just before us was our dear home which we were seeking. Maggie was gone. Her mission for now was performed. God had used her lead to answer our prayer that he would show us the way home."

As we looked into the Christ-lighted face of good Dr. Turnbull when he bore this testimony, we all felt that it was no mere fancy of the brain that had misled him. It was but an added evidence of God's goodness to his trustful children in their need, and we were glad that we also had such a loving Father. The impression of that recital has been with us ever since in all these years. And now as the close of life's wintry day comes on, and the snows of age dim my eyes. I am glad of my confidence that my Father will not leave his child without a guide until I am finally in the place which he has prepared for me and for mine.—Rev. H. Clay Trumbull.

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## WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN?

The following record of God's care of one of his children is vouched for by our friend Miss Mary A. French, a missionary to India, who since her return some years ago has continued her work for the Master through the Postal Tract Mission and in other channels as the Lord has opened the way.

Miss Margaret C., while in Boston, Mass., received word that her mother was dying in Nova Scotia, about fifty miles from Halifax. She started at once and took a through train for Halifax—the first she could get.

She asked the conductor if he would

stop the train for her when they reached her destination. He refused positively. He said his orders were to go through to Halifax and he certainly should obey them.

"Well," she replied significantly, there is a higher power superintending this train." So she ceased pleading with him, and looked to the Lord to stop that train so as to let her come to her dear mother's side before she passed away: About midnight the train began to slow up. The conductor came to her and said, "Here you are just where you wanted to stop. There is a freight train on the track, and we have got to wait. But we are not accustomed to stop here and there is no one at the station. You will be obliged to alight entirely alone, and it is not safe for you to stop here at this time of the night."

But as she got off the train she met her brother at the steps. Although he knew that train did not stop, and did not know she was on it, he had been obliged by some irresistible impression to get up and dress to go to that train.

While he was dressing his wife awaked and asked him why he was going to meet that train. "You know," she urged, "that train does not stop here."

"Yes, I know it, but I cannot sleep. I feel as if I must go, and I am going."

He harnessed his horses, drove to the station and brought his sister home in time to see her mother and minister to her before she died.

Now who stopped that train? We need not suppose, as some would scoffingly suggest, that God needed to block a railroad in order to answer that girl's prayer. It is enough that He who knows the end from the beginning, and who foresaw the consequence of the careless act of some one connected with that road, should have moved his child to take the one train that could bring her to her mother's bedside, and sent her brother to meet her at the desired time. While sufficient faith can remove mountains, the mountains are not moved needlessly; and sometimes it would

seem that God impels his children to ask for things that are already on the way.—The Christian.

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### THE BIBLE AND THE ROBBERS

A native, Christian preacher in Persia was overtaken by night while traveling, and attacked by a band of ferocious Mohammedan robbers. When these men found that the captive taken in the dark was poor, they were inclined to kill him. One of the robbers exclaimed, 'He is a Gheber; let's kill him anyhow.' In a moment fifty men had drawn their swords to purge the earth of such a wretch.

The frightened Christian had no weapons; but he had a Bible, which he had been taught to regard as a sword for spiritual warfare. Drawing his Bible from his bosom, he cried:—

"Men, you make a great mistake! Do you not see that I am a man of the Book? This is the Book that your prophet repeatedly declared to be true."

"The flash of the light on the edges of the Bible caught the gaze of the men: light seemed to blaze from the Book. The swords dropped, and several of the robbers came closer to examine the volume curiously, without daring to touch it. They dragged the preacher to their village, that the mullah might say whether to spare the man for the sake of the Book.

"It is indeed the Book," said the mullah, after making sure that it contained the law, the Psalms, and New Testament, as the Koran says it does; it is the Book, and whoever unjustly kills one of the people of the Book, him will God smite."

"So it came to pass that the poor preacher, so nearly murdered in the robbers' pass, finished his evening an honored guest in the village, reading to his wild hosts psalm after psalm by the flickering light of the oil wick. And as each of the beautiful psalms came to an end, the robbers, with one accord, said 'Amen!'"—Bible Society Record.



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## THE MOUNTAIN DRIVER.

"My Adirondack driver, old Harvey, had driven me for hundreds of miles over those mountain roads; we had been about everywhere together; and I had broached the subject of religion in an indirect way; I had gone away around the barn to talk about these things to him.

But I had never until a week before his death come right to the point of trying to grip his soul with my own personal touch, and I talked to him in a low voice as I sat on the front seat next to him all that drive through about becoming a Christian. I did not make much progress, but I said: "I am going to preach down in the mountain church next Sunday night. Won't you come and hear me?" "Well" he said, "if you put it that way, I will come."

The next morning one of my neighbors in the mountains said, "Did you hear that Harvey was very sick?" I said, "No; I will go and see him." I went straight to his house, and the son said: "You cannot see him this morning. He is critically ill, and the doctor said no one must go in but the nurse." I went the next day, and he was worse, and still they wouldn't let me in.

The third day I went, and the little granddaughter came with tears rolling down her face and said, "Grandpa has just died." The next day was Sunday, and I went down to the mountain church, and preached the sermon I had prepared with Harvey in mind.

I had imagined him sitting in the pew, and my preaching the word, trying to get seed into the soul, but old Harvey was not there. I couldn't see those people; that was what might be called an absent minded sermon; my mind ran down the road to the little mountain house where old Harvey, my Adirondack driver, lay cold in death. The next morning, when we held his funeral service and they asked me to take part, I said, "I cannot speak, and I cannot pray even; I do not feel that I am wor-

thy to go before the throne; I will just read a few passages of Scripture."

When I fell in line with the country folk trying to do what they do, though I dislike it, and walked around his casket, as I drew near, I did not see the plate. I only saw instead the inscription on that casket put there by Divine hands, and it read, "A lost opportunity."

Friends, there are men dying down in your town, and in your little country village, and in family, and in church; and in every case it is a lost opportunity. God help us to enter into this work of soul winning with all the passion of our hearts!—Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D.

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## ANOTHER CALL.

Some are called to preach, some to business, some to keep house. Our calls are various as our talents. Only let us be sure that we attend prayerfully to the divine voice.

More than half a century ago, a young student of Phillips Academy was called upon to endure a bitter trial. It was the desire of his heart to go through college and become a minister of the Gospel. But his health failed, and he was forced to give it up.

One evening, alone in his room, in sore distress, he threw himself flat upon the floor, his soul crying out in voiceless agony, "O God, I cannot be thy minister! I cannot be thy minister!"

Suddenly there came to him a new hope—a vision of serving God in business with the same devotion as if preaching, a perception that making money for God might be to him a sacred calling. Springing to his feet, he joyfully exclaimed: "O God, I can be thy minister. I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry."

This earnest young student was none other than Alpheus Hardy, the merchant prince of Boston, one of the noblest philanthropists of the century.—B. M. Brain.

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## PARENTAL LOVE.

For a little while imagine yourself to be seated around the table of an American boarding-house, where the inmates are spending an hour or two in the evening relating the more remarkable events that have occurred to them; imagine that you are listening to one of the guests there:

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live many miles away up on the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good men.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back and, above all, a doll for my youngest child, Dolly (she never had a shop-doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother made her). Dolly could talk of nothing else and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one."

Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I started off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine, and tea, and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to have stayed until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so eagerly expecting.

I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine and, pretty well loaded, started for home. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the midst of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost like doing that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain fell in torrents. I

was five, or maybe six miles from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass; called again, and again was answered.

Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and there to rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away. But once more I heard the piteous cry, and, said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here and die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under a hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and he came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as best I could, promising to take it home to mamma.

It seemed tired to death, and soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said: "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"



"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly. It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up in the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while her mother was at work, and for her they were lamenting as for one dead.

I thanked God on my knees before them all.

It is not much of a story, neighbors; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—"the little baby-cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

Is God less pitiful than man? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Did you notice the last sentence in that man's story? "It is not much of a story, neighbors; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard that cry for help upon the road."

To me that sentence explains the whole story of redemption. That man's love for his child was such that life would have been intolerable to him had he failed to save her.

Sinner? God the Father listened to the cry for help, the piteous wail of misery that ascended to Him from His lost children; and he sent His Son to seek and to save that which was lost.—Selected.

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### FETTERED FOR ANOTHER.

More than eighty years ago, a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A gray-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," he replied; "and every pair must be worn."

"Then, said the noble officer, 'put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own.' This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison.

Upon his death he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn the fetters of all in the prison? What if instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains to bear their stripes to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever!

Such a thing has been done. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus"; "who gave Himself a ransom for all."

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### SO NEAR HOME, YET LOST.

Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, afterwards a pastor in New York, says, "When after safely circumnavigating the globe, the Royal Charter went to pieces in Moelfra Bay, on the coast of Wales, it was my melancholy duty to visit and seek to comfort the wife of the first officer, made by that calamity a widow. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and the lady was sitting in the parlor expecting her husband, with the table spread for the evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her he was drowned. Never can I forget the grief, so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung my hand as she said, 'So near home, and yet lost.' That seemed to me the most terrible of human sorrow. But ah! that is nothing to the anguish which must wring the soul which is compelled to say at last, 'Once I was at the very gate of heaven, and had almost entered in, but now I am in hell.'

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## TAKING ANOTHER'S WHIPPING.

It is the self sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self sacrifice! We all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure? How much would we risk for others?

A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "you take off your coat instantly and receive this whip." The boy declined and more vehemently the teacher said, "I tell you, now take off your coat. Take it off instantly!" The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash; he was used to that in his cruel home. But it was for shame. He had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat, and as they saw the shoulder blades almost cutting through the skin.

As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike, a rosy, healthy boy leaped up and said; "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me. He is only a poor chap: he can't stand it. Whip me." "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging! But if you want to take the position of a substitute you can do it." The boy said: "I don't care; whip me. I'll take it; he's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders, this healthy, robust lad made no outcry; he endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say 'Bravo!' for that lad, Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others?

Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ; for in all our occupations and

trades and business, and all our life—home life, foreign life—we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.—Selected.

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## CHRISTIANS IN STRANGE COMPANY.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a beautiful singing canary. A friend wanted to try if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it, and placed it in the cage with his sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back; but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside another canary, which sang well. This had the desired effect, and regaining the old note, it sang as beautifully as ever.

Many Christians go, like the canary, into the strange company and atmosphere of worldlings, and consequently they do not only not teach the world to sing their happy, glorious notes of praise, but they cannot sing the old songs of praise in a strange land themselves, and soon they learn the sorrowful note of the world. The best thing for such is to go back again into the more genial society of happy rejoicing Christians, among whom they will soon learn to sing the glorious notes of praise again.—Selected.

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"A man looked up the record of 7,125 church members as shown in Church statistics and found that in a year they added to the Church 344 persons who confessed their faith in Christ. He looked up the records of 137 life insurance agents and found that they in the same year induced 2,462 persons to confess their faith in life insurance—persuaded that number to insure their lives."—The Continent.



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## THE NOBLEMAN'S OFFER.

Lord C—— was an earnest Christian, heartily engaged in seeking to do good, both to the poor of London and among the tenants on his other large estates. And like many other Christian workers, he was often deeply grieved to find that so few seemed impressed with the message of God's love and the offers of His grace. Thinking over the matter in his own mind, he fixed upon a plan that he hoped might teach a lesson of faith which would not be lightly forgotten, and at the same time impress the importance of now accepting the gracious offers of salvation.

The session of Parliament being over, he started for his country seat. The morning after his arrival he had the following notice posted up in various places through the village that lay upon his estate, and also on the large gate of his private grounds, so that every one could see it. It fixed on a date some ten or twelve days in advance, and read as follows:

## NOTICE.

Lord C—— will be present with his steward at his office in the village, between the hours of 9 and 12 on Tuesday, the 14th inst., and will then and there pay freely all accounts and debts, to whomsoever due, of any of his tenants who cannot discharge their obligations. To avail themselves of this offer the applicants must present their accounts in the form of separate bills, containing the exact statement of the amount and nature of the debts owing to each creditor; and they must also give a statement of their own means and whatsoever property they have—C.

Very soon crowds began to gather around the various placards through the village and at the office, and curiosity and astonishment possessed them all. Every one was asking: "What does this mean?" But to one and all the steward had but one and the same answer to give: "That is Lord C——'s signature, and the notice speaks for itself. That is

all I know about it." Any further explanation he refused to give, nor would he answer any questions on the subject. He merely said he was ordered to put up the notice, and that was all he could say.

The day appointed by the notice rapidly drew on, and the excitement of the tenants increased. Some, as they read the last clause of the notice, seemed to think it meant that they must give up all that they had if they would claim the offered benefit. And as they were not insolvent, they concluded they would not reply. Some gathered up their accounts and made out the required statements, but concluded to wait and see how others might fare, intending, if they succeeded, to present their list of hopeless debts. Some again planned to keep back part of their assets; while others, deterred by argument or ridicule, gave up all thought of the matter; and still others thought the idea so strange that they said it was only some unaccountable whim of Lord C——, and not worth a moment's thought or notice. "But there's his own signature; he'll never dishonor that," said a neighbor; and so the discussion went on to the end.

At last the day came, and the crowd of tenants and lookers-on gathered about the office. All their efforts to gain further information had been in vain, and now they had all come together to see the result. A little before the appointed hour Lord C——'s carriage drove up, and from it he stepped into the office, and the door was closed and locked after him. Precisely at nine a step came from the inner room, and they heard the bolt thrown back, so that any one could enter. Men looked at each other and waited, none being willing to go in first, fearing either to confess their poverty and indebtedness, or to meet the ridicule that might follow an unsuccessful application. "Do you go and try, Jones," said one to his neighbor. "I'm not so poor as you think for," was the answer. "Do you go," was said to an-

other. "I guess I'll wait and see what others do," was the reply. "Why don't you try it?" said a fourth. "Well," said the one spoken to, "there's plenty of time yet." And so the time passed on while each looked to see what others would do, and so waited and did not go in.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, when an old couple from the poorhouse came up to the office. "Is it true," they asked, "that Lord C—— has offered to pay all our debts?" "Well, yes; but he hasn't paid any yet." "Has any one been in to see if he would do it?" "No, not yet." Just then the notice on the office door caught the old man's eyes. It was faded by exposure to the sun and rain, but still perfectly plain. "Why, wife, that's his lordship's signature," said the old man. "Thank God, we can die free from debt." And they both started for the door of the office. "That's right, old man, you go in first and let us know how you fare. Don't think yourself out of the poorhouse yet." "Guess he'll find himself fooled after all." These were some of the comments that fell on their ears as they entered, but, disregarding them all, in they went.

Within the office they found only Lord C—— and his steward. The old man laid his statements on the table, saying, "There, my lord, are my debts. I have no property, but live in the poorhouse. But it matters little, if I can but die free from debt." "Why should I pay your debts?" asked Lord C——. "I do not know, except that you say you will; and I know your signature and believe your promise." "That is enough," said Lord C——. And by his direction the steward then made up the account of the old man's debts and then drew a check for the amount, which he handed to Lord C——, and he signed it and passed it to the old man, who warmly thanked his benefactor, and then started for the door, saying, "I must go now and tell my neighbors." "No," said the nobleman, "you must not tell them; they must trust my word for

themselves, as you have done." And so the old couple were shown into another room, to wait till twelve, while Lord C——, being satisfied that poverty was their misfortune and not their own fault, ordered the lease of a nice little place to be made out to them for life, and added this to the check he had given them.

Outside the office time wore away, and as the old couple did not come forth, all the people concluded they had failed and there was nothing in the matter. The hour of twelve drew near, men looked at each other, but did not go in. At last the hour rang out from the church clock; and with the last stroke from the bell the door opened, and the old man and his wife came out. "How is it, how is it?" cried the people. "Have you got the money?" The old man showed them his check. "Good," he said, "as solid gold." At the same moment the nobleman came out, and as he entered his carriage there was a rush of the crowd to it, each one pressing forward with his statement, and crying, "My lord, will you not pay my debts?" "Here is my account; will you examine my statement?"

"Friends," was the reply, "it is after twelve o'clock. The hour is past. It is too late!" And he drove away.

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation!" "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up and hath shut the door!"—Selected.

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"John Knox was famous for his earnest prayer. Queen Mary said that she feared his prayer more than she did all the armies in Europe. One night in the days of his bitterest persecution, while he and his friends were praying together, Knox spoke out and declared deliverance had come. He could not tell how. Immediately the news came that Queen Mary was dead."



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## A WAGON-LOAD OF FOOD.

"A young minister and his wife were sent on to their first charge in Vermont about the year 1846. On the circuit were few members, and most of these were in poor circumstances. After a few months the minister and his wife found themselves getting short of provisions. Finally their last food had been cooked, and where to look for new supply was a question which demanded immediate attention.

"The morning meal was eaten, not without anxious feelings; but this young servant of the Most High had laid his all upon the altar, and his wife also possessed much of the spirit of self-sacrifice; and they could not think the Savior who had said to those he had called and sent out to preach in his name: 'Lo! I am with you alway,' would desert them among strangers. After uniting in family prayer he sought a sanctuary in an old barn, and there committed their case to God:—his wife met her Savior in her closet and poured out her heart before him there.

"That morning a young married farmer, a mile or two away, was going with a number of hands to his mowing field, but as he afterward told the minister, he was obliged to stop short. He told his hired help to go on, but he must go back—he must go and carry provisions to the minister's house. He returned to the house, and telling his wife how he felt, asked her help in putting up the things he must carry. He harnessed his horse to his wagon; put up a bushel of potatoes, meat, flour, sugar, butter, etc. He was not a professor of religion. The minister's wife told me there was a good wagon-load. He drove it to the house, and found that his gifts were most thankfully received. This account was received from the minister himself, —David Y.—, who died in Chelsea, Mass., in Dec. 1875,—and subsequently from his wife,—and communicated to a correspondent of 'The Christian.'"

—Selected.

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## COMING TO THE FATHER.

(A Lincoln Story.)

Hon. John G. Cooper, an Ohio Congressman, in his address at the Gospel Mission of Washington, D. C., on the evening of January 14, 1917, used this incident to illustrate the verse, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." He said: "Once during the Civil War, the Army of the Potomac was about 20 miles south of Washington. A private soldier from Pennsylvania received a letter from his home, saying, 'Your wife is dying, do come and see her.' An order had just been issued that no more furloughs should be granted to either privates or officers of the Army of the Potomac. The night after getting the letter the soldier slipped through the lines and walked all the way to Washington. He went at once to the White House. The guard refused him admittance. He showed the guard the letter and the guard said, 'I am very sorry, but my orders are positive and I cannot let you pass.'

"The soldier turned away weeping and sobbing. A little boy ran up to him, saying, 'Soldier, what is the matter; oh, why do you cry so?' 'I need to see the President. My wife is dying; oh, what shall I do?' The boy took the soldier's hand and said to him, 'I can take you to the President; he is my papa.' But the guard refused to let them pass. Just then Mr. Lincoln came to the door and little Tad called, 'Papa, papa, this soldier is a friend of mine. The guard will not let him pass. He needs to see you, papa; do see my soldier.'

"Mr. Lincoln said: 'Guard, let the boy and the soldier come to me,' and the matter was easily arranged and the soldier sent on to his home in Pennsylvania. So," said the Congressman, "justice and law guard the portals of heaven against us, but the grace, love and tenderness of the Son of God gain us admittance to the favor of God and eternal life."—The Presbyterian.

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## A PRINTER'S SELF-DENIAL.

The following incident was related by John B. Gough, and is found in his book, "Platform Echoes":

About fifty men were employed in a printing establishment in New York. One of them had permission to sleep on the papers, under a bench, to save the expenses of lodging—he spent no money except for the commonest necessities of life. His fellow-workers set him down as a mean man, a cowardly sneak, because, while they insulted him, he did not resent it. He bore all their persecution patiently, and they left no stone unturned to annoy him in his business. This went on for months. It was the custom of the men in this office to have an annual picnic, or excursion party.

One pay-day in the month of June, the men were standing around the imposing-stone, when some one proposed that the excursion should take place the following month. "Very good." "Then we shall make up our committee—committee on invitation and finance." "What will you give?" was asked, "and you? and you?" This man stood, "sent to Coventry," isolated, alone. Some one asked him how much he would subscribe for the picnic. He quietly refused to give anything for any pleasure excursion. The man who had asked him said something so grossly insulting that his patience was exhausted, and he struck him and sent him to the floor.

Then he said: "Now, gentlemen, I am no fighter; I did not seek this quarrel, but matters have come to a crisis. You have treated me shamefully for months, and I have borne it patiently. Now I suppose the place will be too hot to hold me, and I must find some other position. I have never told you why I have been obliged to appear to you mean and avaricious, but I will do so now. I have a sister, whom I love, and I have been supporting her at a boarding-school; this I found comparatively easy, but my sister has become blind.

My poor little, blind, orphan sister is without a friend on earth, except myself to care for her. I have ascertained that in Paris there resides a physician who has been very successful in curing the form of blindness with which my sister is afflicted; and, gentlemen, I have been starving myself for months to raise the money necessary to take her to Paris; and by the help of God I will do it yet, in spite of your opposition."

The man whom he had knocked down then said: "Look here, will you shake hands with me? From my heart and soul I beg your pardon. Now, men, we will have no excursion this year, but I ask every man in this shop to put down ten dollars on that imposing-stone."

"Gentlemen, I do not ask for your money."

"Down with the money, every man of you."

In a fortnight, every man in that shop waited upon him on board the ship with his sister. Two years afterwards they gladly welcomed him as he brought her back with sight restored, like one coming from the pool of Siloam.

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## A CHEERFUL GIVER.

In a certain church a man regularly gave every Sabbath five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow, who supported herself and six children by washing, was as regular as the rich man with her offering of five cents, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the widow's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus."



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## VISIONS OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

In the "Life of William Tennent," that zealous, devoted minister, and the friend and fellow-laborer of Whitefield, the author of his memoirs, gives an account of Tennent being three days in a trance.

He became prostrated with fever, and by degrees sank under it, until, to appearances, he died. In laying him out, one felt a slight tremor under the left arm, though the body was cold and stiff. The time for the funeral arrived, and the people were assembled. But a physician, Tennent's friend, pleaded that the funeral might be delayed.

Tennent's brother remarked: "What! a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake?" The doctor, however, prevailed; another day was appointed for the funeral.

During the interval, various efforts were made to discover signs of life, but none appeared save the slight tremor. For three days and nights his friend, the physician, never left him. Again the people met to bury him, but could not even then obtain the doctor's consent. For one hour more he pleaded; when that was gone he craved half an hour more. That being expired, he implored a stay of fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which Tennent opened his eyes.

The following brief account is given in Mr. Tennent's own language, and was related to a brother minister: As to dying, I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable. I can say as Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before His glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the great and happy multi-

tude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: "You must go back."

These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more.

I cried out: "Lord, must I go back?" With this shock, I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in this world, I fainted, then came to, and fainted again several times, as one probably would have done in so weak a situation.

For three years the sense of Divine things continued so great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it.

To the friend who wrote his memoirs Mr. Tennent, concerning this experience, once said: "I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld, at a distance, an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind, it is impossible to communicate to mortal man."

"Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person."

"The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity. So great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

Mr. Tennent lived a number of years after this event, and died in the triumphs of a living faith, March 8, 1777, aged 71 years; his mortal remains being interred at his chapel, in Freehold, N. J. He was an able, faithful preacher; and the Divine presence with him was frequent-

ly manifested in his public and private ministrations. In personal appearance, he was tall, erect, and of spare visage, with bright, piercing eyes, and grave, solemn countenance.—Selected.

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### A BASKET OF WATER.

An eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and a friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls one of the men said:

"What is the use of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other man, and throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket!" he exclaimed to himself. "If the water had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task.

It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bade him keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things.

"Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."

Is not this a good lesson to teach us to be faithful in small duties of each day, as well as the large ones; to do everything, no matter how small, as unto our heavenly Master? Little acts of duty or kindness go a great way when done for Jesus' sake.—Selected.

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### AN INVITATION PROMPTLY ACCEPTED.

Bishop C. C. McCabe related this experience, which will be appreciated by all those who are engaged in Christian work:

"I am sometimes startled at the ease with which a soul can be won. Not very long ago, in a strange city, as the hackman got down off his box and opened the door to let me out, I dropped a quarter in his hand, and, as I did so, I grasped his hand and said to him, 'Good-night; I hope to meet you again in glory.' I had often done that, and I thought nothing of it in this case. I went into the house, met my host, and retired to my room for the night. About midnight, my host knocked at my chamber door and said: 'Chaplain, that hackman has come back, and he says that he has got to see you tonight. I told him that he had better wait until morning, but he said, 'No, sir; I must see him tonight, and I know that he will be willing to see me.' When the hackman came up, a broad-shouldered, rough-looking man with a whip in his hand, he stood there in my presence with the tears rolling down his cheeks like rain. Said he: 'If I meet you in glory, I have got to turn around. I have come to ask you to pray with me.' What a privilege it was to pray with that man; what a privilege to point him to Jesus; and yet I never saw him before in all my life. There are ten thousand men in this country who were never invited to come to Christ."



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### THE WEALTH OF OLD MAN JONES.

"There is one thing that I can't understand," said my friend with a questioning mind.

"What is that, Hanson?" I asked.

"About old man Jones, down there at the foot of the hill. If there are any Christians in this country, he is one. He has prayed twice a day for forty years, and proved his faith by his works. He has worked hard, and has been ambitious to lay up something for his family, yet he is exceedingly poor, has always been poor—often his family lack the bare necessities of life. That little cabin with the rocky patch of ground around it is all he has to show for a life of drudgery. Yet the Bible says that all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord, and to him that asketh it shall be given. How do you explain it?"

"Let us go down and talk with him about it," I replied.

The old man warmly welcomed us into his simple cabin, and set chairs for us by the open fireplace, for it was a frosty November day.

"I'm glad to see you, Will." He always called me Will. "I have been wanting to tell you about a letter I got two weeks ago from Dave. Dave has professed religion, and joined the church." The old man's eyes grew bright, but his voice shook a little. "I've been praying for that boy for many years, and I knew the Lord would save him." The light on the face furrowed by care and toil and age was good to see. "I'm perfectly happy now," he continued. "Mary married a good man, and they have a good home. Sam is preaching the gospel, and now Dave has chosen that better part. The Lord is wondrous good to his servants, and I can say with David, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'" And he repeated the whole Psalm.

"But haven't you often needed things

that you did not get?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, yes! certainly, there have been many times in our lives when we did not have all the worldly goods we wanted, but some way we pulled through," replied the old man cheerfully. "Perhaps it was the result of bad management, perhaps it was best so, but that matters little. The Lord has made us so rich in everything else we do not mind a little poverty."

As we climbed the hill my friend was silent. When we reached the summit we looked back at the little cabin at the foot.

"I understand now," said my friend.  
—William H. Hamby.

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### FELLOWSHIP THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer recently told a London audience how he managed to get workingmen into his church. When he held the first meeting in his church for workingmen, he said: "Men, we won't call one another brethren, but we will call each other brother." The next day, as Mr. Meyer was going through one of the slums, a scavenger shouted off his cart, "Good morning, Brother Meyer." And then the preacher knew that he was the king of the situation. He replied, "Good morning, brother." Then the scavenger got down from his cart, and came up to him, when Mr. Meyer took his hand. But he drew it back, and said, "Excuse me; my hand is not fit for the likes of you to take." The preacher said: "There is lots of soap and water at Christ Church. Give me your hand." So they shook hands together, and went down the yard. They met four other men, and the scavenger held up his hand before them, and said: "Look here, mates, the new parson that has come has shaken hands with that hand." They said: "Well, if he has done that, he will do." If we want people to love our God, we must have fellowship with them.—Selected.

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## A CHILD IN A CREVASSE.

A Highland widow, bearing her only son, a babe, in her arms, went away to seek assistance from a relative to pay her rent. She was suddenly overtaken, in a wild glen among the mountains, by what was long recalled by her fellow-villagers as "the first May storm." After attempting in vain for some time, with her infant in her arms, to buffet whirling eddies, she wrapped her child in her own cloak and laid him carefully down among the heather and ferns in the deep cleft of a rock, with the intention, it is supposed, of making her own way home, through the drifting sleet, and obtaining succor for her little one. She was found by the anxious neighbors next morning, stretched cold and stiff on a snowy shroud. But the cries of the babe directed them to the crevasse close by where it lay all unconscious of its danger, and from which it was rescued in safety.

Many long years afterward that child returned from distant lands a disabled soldier, covered with honorable wounds. The first Sabbath of his home-coming he entered the Gaelic Church, Glasgow, to get shelter from a heavy fall of snow. It was on a communion Sabbath. The subject of the discourse was the Love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," the preacher narrated the above story of the Highland widow whom he had known in his boyhood. And he asked: "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of the poor tattered cloak which she wrapped around him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude too deep for words?"

"Yet, what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over those memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man, requesting to see the clergyman. The request was complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face, said: "You do not, you cannot recognize me, but I know you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my country. I came to town a few days ago in ill-health. On Sunday I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth, the Gospel preached.

"I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried: "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears.

"Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never did I forget my mother's love.

"Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this, until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me, a poor, lost sinner. I confess it, I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added: "It was God that made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit in making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages."

—Rev. W. Adamson, D.D.



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## A SINGLE SOUL.

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So reluctantly, and against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood before her, and asked gently: "Where are you going tomorrow night?"

And she answered, "I thought I would go to the concert."

Then the angel said sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning as she lay saying softly to herself, wondering what it could mean,—*"So little appreciation of the value of a single soul."*

She decided she must take back her promise to attend the concert and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

*"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,*

*Grace to cover all my sins;*

*Let the healing stream abound,*

*Make and keep me pure within.*

*Thou of life the fountain art,*

*Freely let me take of Thee,*

*Spring Thou up within my heart,*

*Rise to all eternity."*

As the music ceased the young girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers tonight," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended a friend came to Ruth and said:

"The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished, the girl went to receive an introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian tonight to your testimony. I have not been inside a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn,

*'Jesus, lover of my soul,'*

I thought to myself, 'There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it.' So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand and pressed gratefully that of her new friend.

She knew now the meaning of the angel's message.

She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had proved recreant to her trust, nor of the dream that had influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would have to always remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound. Looking from the window, she could see where the midnight express and the 11.30 freight had collided.

The cries of the frightened and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thought of self, and calling her

father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers as she stood beside the burning train was that of Mrs. Walters. Pale and peaceful it was, though showing how intensely she suffered.

She was extracted and borne to Ruth's home. The power of speech was almost gone. She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch.

Taking her hand and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly:

"Child, I'm going—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father to always do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of a single soul.—Mrs. A. C. Morrow.

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#### A MILLIONAIRE'S SAVING.

A story is found in the memorials of the late William E. Dodge of a boy in dirt and rags who came into his Sunday school class one day. The other scholars were not disposed to give a seat, but their teacher arranged a place in one corner, and after school learned from the boy something of his history. It was the old story of a drunken father and wretched home. Mr. Dodge told the boy to come to his home the next Sunday morning, and here he received a suit of clothes that made a marked difference in his appearance, and also in his reception at the school. But the following Sunday he came again in the same miserable plight as at first, only, if possible, looking more woe begone. His father had seized the clothes and sold them for rum. Mr. Dodge provided another suit, but took the precaution to have his scholar come regularly to his house before school, put on the Sunday suit, and stop to exchange it again before returning home.

When summer came his father took him out of the city for a few months; but, on leaving, the boy asked for a

New Testament, and he said he would try to learn some verses while absent. In the fall he was in his old seat again, his face beaming with joy to find himself again in school. As the class was being dismissed he asked his teacher somewhat diffidently if he would be willing to wait a few minutes to hear him recite a few verses. Mr. Dodge gladly consented, and sat down expecting the task to be soon over. "Where shall we begin?" "O, anywhere, sir; perhaps at the first chapter of John." For twenty minutes the boy continued to recite, needing only an occasional prompting of a word. The church services were then to begin, and they were compelled to go; but Mr. Dodge agreed to remain again the next Sunday. This was continued for several weeks, chapter after chapter being repeated with wonderful accuracy.

In the course of time the family moved away, and Mr. Dodge lost sight of the scholar who had so greatly interested him. Many years after, as Mr. Dodge was sitting in his office, a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man approached him, and said, "You do not remember me?" "No, I can hardly recall your face." "Do you recollect a little ragged boy named —, who came to your Sunday school class one day?" "Certainly I do." "I am that boy."

And then, with some pardonable pride, and to Mr. Dodge's surprise and delight, he told how he had succeeded in obtaining work in a large manufacturing establishment, how he gradually won his way up to a responsible position, and how finally the original partners relinquished one branch of their business and handed it over to himself and one or two others of their principal assistants. He had now become a member and officer of a church, a teacher in the Sunday school, and had a family of his own.

Such acts make rich men honorable, and when earthly wealth is left behind such deeds live as wellsprings of perpetual gladness in the paradise of God.—Our Young Folks.



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**OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN WEALTH.**

Very early in my ministry I came into close fellowship with a cultured young man who had inherited a prosperous business. He took me into his confidence and confessed that he had been definitely called to the ministry, but added: "I have refused the call because I am unwilling to go through life in poverty. I have determined to be rich." He thought he recognized business ability in me and urged me to go into business with him. When I refused, he remarked, "You're a fool."

I moved after a couple of years to another place, and I heard as years went by of a number of fires in which that man's mill had been burned and of other reverses. I went to India and the man and the story were well-nigh forgotten. But a little while after I was elected to my present office in the Auditorium, Chicago, I was taken by a friend into the basement of one of Chicago's great buildings to see its wonderful machinery. As I walked around I came upon the once wealthy friend of my early ministry working with a shovel in that basement on very small pay as a day laborer. I tell this sad story to say that both experience and observation have assured me that God cares for the needs of all who are wholly true to his call to the ministry, but, alas for those who disobey and forget that "obedience is better than" wealth!—Frank W. Warne.

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**A SLEEPING SENTINEL.**

A general, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night; and had ordered sentinels to be stationed around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself, and said: "Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once, after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of." The man then went to his station, and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright

summer night, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said: "I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes."

Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining upon him through the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear, and the field was alive with soldiers, who sprang from the ground where they had been silently creeping forward, and rushed toward him. Fortunately the arrow had missed him, so he gave the alarm to the other sentinels and the army was saved.

Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered it, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. Jesus said to us: "Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Selected.

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**KEEP YOUR WORD.**

A story is told of a gentleman who visited President Lincoln, and who was in the habit of making promises more freely than he kept them. In order to induce one of Mr. Lincoln's boys to sit on his lap, the gentleman offered to give him a charm which he wore on his watch-chain. The boy climbed into his lap. Finally the gentleman arose to go, when Mr. Lincoln said to him "Are you going to keep your promise to my boy?" "What promise?" said the visitor. "You said you would give him that charm." "Oh, I could not," said the visitor. "It is not only valuable, but I prize it as an heir-loom." "Give it to him," said Mr. Lincoln sternly. "I would not want him to know that I entertained one who had no regard for his word." The gentleman colored, undid the charm and handed it to the boy, and went away with a lesson which he was not likely soon to forget, and which others may profit by learning.

Be slow to promise, but never fail to perform a promise which you have made.—The Armory.

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### WHAT CAME OF A LITTLE BAG OF RICE.

Rice is in one sense the most valuable cereal in the world. A greater number of people subsist on it than on wheat or corn; more than four hundred millions of human beings use it as their chief article of food. It is not a native of America, but is of Asiatic origin. How do you suppose it came to be cultivated here?

The story is an interesting one, and shows what great results sometimes grow from small causes. One little canvas bag once held all the rice seed there was in America. I will tell you how it happened.

In the time of the early settlement of the country, the people did almost anything to get a living. Those of South Carolina, besides cultivating the ground, made tar and pitch from the pine forests, and sometimes they hunted and fished. It was very hard work to earn a subsistence, so hard, in fact, that there was one man who thought there ought to be an easier way.

This man's name was Thomas Smith. He had once lived on the island of Sumatra, where a great deal of rice is grown. He remembered that it was cultivated on wet or marshy ground. Now a large portion of South Carolina is low, moist land. Smith thought there was no reason why rice would not grow in Carolina as well as in Sumatra.

It happened just at this time that a ship from this very island of Sumatra came to Charleston, where Smith lived. The captain and he were old friends, and Smith told him how much he was in need of some rice seed.

"Why," said the captain, "the cook must have some and you shall have it."

Upon investigation it was found that the cook had just one little bag of rice seed. This the captain gave to his friend who sowed it in a wet plot of ground that lay to the rear of his garden.

The seed sprouted and grew finely,

and a large crop was harvested. Smith distributed a part of it among his neighbors, and a great deal of rice was raised that year. Soon everybody who had wet lands turned them into rice fields, and now rice is one of the great products of the South. Nearly a hundred million pounds are produced annually, all of which came from that little bag of rice from the far-away island.—Selected.

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### PRESERVED FROM WOLVES.

A remarkable case of the preservation of the life of a little girl of nine years from ferocious forest wolves occurred in Platteville, Colo. The parents of the child were named Sutherland, and the instance was fully narrated in the Denver News. The child went with her father one cold afternoon to the woods to find the cattle, and was told to follow the calves home while the father searched for the cows. She obeyed, but the calves misled her, and soon she was lost. Night came on, and with it the November cold and the dreaded wolves. With a strange calmness she continued on her uncertain way. The next day, Sunday, at ten, she reached the house of John Beebe, near the village of Evans, having traveled eighteen hours, and a distance of at least twenty-five miles. All night the wolves growled around her, but harmed her not; neither was she frightened by them, though Colorado wolves are far from harmless. In ordinary cases fierce packs of blood-thirsty wolves will devour a man, or even a horse. But this one was invincible in her trusting, simple faith.

The narrative states: "She said the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet; but her mother had told her that if she was good the Lord would always care for her, and so she knew the wolves would not hurt her, because God wouldn't let them!"

The child was hunted for by a large party, and when found was restored to her parents in health and soundness.—Selected.



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## WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

Six thousand persons inside, and two thousand outside of Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London waiting to hear somebody preach. The preacher was a strong man, and very plain, very simple—the children could understand. The truths he taught were strong and simple, and very plain.

Years ago when he was a boy, he was a strong boy, wilful, impetuous. His father was a farmer and stone mason and died when little Dwight was four years old. His mother was very poor. Soon after her husband's death, his creditors rushed upon her and seized for debt everything she owned; everything but her children—seven sons and two daughters, the eldest a boy of fifteen. The oldest boy was his mother's stay and hope. But he ran away; he ran away from his widowed mother, his small brothers and sisters, because his mind was filled with the folly of trashy books he had been reading. He thought he had but to run away from home to make a fortune.

As little Dwight crowded in among the others about his mother in that poor home and studied the sorrow in her voice and in her face, as children know how to do, and knew that his lost brother was breaking her heart, God was making him ready to seek wanderers the world over; he was learning what it was to be lost away from home, the agony of the hearts that love the lost, and, by and by, he learned how the Father in Heaven grieves over the children lost away from His home. The little fellow often and often ran eagerly to the post office for tidings of the wandering brother, and came back sadly with the hard words: "No letter." When the wind was high, and the house shook, the mother knelt among her children and prayed for the boy away from home.

Is it any marvel that the man with the thousands crowding about him to

listen to the story of God's love for runaway sinners should pray in such dead earnest for every lost man among them?

One day the watching mother sat at her door alone; a stranger came to the door and stopped, she looked at him, she thought she had never seen him before. He stood, tall and bearded, with tears rolling down his face. When she saw his tears, she exclaimed: "Oh, it is my lost son!" And then Dwight knew how a mother forgives, how she rejoices as the angels do, over the lost come home again.

Dwight grew older, fond of fun, rather than study, but finding work enough to do on the small farm. He did not care for school, and perhaps the reason was the rattan that had a sharp, decided way of coming down on the back of the disobedient or idle boy.

After a while a lady taught the school, and she opened the school with prayer. The school went quietly on and there was no rattan; at last the rules were broken, and Dwight was the first boy to do it; then, sure that the rattan would be brought out, he lifted himself into a defiant attitude and waited. But no rattan came. After school she told the disobedient boy that she loved him, and had prayed to be able to rule him and all the school by love, instead of the force of the rattan, and asked him to try to love her and be a good boy. He never disobeyed again.

When he was seventeen he started for Boston to look for work. Like other homeless boys he had failure, discouragement, and long waiting. He says: "I went to the post office two or three times a day to see if there was a letter for me. I had not any employment and was very homesick and so went constantly to the post office. At last, however, I got a letter. It was from my youngest sister, the first letter she ever wrote me. I opened it with a light heart, thinking there was some good news from home, but the burden of the whole letter was that she had heard

there were pickpockets in Boston, and warned me to take care of them. I thought I had better get some money in hand first, and then I might take care of pickpockets."

At last, an uncle, a shoe dealer, consented to take the country boy into his store; but the condition was that Dwight would regularly attend the Mount Vernon church and Sunday school. There he found his devoted Sunday school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball. So interested did he become in the rough country boy that one day he went into the store and behind the counter where Dwight stood, and with his hand on Dwight's shoulder talked to him about Christ. Not long afterward the boy took a stand for Christ. God chose Mr. Kimball to touch his heart.

Long afterward God chose this boy to touch the heart of Mr. Kimball's son, a boy of seventeen; his own age, when Mr. Kimball found him.

In his eagerness Dwight longed for work for Christ, but he was so ignorant, so little able to express himself in fitting words, that for a year after he desired it he was not admitted to the membership of the church. His English was so poor that he was not allowed to confess his faith in Christ. When, years afterward, thousands crushed and crowded to hear his words, whose English did he speak?

The church thought he would never have "clear and decided views of gospel truths," that he would never "fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." It is the Holy Spirit who takes the things of Christ and shows them to His disciple. It is the Holy Spirit who teaches in that same hour of demand what the disciple shall speak, and it is the Lord who works with and confirms the disciple's word.

In Chicago, when he was nineteen, he went to work in dead earnest. He opened a Sunday school in a vacated saloon, in the neighborhood of two hundred saloons and gambling dens. Someone found him, holding a colored child,

and reading by the light of tallow candles, the story of the Prodigal Son to the few children he had gathered.

"I have got only one talent. I have no education; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him."

Before fifteen years all Great Britain was moved by the power God had given to this man who began his teaching with the colored child upon his lap, the light of tallow candles, and the rather labored reading of the Prodigal Son.

Has this man, Dwight L. Moody, ever spoken to you?—Selected.

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### AN UNKNOWN HELPER.

When I was in Australia a few years ago I went to see a lady to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was shown into the parlor, and presently a young lady came in and took me to where her aunt was in bed, and she told me how her aunt has been an invalid for twenty-five years. Her aunt told me that she had been one of eleven brothers and sisters, ten of whom were all strong and healthy, but they all were dead except her. She said: "Mr. Stock, the Lord wants me. I am his remembrancer, and I am kept alive."

She told me that her niece would procure all the missionary journals and read them aloud to her, and as they would come to a certain part where there was need she would say, "Stop a moment, my dear," and then pray for a blessing upon the place or person she had just heard about.

I felt as for a moment the veil that hides the invisible God was withdrawn. It is not in our great gatherings, it is not in our great organizations, it is in the quiet, silent prayers of God's people that blessing will come, and, therefore, when you hear of these missions that we all pray for, remember that, though we stay home in the ordinary humble life of love, our prayers may be the means of bringing this or that soul into the kingdom.—Eugene Stock.



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## HONORABLE LABOR.

There are some people who seem to regard labor as dishonorable and beneath their proper dignity. They are mistaken in this estimate, for God has ordered that men should labor. A Puritan minister named Carter, coming upon a Christian brother who was busily employed in his work as a tanner, clad in the begrimed and filthy garments appropriate to his calling, gave him with his salutation a friendly slap upon the shoulder. The tanner looked back and said to the minister:

"Oh, sir, I am ashamed that you should find me employed in this way."

"My friend," said the minister, "may the Saviour when He comes find me doing just so."

"What! doing such dirty work?"

"Yes," said the minister, "faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

Dirty work sometimes makes clean money and no man has a right to be ashamed of faithfully following an honest calling.

Years ago a student from one of the southern States came to attend the Theological Seminary at Andover. When winter set in he purchased a cord of wood for his stove. But how to prepare it for his fire was the difficulty. He could find no extra hand to chop it for him. There were no circular saws and wood-splitting works going then. In his perplexity he went to Professor Stuart to advise him. The learned professor, who knew how to use his hands as well as his head, made short work of the matter.

"Young man," said he, "I am in want of a job myself; and if you have no objections, I will saw the wood for you, and split it myself."

The student concluded that he would not trouble Professor Stuart to saw the wood for him, but preferred to do it himself.

A story is told of a young gentleman who purchased some provisions in a Boston market, and, when looking

around for some one to carry home his purchase, at last found a quiet man who was willing to do it, and he was so pleased with his conversation and appearance, that thinking he might be glad to employ him again, he asked him his name. After some questioning he found out the man who had served him so satisfactorily was "Billy Gray," the merchant prince of Boston, the sails of whose ships whitened every sea, and who perhaps could have bought out a hundred such men as the one whom he consented to serve.

Are there other examples? Yes, "for the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Let Him be our pattern and example.—Selected.

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## SAVED BY BLOOD.

Here in New York, in Bellevue Hospital, a man gave his blood to save the life of a stranger, who was brought in unconscious and rapidly approaching death. There was but one possible chance, the transfusion of healthy blood into his veins. William Vanderbilt, a young German in the hospital, being treated for an injured foot, offered to give his blood. He was laid with his strong left arm near the limp right arm of the dying man. The surgeon opened a vein in the arm of the unconscious man and let out a quantity of blood. Then he inserted a tube, the other end of which connected with a vein in the arm of the German. For fifteen minutes the blood flowed from the strong man into the body of the dying one. The effect was marvelous; the feeble pulse became nearly normal, a flush came to the pallid face, and the man breathed regularly. The tube was removed, and he opened his eyes and spoke. The German was pale and weak, but revived after a rest and a meal. The other man rallied rapidly. He owes his life to the German stranger whose blood saved him from the grave. What should his gratitude be!

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## SPLICING THE LADDER.

One night the large and splendid sailors' home in Liverpool was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them?

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "Give me a long ladder and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder," he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his own shoulders, and, holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered and creeping down over the short ladder, and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement, amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others, we must add our own length to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow-clerk, Warren Proctor, was becoming a hard smoker and a hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years old. When he urged him to stop smoking and drinking, Warren replied:

"Why, you sometimes take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor, I will do the same," was the reply.

The bargain was made, and Harry

saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.

It is a noble thing to be unselfish and to give up gratifications for the sake of other people.

When the great Christian sage of old said, "It is not right to drink wine by which my weak brothers stumble," he added the length of his own influence to the ladder for saving others from drunkenness.

I could tell of two Christian lads, well educated and refined, who go every Sabbath to a mission school in a dirty, degraded street, that they may encourage some poor ragged boys to go there, too. Those two boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish, and they mean that the poor, ignorant lads shall climb up in the world over them.

That is the way to imitate the divine Master, Who gave Himself that men might climb out of the folly and degradation of sin into heaven itself.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

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## A BALL, A DOLL AND A MAN.

One day in Chautauqua, N. Y., the late Henry Drummond told this true story about a ball, and a doll, and a man. A great steamer had started from Liverpool to New York. Among the passengers was a little boy and his sister. One day the boy lost his ball overboard; he rushed to the captain, begging him to stop the ship and get it. The captain laughed, and told him it would never do to stop a steamship for the sake of a ball. The boy argued a little, and grumbled a good deal, and told his sister that he believed the reason the captain did not stop his ship was because he could not; he believed it was wound up some way, so that it would have to keep going until it ran down, or else he would never have left a great splendid rubber ball like that in the ocean.



Two days afterwards the little girl's dollie fell overboard. She ran crying to the captain to beg him to stop the steamer. "That won't do any good," her brother shouted to her; "he can't stop it; don't you know about my ball?"

But the little girl made her pitiful prayer to the captain, who ran to the engine room, peeped down, and saw the dollie within reach. "Wait a minute," he said to the little girl, and the ship went steadily on its way; but in a few minutes the captain came back with the dollie in his arms, all dripping with salt water, but safe.

On the next day there went a cry over the deck of that steamer, "Man overboard!" Instantly a bell rang in the engine room, short, sharp orders were given and obeyed, and the great ship stood still in mid-ocean, while the life-boat was launched and slipped out after the drowning man. Then there was one very much astonished boy on board! As soon as the steamer reached New York, or as soon afterwards as possible, the boy received a handsome new ball from the captain with a note expressing his regret that he could not accommodate his passenger and stop the ship to get the one life in the ocean.

I wonder if you could think why Professor Drummond told this story?

"To please the children," one little girl said when I asked her, which was a good answer, but he had even a better reason than that; and he pleased the grown people too. He told it to illustrate different ways in which God answers our prayers. The captain thought it not best to stop his great ship for the sake of a ball, yet the boy received from him in due time a newer and better one than he had lost. It was not necessary to stop the ship in order to answer the little girl's prayer she begged him to do it, but that was because she did not understand his power to save the dollie without that; the thing she prayed for she received, though not in the way she asked.

Yet the moment came when—because

a human life was in peril—even the great engine had to be silenced, and the course of the ship changed, because the captain had power to do it.—Selected.

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### FIDELITY OF A DOG.

The Heppner, Oregon, Gazette tells a story of a dog's double devotion, which will tend to increase the regard of all lovers of dogs for those faithful creatures.

Mr. James Kinney, the chief shepherd of the flocks of Mr. Thomas Quade, had occasion lately to change camp from the mountain range to his feeding grounds. The distance was three miles. One of the collies had at the range a litter of five puppies, seventeen days old, which, as she was needed in the drive, she had to leave behind. The first night, as soon as the sheep were folded at the feeding ground and her responsibilities over, she went straight back through a driving snow-storm to her young, and spent the night with them.

Next morning, however, true to her master, she was at the corral bright and early for her duties. She remained all day, guarding and herding the sheep, and at nightfall started back to her babies.

This continued for eleven days. On the morning of the twelfth day the dog was late at the corral, and Mr. Kinney felt some uneasiness about her. After a little time she appeared, bringing one of her pups, which had now grown to considerable size, in her mouth. She had struggled all the three miles with it, over a rough road. It was evidently her intention to bring the pups all up to the corral, one at a time, without sacrificing any of her time with the sheep.

Somewhat conscience-stricken at his neglect of the litter so far, Mr. Kinney hitched up a wagon and went to the range after them. He secured them all, and gave them and their mother a warm nest close to the hearth in the farmhouse.

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## THE STORY OF A BIBLE.

Napoleon Bonaparte, in one of his campaigns, was engaged in taking a German fortress which had resisted his efforts for six months. When at last it was taken by storm the soldiers rushed into the towns and laid hands on whatever of value they could. In the French army was a German named Krause, and he, like the rest, sought out a house which he thought might be worth looting. On entering he was accosted by a boy of six years, who, holding up a Bible, said: "Here, I will give you this, though I like it very much, only do nothing to my dear mother."

The soldier took the book, and on opening it was arrested by the words he read, and, much to the surprise and relief of the widowed mother and her four young children, he said, "I will take nothing if you will let me have this Bible." He placed the book in the breast of his tunic, and left the house, keeping guard outside, and so preventing any of his comrades from entering until the soldiers were called to their quarters.

Meanwhile a body of Germans were advancing to the relief of the town, but arrived just too late to prevent its fall. They, however, attacked the French, and during the progress of the fight Krause was struck in the breast and fell to the ground. For a while he was unconscious, but on regaining consciousness he was much surprised to find that, instead of being wounded, the missile had lodged in the Bible which he had received from the boy. Thus the book had been instrumental first in softening his heart and saving the widow's family from danger, and then in saving the life of the recipient.

Krause afterwards became an officer, and seven years later he wrote a letter to the boy who handed him the Bible, enclosing a considerable sum of money, "as a reward to the noble boy, who, seven years ago, gave his dearest pos-

session as a ransom for his mother, and thereby saved the life of this grateful friend, Edelrich Krause."

This is a very remarkable incident, and though such a coincidence is hardly likely ever to happen again, yet similar results are being seen every day. Many a hard heart has been softened by a passage from the Bible, and many who have set out to commit a wrong have been stopped at the remembrance of a text they learned in childhood.

Although the soldier did not go to his quarters that night with so much "loot" as his companions, he, no doubt, was often glad to think that he had left the widow's home untouched, and thus saved her and her children from sorrow. No doubt that Bible was treasured and often shown by Krause to friends as the savior of his life, but, better still, he accepted the gospel message which the book contained, and so it became the way to a life better and more lasting than that which had been preserved to him by its protection from the bullet.—*The Little Christian.*

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## THE DANGER OF WRONG ADVICE.

Many years ago, when Dakota territory was being settled, a young woman left her home to visit her father and mother. She was the mother of a little child and was anxious for her parents to see her little one. Her father returned from the post office and reported an approaching blizzard from the northwest. The young mother, against the advice of her father, cut her visit short and decided to hasten home. When she had traveled on her homeward journey some thirty or forty minutes, the blizzard broke upon the country in all its fury. She became greatly agitated, for she feared that the train might be snow-bound. She asked the trainmen repeatedly not to forget where she was to leave the train, and they assured her they would not forget. A traveling man sitting behind her calmed her fears with



the statement that he was going far beyond her station, and would tell her when to leave the train. The engine began to lose power. The train was running late. After a long, tiresome journey they came to the station preceding the one where she desired to leave the train. The traveling man said, "The next stop is your station. Get your wraps and bundles ready." So she got ready. In about forty minutes the train came to a standstill. No station had been called, but the traveling man said, "This is your station, madam." She hurriedly left the train. After a while the train pulled out and probably thirty or forty minutes later the trainman called the station at which the woman had intended leaving. The traveling man sprang to his feet. "Haven't you made a mistake?" he cried. "No, sir. I know every station on this line," said the trainman. "Where is the woman who is to leave here?" The traveling man answered, "I thought we stopped at that station thirty minutes ago, and I told her to get off." "We didn't stop at any station thirty minutes ago," the brakeman said. "Something went wrong with the engine and we stopped to fix it. We were out on the open prairie, and it is miles to the nearest house, and in such a blizzard I don't see how that woman can escape death." When they reached the station the conductor telegraphed the division superintendent the situation and the latter answered by wire, "Spare no expense. Take an engine and a car and every available man and find that woman." They searched many hours in that blinding blizzard. About daylight they found her and her baby frozen to death. She had followed the wrong advice and it had cost her life.

To our church members everywhere I would say: Beware of the temptation to lead unclean, compromised, godless lives, the examples of which may ruin others for eternity. If there are such among you, clean up, for Jesus' sake, and let us take America for Christ!—Rev. French E. Oliver.

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### THE NEED OF SELF-CONTROL.

A celebrated trainer of wild animals says: "In some curious, incomprehensible way, wild animals know instinctively whether men are addicted to bad habits. It is one of the many problems that are beyond human understanding. For those who are in the least inclined to drink, or who live a loose life, a wild animal has neither fear nor respect. He despises them with all the contempt of his nature and recognizes neither their authority nor their superiority. If a man has begun to take just a little intoxicating liquor or has deviated from the straight road, animals will discover it long before his fellow-men. The quality in the trainer which dominates the animal nature within himself is precisely the quality which dominates the animals he trains. If he yields to the brute within him, no matter how little, his perfect poise and self-mastery are gone and the keen instinct of the wild beast recognizes this instantly. Brutes seem to understand man's degradation to their level, and his life is in danger every moment he is in their cage."—The Baptist and Reflector.

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### A SENSIBLE CHOICE.

John Nelson, the Yorkshire mason, who was a co-worker with John Wesley, possessed convictions and earnestness that should characterize every Christian of today.

When threatened with dismissal because of his refusal to work on Sunday, he said: "I would rather have my wife and children beg their way barefoot to Heaven than to ride in a coach to Hell. I will run the risk of wanting bread here rather than the hazard of wanting water hereafter."

It is interesting to relate that Nelson's employer admired his earnest steadfastness so much that he increased his wages and stopped all work on Sunday.—Pacific Ensign.

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**JOHN V. FARWELL'S START.**

The millionaire philanthropist, John V. Farwell, founder of the great wholesale dry goods house of Chicago bearing his name, a leader in religious work, and the founder of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, told in the "Saturday Evening Post," some years ago, how he got his start in a business career.

"Strange as it may seem, I got on the track to business success through being discharged.

"I came to Chicago in 1845 with less than four hundred dollars in my pockets. My resources consisted of an iron constitution, a fairly good education, and a strong religious belief.

"I at once set out earnestly to seek employment, and finally secured a position in the city clerk's office. By virtue of the position I was soon assigned to make reports of the meetings of the city council, securing for this work extra pay to the amount of two dollars the meeting. Soon, however, I ran across a snag that caused me to meet with shipwreck. In my office reports of the council proceedings I narrated things exactly as they occurred and this did not please certain aldermen. Although I received more than an inkling of this, I continued to make accurate reports, and the first thing I knew I was discharged from the employ of the city.

"The blow was a severe one, as work was hard to find; and I was, for a time, deeply discouraged, but with the elasticity of youth I quickly rallied and soon found a position as book-keeper for a dry goods firm. It was in this place that I determined to become a merchant, and although my salary was very small, the work gave me an insight into the dry goods business. After a time I was offered a position with another house at the magnificent salary of \$600 the year, which enabled me to save a good deal of money. Within five years of my arrival in Chicago I was made a partner in this firm. Ten years later

two young men, whose names are now generally familiar, were also admitted to the firm. These two men were Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, and I do not go beyond the truth in claiming to have given them their primary education in business. I have sometimes wondered what would have been my lot if I had stayed in the city clerk's office."

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**A TRUE STORY.**

Robert Stephens tells the story of his salvation thus: I was born in a poor man's home on the coast of Cornwall, England. When nine years of age I was sent into a shipbuilding yard to work for my living. My surroundings were of the sinful kind. Soon my young life drank in these influences. I drifted along to the age of seventeen. At that time I used to go out after supper with the young men of my age, and spend the evenings on the streets in some kind of street pleasure. I was out on this mission one evening, and a party of us were standing by a store window when a party of Methodists came by, going home from their prayer-meeting. When they reached us they stopped, for some reason I do not know. One of the party, an old man, came up to me, and putting his hands on my shoulder, and calling me by name, said: "I don't know why, but I always pray for you." When he had said this he lifted his hand, and the prayer-meeting crowd passed down the street. I looked after them in the darkness, saying, "I wonder why that old fellow prays for me?"

The work was done. Conviction for sin followed. A desire to be saved entered my life, and two weeks after that I found Christ. The old man is in heaven long ago. I am here, doing what I can to make the world better.

Only a word—that was all. But as a result of that word thousands will be in heaven, for the old man started forces to work that evening which will never stop—no, never.—N. C. Christian Advocate.



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**BURKE THE BURGLAR.**

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate "jobs." Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers, who were his natural born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the *Globe-Democrat* announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he "would weave in a lot of scripture for the *Globe-Democrat* to print, and that might count, if his own words should fail." He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a *Globe-Democrat* into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfort.

"Philippi!" he said; "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the *Globe-Democrat* got to print such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been burglar and jail bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out, if it kills me to do it." He found it out.

Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came around Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here."

In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released.

Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer if he wouldn't make him a better-looking man so that he could get an honest job. You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his childlike faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, he went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said, "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job."

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?"

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent

for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see. Years afterwards the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened that he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night and many hard men came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been the chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated.—Prof. H. H. Mamill, D.D.



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### WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY?

This question can poison our existence and shorten our life.

To thousands who have accustomed themselves to listen to the opinion of others more than upon their own peace of soul, does this question become a curse.

What are the people who today live, and tomorrow may be dead? Shall my welfare lie in the hands of such who are as chaff? Shall I, in order to please them, offer up my happiness of life? Will those people, upon whom we bestow such attention, stand by us when we are most miserable? Our misery to them is as pleasing as our happiness; both furnish topics of conversation.

A missionary once related the following:

"A king's son was a prisoner, who, after several years, was released upon the condition that he permit himself to be led at the hour of noon through the city.

"'Oh,' said the young man, 'how will the people look?'

"'You do not yet know how you will be led,' answered the king.

"When the hour arrived, he gave him a vessel filled to the brim with milk in his hands.

"'As soon as you spill a drop you must die,' said he.

"Close behind the young man walked the executioner with dagger in hand, to stab him as soon as a drop fell to the earth.

"From far the people had come together to see the king's son upon his perilous journey; head by head the crowd stood upon the streets. All the windows were crowded and some even climbed upon the roofs. When the youth had passed through the terrible ordeal, the king stepped to him and said:

"'Well, what kind of faces did the people make?'

"'Oh, king,' answered the youth, 'I saw not one. I only saw my life in my hands and death behind me.'"

Let us be like this youth; let us not look around, but take care of ourselves, for we carry the happiness of lives ever with us; and it is only by walking very carefully and heeding the Divine voice that says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," that we can safely reach the goal which is life eternal.—Selected.

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### FERVENT PRAYER.

It is related that on a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Martin Luther to inform him that his beloved friend Melancthon was dying. Luther at once hastened to his sickbed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death.

He mournfully bent over him; and sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor, he looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O Luther, is this you! Why do you not let me depart in peace?"

"We cannot spare you yet, Phillip," was the reply. And turning around, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upwards of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand.

Again he said, "Dear Luther, why do you not let me depart in peace?"

"Oh, no, Phillip, we cannot spare you yet from the field of labor," was the reply.

Luther then ordered some soup; and when Melancthon declined to take it, saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?"

"We cannot spare you yet, Phillip," was the reply. He then added, "Phillip, take this soup; or I will excommunicate you!" Methancthon took the soup.

He soon commenced to grow better; regained his wonted health; and labored for years afterwards in the cause of the Reformation.

When Luther returned home, he said to his wife with abounding joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."—Selected.

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## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A large opera house in Washington City was filled with people. Five hundred members of a Woman's Congress occupied the first floor. Flags and flowers beautified the stage, which was rendered doubly attractive by the elegant presence of a number of ladies officiating. Suspended above a brilliant scene, the insignia of the society shone out in electric splendor. The United States Marine Band delighted every listener with a perfect melody that filled the building to its remotest corner.

A young woman was seated with strangers, her relative having left her to return later in the evening. They were in one of the upper circles, to which the general public was admitted. Attracted by the conversation of two ladies, she could scarcely do less than explain to them certain points in the program which they did not seem to understand. They had attended a "Woman's Rights" convention the previous week. They also discussed the Daughters of the American Revolution. As they talked on, embracing Rebecca in the conversation, she observed that they wanted every one in society, religion, and everything else, to do just as he pleased. They didn't "believe anything" themselves, but they "didn't want to interfere" with anyone.

"You surely believe the Bible, don't you?" said Rebecca, much distressed.

"Parts of it, but purely as history," answered they.

"Oh, I feel very sorry for you," said Rebecca, earnestly. "I feel very sorry for you."

"You belong to some church, then?" remarked one of the ladies in some amusement.

"Yes, I am a Presbyterian." "We know that is a strong church, of many influential members, but we know little else about it," was the reply.

"Katherine," said an old gentleman to his wife that night, "my mind is made up, I am with you at last, I have decided

for Christ and the Church."

The invalid wife wept tears of joy. "Tell me, dear, what helped you to this decision? I know it was God's Spirit, but tell me about it."

"Only the simple faith and earnest testimony of a girl talking to some strong-minded women from Boston, who were down at the Congress tonight. I sat behind them and heard what they said."

The Boston ladies returned to their homes. Again and again the words came back to them, "I feel very sorry for you," and "Yes, I believe every word of it is true and the word of God." Finally one of them spoke of this to the other, who confessed the same experience. "Suppose we read it and see if we can find anything in it for us?" They read and God opened their eyes to behold wondrous things. They found something in it for them. Their souls were saved—their lives changed.

Rebecca may never know how far her words went. She returned to her home unconscious of having done anything for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, yet she had been the instrument in God's hands of helping to bring three souls to the Saviour. Let us weigh our words and be wise, that we may be among the blessed who turn many to righteousness.—Presbyterian.

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"We are only unlighted candles until Christ lights us. There is no shining light in us in our natural, unspiritual state. Christ himself is the Light of the World—the only self-igniting, self-sustaining light. 'He is the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He is the brightness of the Father's glory. In Him the perfect light of God's own life and love shone over the earth. For a time He was in the world, and the brightness streamed far abroad. Then, before He went away, He lighted a cluster of lamps and left them burning. 'Now ye are the light of the world.' He said to His disciples."—Selected.



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## THE ARTIST AND THE GIPSY GIRL.

Many years ago in the old city of Dusseldorf, a town of Rhenish Prussia, there dwelt an artist by the name of Stenborg. A Roman Catholic, he had been taught their doctrines, but knew nothing of Christ as his own Saviour from the guilt and power of sin. He had been engaged to paint a great picture of the crucifixion, and this he was doing—not from any real love to Christ or faith in Him, but for money and fame. But in mercy God brought this man to know the wondrous love which led Jesus Christ to suffer that awful death of the cross; and how this was done this story will tell.

One beautiful spring morning Stenborg was seeking recreation in the forest near Dusseldorf when he came upon a gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. She was gifted with more than the usual beauty of her race, and Stenborg was so impressed by it, that he determined to engage her as a model for a picture of a Spanish dancing girl. So he bargained with Pepita, for that was her name, to come thrice a week to his studio to pose as a model.

At the appointed hour she arrived; and as her great eyes roved round the studio she was full of wonder, while looking at the pictures. The large one (the crucifixion) caught her eye. Gazing at it intently, she asked in an awed voice, pointing to the figure on the cross in the centre, "Who is that?"

"The Christ," answered Stenborg carelessly.

"What is being done to Him?"

"They are crucifying Him."

"Who are those about Him with the bad faces?"

"Now, look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you." The girl dared not speak again, but she continued to gaze and wonder.

Every time she came to the studio, the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Then again she ventured to ask a ques-

tion, for she longed to learn more of its meaning.

"Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?"

"No, very good."

That was all she learned at one interview, but it added a little to her knowledge of that wonderful scene.

At last, seeing she was so anxious to know the meaning of the picture, Stenborg one day said, "Listen; I will tell you once for all; and then ask no more questions;" and he told her the story of the cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quiver; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Tears filled her eyes, and she could hardly control her emotion.

Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She stood before the great picture, loth to leave it. "Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over."

"Thanks, Master." Then, again turning to the picture, said: "You must love Him very much when He has done all that for you; do you not?"

Stenborg could not answer. Pepita with a sad heart went back to her people. But her words pierced Stenborg like an arrow. God's Spirit sent the gipsy girl's words home to his heart. He could not forget them. "All that for you," rang in his ears. He became restless and sad. He knew he did not love the crucified One; and Rome can give no real rest to the troubled heart. Her votaries never know the peace of God.

Some time after this Stenborg was led to follow a few poor people who gathered in a retired place to hear the Bible read and the gospel preached. There for the first time he met those who had a living faith, and heard the simple gospel. He was made to realize why Christ hung upon the cross for sinners; that he was a sinner, and therefore Christ was there for him, bearing his sins. Thus God led the artist to the knowledge of salvation, and he began to know the love of Christ and could say, "He loved me,

and gave Himself for me."

And now he longed to make that wondrous love known to others; but how could he do it? Suddenly it flashed upon him. He could paint. His brush could tell out the love of Christ. Praying for God's help in the work, he painted as never before, and the picture was placed among other paintings in the famous gallery of Dusseldorf. Underneath he placed the words:—

"All this I did for thee; what hast thou done for Me?"

Eternity alone will tell how many were led to Christ by the words and the picture.

One day Stenburg saw a poorly-dressed girl weeping bitterly as she stood by the picture. It was Pepita.

"O master! if He had but loved me so," she cried.

Then the artist told her how He did die for her, poor gipsy girl though she was, as much as for the rich and great. Stenburg did not weary now of answering all her eager questions. He was as anxious to tell as she to hear of the love of Christ; and as it was presented to her, she received it, and went from that room a sinner saved, rejoicing in that wonderful love. Thus the Lord used Pepita's words to bring the artist to Himself, and then used the artist's words by which to reveal Himself to her.

Months afterward Stenburg was suddenly called one night by a dark-looking stranger to visit a dying person. Following his guide through the streets into the country, and then beyond into the deep forest, at last they came to a few poor tents in a sheltered spot. In one of these he found Pepita dying in poverty, but happy in the precious love of Christ. He saw her die praising her Saviour for His love, knowing that He had taken all her sins away, and that she was going into His blessed presence to be forever with Him.

Long after this, when the artist, too, had gone to be with the Lord, a wealthy young nobleman found his way into that

picture gallery, and as he gazed upon the picture and the words underneath it, God there and then spoke to his heart. It was Count Zinzendorf, who from that day became an earnest Christian, and also became the father of the Moravian missions by means of which God led thousands of souls to Himself. Such are the wonderful ways of God!—Selected.

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### A VOICE WITHIN.

When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example.

But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud: "It is wrong!" I held my uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice."—Dean Farrar.



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**FAITHFULNESS TO A FELLOW-BOARDER.**

According to Oriental thought and custom, one with whom you "break bread," or with whom you sit at meat, is, by that very fact, in covenant with you, and you have sacred duties toward him that must not be shirked or evaded. Yet many a Christian in a Christian community will sit at the same table with another, as a fellow-boarder, for weeks or months, without knowing anything of his religious or spiritual views or wants. Both will talk freely on ordinary subjects, but the subject of chief importance is not named or considered. Is this right? Will any Christian say that it is? Is it right toward either party? How much is lost on both sides by such a course?

For a long time I and my family lived at a boarding-house in a New England city. There was, during that period, a season of special religious interest, or a general revival, in that city. There sat at the same table with us a gentleman and his wife, who, as we knew, were not professing Christians, or church members, and had never expressed to us any particular interest in the revival movement in the city. One noonday I suggested to my wife that we ought to speak to our table neighbors personally on the subject, and urge them to surrender themselves to Christ. As she agreed with me as to our duty, I proposed that while I would go up to the gentleman's place of business and have a loving talk with him, she should seek out the wife in her room, and plead with her for Christ. This was agreed to. Then we knelt together and asked God's blessing on our efforts, and on those in whose spiritual welfare we were interested.

The gentleman was a bank officer. I called there just after bank hours, knowing that he would be disengaged. As I asked him for an interview, he invited me into the directors' room, and closed the door. When I spoke of my loving interest in him, and of my purpose in

calling, he burst into tears, and said that he was so glad I had come. Then he told me how he had longed, day after day, for some one to speak to him on this subject. When men came in who were prominent and active in the prayer meetings, he had tried, in vain, to lead the conversation to the point of a personal word, but had always failed. How adroit some Christians are in avoiding the subject of personal religion in business places and in business hours! I found this man longing to be helped into the kingdom, and glad to learn the way. That was an ever-to-be remembered conversation for Christ.

When I went back to the house, at the close of the afternoon, my wife told me, with a cheerful face, of her experience. After my leaving her, as she was preparing to go to the room of the wife she had on her heart, there was a knock at her door. As she opened the door that wife came in, and, bursting into tears, she asked if her friend wouldn't help her to Christ. She had longed to be spoken to by someone, and now she could bear this no longer. The two wives went on their knees together, and they rose with glad and grateful hearts.

That husband and wife soon stood up and confessed their faith together, as they connected themselves with the church. They were active for Christ in all the years until they entered into rest. And their children were prominent and useful in Christ's service after them.—  
H. Clay Trumbull, D.D.

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A fire occurred in a crowded hall in a southern city. The audience caught a glimpse of a blaze behind the platform. Everybody shrieked and began to rush for the doors. A lady in a room off the platform seized a sheet of music, and coming forward, bowed calmly, smiled, and began to sing. Her steady voice and smiling face convinced the panic-stricken people that there was no danger. They stopped and settled quietly into their seats. The fire was put out. A fatal panic was averted by a brave heart and a cool head.

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## ACCEPTING THE LAST OFFER.

One Sunday I passed with a near relative. There I met a gentleman whom I had never seen before, but who was connected with my relative. I sat with him at the table, and we had pleasant conversation. In the evening this gentleman was out at a church service, and the lady of the house was suffering with a headache. I urged her to retire, while I would sit up and close the house after the visitor came in. As I did this, I sat by the sitting-room fire, on the cold winter night. When the visitor was in, and the house was closed, we still sat together there.

He spoke of the service that he had attended, and he was evidently much impressed by the sermon.

"You don't often hear a sermon like that, especially from such a minister," he said. "The minister brought us right up face to face with the Judgment Seat, and there he left us. There were no soft words to ease us down, such as, 'But I trust this is not for you, my brethren.'"

Then, as if soliloquizing, as he sat there looking into the fire, he added:

"I tell you, in the great day, we who go over to the left hand will not feel very kindly toward the men who have glossed this thing over, when they had a chance to tell us the plain truth."

The impressed man was much older than myself, old enough, perhaps, to be my father, but he had been brought to my side in a condition of mind to need help; and I was there to speak for Jesus. It was not a question of seniority, nor of long acquaintance, to be considered by one who represented the Eternal. Laying my hand lovingly on his knee, as he sat by my side looking thoughtfully into the fire, I said:

"My friend, what do you mean by speaking of 'we who go over to the left hand'? You belong on the right hand, and you ought to recognize this. The judge is your Saviour. You ought to

trust Him fully as such."

"I suppose I ought to," he responded.

"Well, do you not?"

"I can't say I do."

At this I drew my chair around so that I could look directly into his face, and I said earnestly, feeling the full force of my words:

"This is God's doing, and you must recognize it. God has brought us to this house to meet for the first time in our lives. He has planned it so that you should go out to that evening service, and hear that impressed appeal. And now, while all others in the house are asleep, you and I sit here facing the question of questions for your soul. I cannot leave you until you settle it. I speak for the Saviour when I urge you to commit yourself to Him for now and forevermore."

Then reaching out my hand, I said:

"My friend, you realize what all this means, and its importance. Now, promise me that this night, before you sleep, you will, on your knees, tell your loving, longing, waiting Saviour, that you've delayed this thing altogether too long but that you won't do so any longer. Tell Him that you trust Him because He is the Saviour, and you are one whom He wants to save. Give me your hand on this, my friend, and then go to your room and do what you know to be your duty."

My companion evidently felt that it was a crisis hour with him, and he could not evade the sense of this. My hand was outstretched to him. For some time he said not a word, but I saw that he was quivering with intense emotion. Meanwhile I was praying in my heart for a blessing on him in conflict of soul. Then, with a convulsive movement that shook his strong frame, he put out his right hand and clasped mine as though it were for life. I realized that he had given himself to his Saviour. Rising, I asked God's blessing on him, and bade him good night, and we parted. I went to my room for the night, and to pray for him, and he went to his room to pray for himself.



Before he came downstairs in the morning I left for my home. I never saw him again. Before the day closed he left that house for his home. By a severe railroad accident, on his way home, he was fatally injured, and soon he was with the Saviour to whom he had intrusted himself. A younger brother of his was an office-bearer in one of the Fifth Avenue churches in New York. When he learned that the loved brother had thus committed himself to the Saviour while he was yet in life and strength, he was indeed rejoiced and grateful. And we thanked God together.—H. Clay Trumbull, D.D.

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### THE INFIDEL PRAYED.

I remember, says the bishop of Saskatchewan, many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said that some years before then a humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered around a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased.

The missionary stood up and said: "My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat.

"In a short time he would near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger and I heard him scream, 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water and

reached the canoe. I dragged it to land and saved him. The man whom I heard when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell."—Selected.

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### GOD HELPS WHEN NEEDED.

What a deal of useless worrying we might save ourselves if we would always carefully remember that God's blessing of help comes to us on time—just when it is needed by us! We may get glimpses of some coming trial and then we begin to fear that we shall not be able to bear it. We worry lest we will not have sufficient grace to endure the ordeal. We get prematurely faint and feel sick beforehand. Thus we take on ourselves grievous burdens which not only illy prepare us for the trial, but which we cannot do without sinning against God, for we indulge in unbelief and carry a burden which God forbids us to shoulder. Dr. A. Maclaren says: "I remember that one of the martyrs, who was to be burned on the following morning, thought that he would try himself; and, there being a large fire in the cell, he put his foot into it to see whether he could bear to have it burnt, and soon shrank back. Therein he was foolish, for, when he went out the next morning to stand on the fagots and burn, he stood like a man and burnt bravely to the death for the Master. The fact was, his Lord did not call him to burn his foot in the stove, and so He did not help him to bear it; but when He called him to give his whole body to the flames, then grace was given." This is a very impressive and vital lesson. If we unadvisedly bring trouble and suffering upon ourselves, with no call from God behind our step, then we have our pains for our folly; but when we, in the line of duty, get into the fire, we may well expect God's sustaining grace.—Selected.

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**SABBATH-KEEPING BARBER.**

A barber who lived in Bath, in the last century, passing a church one Sunday peeped in just as the minister was giving out his text from Exodus xx. 8: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy."

He listened long enough to be convinced that he was breaking the law of God by keeping his shop open on that sacred day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sunday task. At length he opened his mind to the clergyman, who immediately advised him to close his shop on the Sabbath. He replied that beggary would be the consequence; he had a flourishing trade, but it would be almost lost.

The clergyman told him that he must not confer with flesh and blood; but trust in God, who requires from us no more than is for our good.

The barber could not bring his mind to this at once. He sounded his customers, and soon found they would employ another, should he close on the Sunday. At length, after many a sleepless night, spent in weeping and praying, he determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent. He discontinued Sunday dressing, went constantly to church, and very soon became the happy possessor of that "peace of God" which the world can neither give nor take away.

The consequences he foresaw actually followed; his genteel customers left him, as he was nick-named a "Puritan" or "Methodist." He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop; and in the course of years became so much reduced as to take a cellar under the market-house, and there shave the farmers.

One Saturday evening, at dusk, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed the horses; adding, "I do not like to violate the Sab-

bath."

This was touching the poor barber on a tender chord; he burst into tears, asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced before he could make such a request.

When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have now not time to hear. Here is half-a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?"

"William Reed," said the astonished barber.

"William Reed!" echoed the stranger—"William Reed! By your dialect you are from the west." "Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton."

"William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton! What was your father's name?" "Thomas, sir."

"Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and as we have never heard from him, we suppose him to be dead."

"Come along—follow me," said the stranger; "I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed him you say you are, I have glorious news for you; your uncle is dead, and has left you an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of, if all legal doubts are removed."

He went by the coach, saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an imposter. This stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity; and told him he had advertised for him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."—Herald of Mercy.



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### "WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER."

"It Is Well With My Soul" was written by H. G. Spafford and the popular tune to which it is always sung is one of P. P. Bliss's best compositions.

Mr. Spafford was a member of the Chicago bar and an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

He had been successful in his profession, but had made some unfortunate investments, and when the financial panic of 1873 seriously disturbed the business of the country Mr. Spafford found that his savings of many years had been swept away.

The members of his family were prostrated by this disastrous turn in their affairs and he acceded to the wish of helpful friends that they should visit Europe and thus be removed for some time from scenes of his financial ruin.

Mrs. Spafford and her four children took passage on the French liner to Havre, and the story of that voyage is one of the most appalling of the calamities of the sea.

When in mid-ocean and in the blackness of a November night in 1873, the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper *Loch Earn* and in twelve minutes the former went down, carrying to death 250 souls, and among them were Mr. Spafford's four daughters.

Mrs. Spafford sank with the vessel but floated again, and was finally rescued.

The saved were taken to Havre, and from that city she sent a message to her husband in Chicago:

"Saved, but saved alone. What shall I do?"

This message of fearful import—"sufficient to drive reason from her throne"—was the first notice Mr. Spafford had that his dear ones were not as happy as when he parted with them a few days before in New York.

In his unutterable sorrow, Mr. Spafford did not chant a dirge to impossible hope.

When he reflected that his property

was lost in destruction's waste, that his wife was painfully prostrated, and that his four children were buried in the dark waves of the sea, there came from his heart a song of trust and resignation that had many times encircled the globe: When peace like a river attendeth my way,

When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,

It is well, it is well with my soul. ✓

When Mr. Spafford returned from Havre with his invalid wife he said to his friends:

"I never felt more like trusting God than I do now."

Spafford's hymn of resignation, with its fine musical setting by the lamented Bliss, is one of the most helpful of the many Gospel songs written during the past quarter of a century.

One Sunday evening a service of song was given in one of our large city churches at which the story of "It Is Well With My Soul" was told and the lines sung with great tenderness of expression by the audience and choir.

Attending the service was a gentleman who had suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1893.

When he heard the story of Spafford's heavy affliction and joined in singing the hymn so pathetically inspired, he said to his wife on return home from the service:

"I will never again complain of my lot. If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light."—Philadelphia Press.

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### NO LOST EFFORT.

A young Sunday school teacher in Boston had in her class a boy who seemed fairly incorrigible. Still she clung to him. She prayed for him every day, and often a dozen times a day. She had moments of discouragement when

she heard how he was going from bad to worse in his daily life.

Finally he was arrested as an accomplice in a burglary, and sent to prison for two years. She did not give him up then, but visited him often in prison, always finding him hard, sullen and defiant.

After his release from prison he disappeared, and no one knew where he went, but everyone was confident that he had gone to destruction.

Years passed, and the teacher married and went far from her native town to live. She had grown children of her own when she and her husband went to the Pacific slope to visit relatives and friends. They found the town or city in which one of their friends lived greatly agitated over the liquor question.

"We are trying to elect a 'no license' mayor," said the gentleman they were visiting. "He is coming to dinner this evening, and I'll be glad to have you meet him."

When he came she saw a tall, fine-looking man, whom she would have said at once she had never met before.

"Why," he said, as he grasped her hand, "are you not Miss M——?"

"I was Miss M——," she replied.

"And you lived in Boston?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you taught a class in a Sunday school called the West End Mission?"

"Yes."

"And there was a bad boy in the class named Roger Martin."

"There was a boy of that name in the class. I have never forgotten him."

"And yet you don't know when he stands before you, for I am that same Roger Martin."

Miss M——s unceasing prayers had been heard and answered.

"I tried to forget you and all your teachings," said Mr. Martin. "I tried to forget God. I lived a wicked life for fifteen years after I left my home, but in all those years of sinfulness I could not forget your loving patience, nor some of the things you had said to me. I feel that I owe my final conversion and

acceptance of God to you. I wrote and told you so when I was converted, but the letter came back to me through the dead-letter office. I wanted you to know that after many days and years God had answered your prayers for me, and that none of your efforts in my behalf were lost."

"I never felt that they were lost," said Mrs. H——, "and I have been praying for you all these years."—The Parish Visitor.

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## HOW THE DELIVERANCE CAME.

At one time, Rev. William Huntington testifies he was in debt to the sum of twenty pounds. "This sum," says he, "hung long in hand. I looked different always, and chalked out different roads for the Almighty to walk in; but His paths were in the deep waters, and his footsteps were not known. No raven came, neither in the morning, nor in the evening. There was a gentlewoman at my house on a visit, and I asked her if she had the sum of twenty pounds in her pocket, telling her at the same time how I wanted it. She said she had not, if she had, I should have it. A few hours afterward the same woman was coming into my study, but she found it locked, and knocked at the door. I let her in, and she said, 'I am sorry to disturb you.' I replied: 'You did not disturb me; I have been begging a favor of God, and had just finished when you knocked. That favor I have now got in faith, and shall shortly have in hand, and you will see it.' The afternoon of the same day, two gentlemen out of the city came to see me; and after a few hours' conversation they left me, and to my great surprise each of them at parting put a letter into my hand, which, when they were gone, I opened, and found a ten-pound note in each. I immediately sent for the woman upstairs, and let her read the letters, and then sent the money to answer that demand.—Life of William Huntington.



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## WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

I was deeply interested in a work in which I was unable to take a part; but it came to my mind one morning to offer a certain sum of money to help those who could work. On second thoughts the act appeared imprudent; but if we hesitate to act upon our first thoughts when they spring from love to God, the judgment becomes obscured rather than enlightened. To end the strife, I prayed God to make his acceptance so evident to me that I could not err; for the joy of giving the sum that first presented itself overcame every prudential consideration. I asked him to send to me that morning one of the least probable persons connected with the work, the least likely, because he had visited me two days previously, and I knew him to be fully engaged from dawn to night. So entirely did I anticipate his arrival as hours drew on, that when a lady arrived from the country to see me, I told her I was expecting a person on business, and should be glad if when he arrived she would wait in my bedroom until his departure.

Almost immediately there was a ring at the door. The lady left the room, as my God-sent messenger entered, with a degree of embarrassment quite unusual to him. He apologized for calling again so soon, referring to his recent visit, and added: "Nor can I tell you why I am here. I had not the least intention to come in this direction when I left the house this morning; but when I reached the summit of the hill I felt drawn round in a contrary direction with a power I never experienced before, and consequently obliged to descend, and my feet impelled to your house, and my thoughts to you, and here I am."

I listened with a joyful heart, and related to him the combat over my offering and my prayers, and placed into his hand the envelope addressed to him, with instructions as to the branch of the work for which its contents were designed, at the same time saying that I

had been waiting for him. The matter was more deeply interesting to me, as the messenger, in spite of himself, was much afraid of the work of the Spirit in the common things of every day life. His moistened eyes and tremulous voice in prayer told me the Lord had used this experience for His glory.—A. Shipton.

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## THE DANGER OF IT.

A young lady in Morristown, N. J., grasped the guy-wire on the electric light pole in front of her father's house to see if she could get a slight shock. Her hand was suddenly contracted by a powerful current which swept through her body. The young girl screamed in agony. She writhed and twisted and fell to the ground, but she could not relax her hold upon the live wire, which was burning her hands, for she had reached up with her left hand to tear her right hand away. Men and boys ran toward her, but no one dared to put out a hand to save the girl. Then her mother ran out. "Oh, mamma," cried the girl, "save me! My hands are burning up!" The mother quickly grasped her daughter around the waist but was hurled to the ground as if by a blow of a club. Finally a man came up with presence of mind enough to take an ax and sever the wire. He was in time to save the girl's life, but she was fearfully burned.

The incident suggests tragedies that are taking place every day before our eyes. Many people are willing to tamper with sin, and run the risk of a slight shock. A boy likes to drink a glass of wine that will make his nerves tingle, and many are asking themselves, "How far can I go in the wrong way without being overthrown?" That is the way the devil fishes for men and women. People grasp his wires and get a slight shock, and only laugh at danger; but some day they take hold of a live wire that has all the fire of hell in it, and they are struck through and through with death. It is better not to play with the devil's wires at all.—J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

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**FORGIVENESS WITH GOD.**

Some years ago a city missionary in Boston found a young girl in a police prison. She had been arrested the night before with a number of companions—men and women—in a disorderly house. The missionaries found her broken down with shame and despair, wretched and hopeless. She told her sad story. A few months before she had come from the country to the city to obtain greater freedom and more remunerative employment than the narrow sphere of her father's farm offered. She found work in the city hard to get, and wages small, and fell into a sad state of disappointment. Too proud to go home and confess failure, in an evil hour she listened to the tempter, and was led into sin. A career of a few months found her abandoned, with character gone, without friends, cast upon the pitiless world, from which she took the only refuge open to her—membership in a community of sin. Shamed and penitent, she was hopeless as towards God and her earthly father. The missionary urged her to tell her name and her father's address, that he might communicate with him, and arrange for her return to her country home. But, no; she had disgraced her father's name, done him foul wrong, and would reveal neither her name nor her father's residence. Besides, she said, "My father is a good man, a Christian—an office bearer in the church. I am sure that he would not take me back. I know what he will do if he should hear of my fall—he will count me as dead; my name will never be mentioned by him, nor in his presence; he will cast me out of his heart and life."

After many days, and much entreaty, the missionary prevailed upon the poor girl to reveal her father's name and address. Immediately he wrote the father the story; how he had found his daughter, and what was her present state of mind; entreating him to write to his child and take her back. The next day's post brought a letter from the

father, on the outside of which, in large letters, was written the word, "Immediate." Inside, in substance, was this: My darling child: I am sorry for you. Notwithstanding all that has befallen you, I love you with all my heart. As God forgives my sins, so do I freely forgive your offense against me and our good name. Do not delay a moment. Come to me. All that love can do to restore and make you right again shall be done."

That was forgiveness. Where was it? An experience in the fallen daughter's heart, a swelling love in her father's heart? The coming of that letter revealed to the child the state of her father's mind toward her. It opened the door of her prison house of shame and despair. It set her free to go home. That is what the Psalmist meant when he said: "There is forgiveness with Thee". That is what Jesus meant when he said: "He hath sent Me to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke 4; 18-20.)—Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D.

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**WHY HE DECLINED.**

When General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant in a polite note declined the honor, and said to the French President: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American Chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshippers.—Selected.



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### DREAMS FROM GOD.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out.

Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Caesar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap. It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert, and to save men. My friend, a retired sea captain, and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea, he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours, until he came to the perishing crew, and rescued them and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1695 a vessel went out from Spithead for the West Indies, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst and starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and rescue those two dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rock, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book entitled, "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following that

he got from Captain Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of a peculiar formation, and telling his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by his dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back; to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

God has often appeared in dreams to rescue and comfort. You have known people—you have seen people—go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Crannage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for great benevolence and great philanthropics—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her sleep she said the angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air, and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction and there were mountains of butter, and in another direction and there were mountains of all kinds of

worldly supply. The angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think that He will let you, His child, hunger and die?" Dr. Crannage told me, by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there, and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him: "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire, and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton: "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again"; and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air; and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes

one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton street prayer-meeting, and Mr. Lamphier—whom many of you know—the great apostle of prayer meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tuberose. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tuberose and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers, and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, through that interview and following interviews, he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardock, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things then you must discard all testimony, and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!—T. De Witt Talmage.

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When Louis Napoleon was in prison and everybody laughed at his foolish attempts upon France, he kept saying: "Who knows? I am the nephew of my uncle, and I may yet sit upon the imperial throne." And he did. Who knows what we may become if we aim right and act right? It is worth while to try for the highest and the best.—Selected.



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### "ABIDE TILL THE MORROW"

The beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna River, in Luzerne Co., Pa., has long been known alike to the students of history and lovers of poetry and song.

It was in the beginning of July, 1778, that an aged saint, who, with his four sons, lived on a mountain overlooking the valley, found that his barrel of meal was nearly exhausted, and bade his sons fill their sacks with grain, and early in the morning descend the long road to the mill in the valley. As requested, before daylight each of the boys had fed his horse, and they were all prepared by sunrise for their journey. And as the day would be too far spent to have their grain ground, they were accustomed as such times to spend the night near the mill in Wyoming.

As the patriarch came forth in the morning from the closet of prayer, and said to his waiting sons, "Not to-day!" the young men were greatly surprised.

"But, father, our supply is used up, and why should we delay?" they said, as they turned and gazed over the valley, which lay in calm and quite peacefulness before them.

"Not to-day, my sons," repeated with emphasis by the man of prayer, satisfied the youth that the father meant what he said. He added: "I know not what it means; but in my prayer my mind was deeply impressed with these words: 'Let them abide till the morrow.'"

Without charging their venerated parent with superstition or ignorance, the obedient sons yielded to his word, unloaded their beasts, placed them in their stalls, and waited for another morning to come.

That memorable night a horde of savages, with torch and tomahawk, entered Wyoming Valley, and commenced their work of destruction; and it is said that before the bloody drama ended, not a house, barn, church, school or mill, escaped the flames; and few of the inhabitants escaped the sudden and

deadly blows of the savages. From one end of the valley to the other the settlers were butchered or burned with remorseless fury.

In the morning at sunrise, the father and sons were standing on the highest point, and lo! the valley was filled with volumes of ascending smoke and flames. The awful truth flashed on their minds. The aged saint kneeled down with his sons on the mountain-top, and in humble, adoring prayer, thanked God for the promise: "The angle of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."—Dr. W. H. Van Doren.

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### THE COW CAME BACK.

A poor man in China went to pray to an idol that had been placed outside the temple. I do not know what he asked for, but he promised if his idol would answer him he would give him his cow.

The man's prayer was answered, but he repented of his bargain, and, as he did not wish to part with his cow he went to the idol again to let him off. He said: "I know I promised to give you my cow, but I am very poor. I have only one cow; if I give it to you how shall I get my fields plowed?" and so on, asking to be allowed to keep the cow. The idol would not let him off, but said the cow must be kept. At last the man could do nothing else but tether the cow to the idol's chair and go sorrowfully home, wondering how he was to get on without her.

He sat down in his room to think over his troubles, and lo! he had not sat long before he heard a great shouting. He went to the door to see, and there was his cow coming along the road, as fast as it could, dragging the idol after it. How the people laughed, and how glad the poor man was! It never occurred to him that the cow brought the idol. No, indeed! He thought it was the idol that had repented of his hardness of heart and had brought his cow back to him.—Selected.

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### WHY THE CLOCK STRUCK THIRTEEN

The following thrilling narrative appeared recently in the *Southern Cross*, and is vouched for by the Rev. S. C. Kent, a veteran Victorian clergyman, who says that he heard the Rev. J. Bounsall, of Ottery, St. Mary, Devon, narrate the story at his own table, in the year 1844, as having occurred, in Cornwall, where he had been resident.

It was about the midnight hour, in the town of Plymouth, many years ago, he said, when two men stood close to the great clock of the town. It struck the hour. Both men heard it and remarked to each other that it had struck thirteen times instead of twelve. One of these men was a gentleman by the name of Captain Jarvis.

It was not very long afterward that this same Captain Jarvis awoke very early one morning, got up, dressed, and went down to the front door of his house. When he opened it, what was his surprise to find his groom standing there, with his horse saddled and bridled ready for him to mount.

"I had a feeling that you would be wanting your horse, sir," he said, "so I could not stay longer in my bed, and just got it ready for you!"

The captain was astonished at first, and then mounted the horse and rode off. He did not direct his steed where to go, but just let him go wherever he chose. Down to the riverside they went, close to the spot where the ferryboat took passengers across. What then, was the captain's amazement when he saw the ferryman there waiting with his boat to ferry him across—at that early hour.

"How are you here so early, my man?" he inquired at once.

"I couldn't rest in my bed, sir, for I had a feeling I was wanted to ferry some one across."

The captain and horse both got in the boat and were safely conveyed to the other side.

Again the horse was given his own way as to where he should go. On and on they went, until at length they came to a large country town.

The captain asked a passer-by if there was anything of interest going on in the town.

"No, sir; nothing but the trial of a man for murder."

The captain rode to the place where the trial was going on, dismounted, and entered the building. As he walked in he heard the judge say, addressing the prisoner: "Have you anything to say for yourself—anything at all!"

"I have nothing to say, sir, except that I am an innocent man, and that there is only one man in all the world who can prove my innocence; but I do not know his name, nor where he lives. Some weeks ago we stood together in the town of Plymouth when it was midnight, and we both heard the great town clock strike thirteen, instead of twelve, and remarked it to one another. If he were here he could speak for me but my case is hopeless, as I cannot get him."

"I am here! I am here!" shouted the captain from behind. "I am the man who stood at midnight beside the great Plymouth clock, and heard it strike thirteen instead of twelve. What the prisoner says is absolutely true; I identify him as the man. On the night of the murder, at the very time it was committed, that man was with me, at Plymouth, and we remarked to each other how remarkable it was that the clock should strike thirteen at the midnight hour."

The condemned man was thus proved innocent, and was at once set free.

Who can fail to see the hand of a gracious God in this story? In the first place, who arranged that these two men should meet exactly at the same time that night? Who awakened the captain at that very early hour that summer morning? Who caused him to go down stairs to the front door? Who awakened the groom and gave him no rest until he saddled his master's horse?



Who guided the horse, which his master would not guide, till they came to the river where the ferryboat was? Who awakened the ferryman and sent him down to the river's side? And who guided horse and man to take the road that led to town where the condemned man was being tried for murder, although perfectly innocent? And, lastly, who influenced the captain to go into the building and hear the trial at the very most opportune moment he could possibly have appeared?

It was the great, all-kind, all-merciful, all-powerful One, who knew the terrible straits that poor prisoner should be in, and prepared a wonderful deliverance!

We do not know the after life of that man, but we can well believe that he would never after doubt the presence of his God, and His power and love.

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### THE GREED OF GOLD

Years ago, in a southwest Georgian county, an old couple, with an only son, lived in a rude log cabin in the woods. It is related that the old man was a miser and drove his son from home to make his living in the world at a very tender age.

Years passed and the boy was given up by his parents, they thinking that he was dead.

One stormy night a tall, bearded stranger knocked at the door of the little cabin, and asked for shelter.

It was grudgingly given him by the old couple, but when the stranger showed them a bag of gold which he carried in his valise they were over-joyed.

That night, as the guest was sleeping, the old man crept to his side. There was the glitter of a keen blade in the darkness and then—

When the morning came the old woman looked on the dead man's face and screamed with terror.

"God have mercy on us!" she cried. "We have killed our boy—our son that was lost!"

It was so. They had not recognized

him when he entered, and he probably thought to deceive them until morning, and then have a happy family reunion.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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### HIS DEAD BABY'S SHOES

A minister, who was my neighbor in the City of Brotherly Love, told the following story to a large congregation: "We had in the City of Philadelphia a man who was secretary and treasurer in one of our great institutions. I suppose there is scarcely a man in this city that would equal him as a financier. Certainly not one who could surpass him. He was a college graduate, and had all the fine instincts of a gentleman. But strong drink claimed him as its victim. He drank and drank until he had to move into a very humble home. When his baby died, they had no clothing to put on him to make ready for the grave. We furnished the clothes. Somebody said that, although the child's feet were hidden by the dress, they were bare, and that we should put shoes on the little feet. I got some white kid shoes and slipped them on the little icy feet. An old-time friend said, 'Get the father and bring him in. Maybe if he sees the baby, he will come back to himself.' We brought the father in. He stood beside the little casket for a moment, and looked down into the sweet face of his child. Then he began to shake with great emotion. The tears just ran down his cheeks. The friends said to us, 'Leave him alone,' and we went out and left him alone with his child. He ran his fingers over the folds of the little white dress and underneath, and took off from those icy feet the white kid shoes and crammed them in his pocket. When I took his baby to the grave the father was insensible from drink. He had pawned the little white kid shoes and had spent the money in a saloon. This man's heart had at one time been as large and as full of love as your father's heart."—Rev. J. M. Farrar, D. D.

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## JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born June 17th, 1703, at Epworth, a small town in Lincolnshire, England, of which his father, Samuel Wesley, was rector.

On the 9th of February, 1709, Hettie Wesley, one of John's sisters, was awakened in the night by pieces of burning wood falling in her bedroom. Before she had aroused her father the fire had been seen from the street, and the usual crowd and uproar ensued. As soon as Mr. Wesley had opened his bedroom door, he found the whole house in a blaze. Bidding his wife and two daughters hasten down stairs, he rushed up to the nursery where the five little ones were sleeping. The nurse snatched up the baby, calling the others to follow her. Three of them did so; but John slept soundly, and was not missed in the confusion until the others had all reached a place of safety. This was not an easy thing to do; for the doorway was in flames, and a northeast wind blew them inward fiercely. The children got out of the windows; but Mrs. Wesley, fearing to clamber out, made a desperate effort and "waded through the fire."

As soon as John was missed the rector ran back into the house, but found to his dismay that the stairs would not bear his weight; so—there being no fire escapes in those days—he gave the boy up for lost, and, kneeling down, commended his soul to God. The rest we shall tell in John's own words:

"I remember all the circumstances as well as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light I called to the maid to take me up. But, none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near a window. One in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I

have thought of another expedient. Here I shall fix myself against the wall; lift a light man and set him on my shoulders!' They did so and took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come neighbors, let us kneel down! Let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go—I am rich enough!'"

The frightened, half-clad women and children were taken in by different neighbors, who took care of them till their house was fit to live in again. In a few months the family had once more settled down into that quiet order which had been so sadly interrupted.

Although John was only six and a half years old, his danger and deliverance made a deep impression on his mind. He often referred to it, and once had a seal engraved bearing the representation of a burning house and the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" —Selected.

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## THE PRAYING BOY, JAMIE

In a very small village there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. The little boy wanted to be a sailor.

And his mother at last said, "Jamie, you shall go."

She gave him her blessing and added: "Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers and trust in God."

Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down by his locker at



night no one laughed at him.

But coming back from India some of the sailors deserted and the captain had to get fresh ones. Among them was a very bad fellow. The first night, when the sailors had gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, the bad man went up to him, and, giving him a box on the ear, said: "None of that here!"

Now, among the crew, there was a big sailor, a swearing man, and he said to the man who struck the boy, "Come on deck, and I will give you a thrashing!"

Now, we do not say it was right to fight, but these men did fight, and the big sailor beat the one who had boxed the little fellow.

Then they came back again into the cabin, and he who had beaten the other man said: "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him!"

Well, the next night Jamie said to himself: "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship, so I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will get into my hammock to say my prayers!"

But when the big sailor saw Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers he went up and took him by the neck and dragged him out of it and said to him: "Kneel down at once, sir. Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers after all, you young rascal?" So Jamie knelt to pray again.

Now hear what happened later.

Some years ago a very large steam-boat was built—the Great Eastern. Who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie, now grown up to be a brave and clever sailor.

When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson." He was none other than the little boy who prayed every night by his locker.

You may not always have some kind

friend to stand by you to take your part when others are mocking and jeering you, but you can remember that God, who hears your prayers, will take care of you, whether at home, at school or at play. Never be ashamed to pray.—Sel.

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### WHO CLOSED THE SWITCH?

A most remarkable incident happened many years ago on a railway in eastern Missouri and was told in a railway paper. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday School was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunder-storm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed the throttle and put on the brakes in an instant.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to the fireman, "hundreds of children on board."

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer. —Rev. J. M. Farrar, D. D.

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**A BISHOP'S APPEAL TO A NEGRO.**

Bishop Asbury saw a negro of bad character sitting on the bank of a creek fishing. The man was quite alone. It was just possible that he might be willing to talk, and that precious seed might be dropped. The good old minister stopped his horse, tied it to a tree, and sat down beside the negro. At first sheer surprise sealed the poor slave's lips; but as his new friend spoke, the kindness of the tone and the brotherliness, free from any mark of conscious condescension, melted the man's heart. He listened as if the story of the love of Jesus at last seemed real. Tears came to his eyes as Asbury besought him to forsake his evil life and seek God's forgiveness. But whether there was any resolve underneath the emotion, Asbury could not discover. He left the district, and did not see the negro again for twenty years. But he was ultimately sought out by an old colored Christian, who had journeyed seventy miles to have an interview and to tell of harvest following seed-time. The visitor was the negro found once with his rod by the stream, and by earnest appeals won for the Saviour. This man had since been the instrument of leading many others into the light. Greater is the worker's reward than his expectations, if, in season and out of season, he is ready to rescue.—*Christian Herald*.

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**WHY HE REPROACHED HER.**

The story is told of a society girl, a worldly church member, who, at an evangelistic meeting, approached an acquaintance of hers and asked him if he would not come to Christ. He turned upon her, and with flashing eyes and bitter tones said:

"You are the last person in the world that should ask me to become a Christian! You are the one who came to my home and persuaded myself and my wife to play our first game at cards. Nor were you satisfied until we would

play for something more than fun, just to add zest to the game. We kept on until the gambling spirit so possessed me that in the trains I would induce fellow-passengers to play, and would fleece them of their money and then get off at the next station. Until you yourself get right with God you are the last one on earth that should ask me to be a Christian!"

Without a word but with crimson face and downcast eyes she walked away.

Two minutes later a wrinkled old woman approached the same man. With tremulous voice and with tears coursing down her furrowed cheeks, she asked him if he would not go forward with her and yield himself to Christ. He knew this old lady. She was his washerwoman, and he knew her to be a sincere Christian. He listened attentively as she pleaded with him to accept her dear Jesus as his Saviour. Presently he yielded and together they went to the front where he knelt in prayer and soon after he was rejoicing in the favor of God.

That man was Charles Kittridge, one of the five men who afterwards formed the society among commercial travelers known as "The Gideons."—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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**A DAZZLING ARGUMENT.**

"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Joshua, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that He resides among your nation. I should like to see Him." "God's presence is, indeed, everywhere," replied Joshua; "suppose we try first to look at his ambassadors." The Emperor consented. The Rabbi took him in the open air at noonday and bade him look at the sun in the meridian splendor. "I cannot," said Trajan; "the light dazzles me." "Thou art unable," said Joshua, "to endure the light of one of His creatures, and canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? Would not such a sight annihilate thee?"—*Hebrew Tales*.



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## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

In a little dingy shop, in a blind alley, and in London's great city, a tiny boy sat perched upon a table, which served as a counter. A tall stranger entered, and seeing only the child, said kindly—

"All alone? Run and tell mother I want to see her!"

The child jumped off his perch and called out lustily, "Mother, a kind man wants you, make haste!"

The stranger smiled, and was smiling as the mother came into the shop.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she asked.

"I heard in the neighborhood," he answered, "that you are in trouble. Here is one way out of it"—he placed a small bag of money before her—"and here is another"—putting into her hand a book. "The first will save your little business, this"—touching the book—"will show you how your soul may be saved. Put your trust in God, and—farewell!"

"Mother, said the child, anxiously, 'why are you crying? That man had such a kind face—who was he, mother?'"

"The good Samaritan, my child, without a doubt," said the mother.

Twenty-five years afterward a new minister came to a certain church, and before the sermon he told his people the above little story. "My mother," he continued—"for I was the child—said that stranger's kindness had touched her soul; she paid her debts, and she sought and found her Saviour. We never met the noble stranger, but neither I nor mine, will ever cease to pray for the eternal peace of him and his. He was, indeed, the Good Samaritan; and without any words of his own, but just one gracious deed, he won a soul for God."

After the service an elderly gentleman accosted the minister—"You have spoken of my brother," said he; "he is one of your mother's chief creditors, and on the morning of the day he visited her, he was greatly moved by the words, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.' He

acted instantly upon this, with what result you know. Just before his death he built this church."

"How wonderful are God's ways!" cried the young minister. "Truly He Himself has appeared unto me—in His good Samaritan!"—M. G. Gerds.

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## INFLUENCE OF A GOOD BOOK.

I lost my sainted mother when I was a youth, but not before the instruction I had received from her beloved lips had made a deep impression upon my mind; an impression which I carried with me into a college (Hampden, Sidney), where there was not then one pious student. There I often reflected, when surrounded by young men who scoffed at religion, upon the instruction of my mother, and my conscience was frequently sore distressed. I had no Bible, and dreaded getting one, lest it should be found in my possession.

At last I could stand it no longer, and therefore requested a particular friend, a youth whose parents lived near, and who often went home, to ask his pious and excellent mother to send me some religious books. She sent me "Alleine's Alarm," an old black book, which looked as if it might have been handled by successive generations for a hundred years.

When I got it, I locked my room and lay upon my bed reading it, when a student knocked at my door; and although I gave him no answer, dreading to be found reading such a book, he continued to knock and beat the door until I had to open it. He came in, and seeing the book lying on the bed, he seized it, and examining its title, he said, "Why, Hill, do you read such books?"

I hesitated, but God enabled me to be decided, and tell him boldly, but with much emotion, "Yes, I do."

The young man replied with much agitation, "Oh, Hill, you may obtain religion, but I never can. I came here a professor of religion; but through fear I dissembled it, and have been carried

along with the wicked, until I fear there is no hope for me."

He told me that there were two others, who he believed were somewhat serious. We agreed to take up the subject of religion in earnest, and seek it together. We invited the other two, and held a prayer-meeting in my room on the next Saturday afternoon.

And oh! what a prayer meeting! We tried to pray, but such a prayer-meeting I never heard the like of. We knew not how to pray, but tried to do it. It was the first prayer-meeting that I ever heard of. We tried to sing, but it was in a suppressed manner, for we feared the other students. But they found us out, and gathered round the door, and made such a noise that some of the officers had to disperse them.

And so serious was the disturbance that the President, the late excellent Rev. Dr. John B. Smith, had to investigate the matter at prayers, that evening, in the prayers hall. When he demanded the reason of the riot a ring-leader in wickedness got up and stated that it was occasioned by three or four of the boys holding prayer-meetings, and they were determined to have no such doings there. The good President heard the statement with deep emotion, and looking at the youths charged with the sin of praying, with tears in his eyes, he said:

"Oh, is there such a state of things in this college? Then God has come near to us. My dear friends, you shall be protected. You shall hold your next meeting in my parlor, and I will be one of your number."

Sure enough, we had our next meeting in his parlor, and half the college was there; and there began the glorious revival of religion, which pervaded the college and spread into the country around.

Many of those students became ministers of the gospel. The youth who had brought me "Alliene's Alarm" from his mother was my friend, the Rev. C. Stitt, who is preaching in Virginia. And he who interrupted me in reading

the work, my venerable and worthy friend, the Rev. Dr. H., is now president of a college in the West.—Rev. Dr. Hill.

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### THE PRINT OF THE NAILS.

There is a strange legend of old St. Martin. He sat one day in his monastery cell, busily engaged in his sacred studies, when there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the monk. The door opened and there appeared—a stranger of lordly look, in princely attire. "Who art thou?" asked St. Martin. "I am Christ," was the answer.

The confident bearing and the commanding tone of the visitor would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance and then quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" He had noticed that this one indubitable mark of Christ's person was wanting. There were no nail-scars upon those jeweled hands. And the kingly mien and the brilliant dress of the pretender were not enough to prove his claim while the print of the nails was wanting. Confused by this searching test-question, and his base deception exposed, the prince of evil—for he it was—quickly fled from the monk's cell.

This is only a legend, but it suggests the one infallible test that should be applied to all truth and to all life. There is much in these days that claims to be of Christ. There are those who would have us lay aside the old faiths, and accept new beliefs and new interpretations. How shall we know whether or not to receive them? The only true test is that with which St. Martin exposed the false pretensions of his visitor: "Where is the print of the nails?" Nothing is truly Christ which does not bear this mark upon it. A gospel without a wounded, dying Christ is not a gospel. The atonement lies at the heart of Christianity. The cross is the luminous centre, from which streams all the light of joy, peace and hope. That which does not bear the marks of the Lord Jesus cannot be of Him.—J. R. Miller, D. D.



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## UNCONSCIOUSLY INFLUENCED.

God has the power of influencing the minds of men to do things which they do unconscious that they are under any influence but that of their own desires. A remarkable illustration of that power is given by Bishop Bedell in his reminiscences of Bishop Chase of Ohio. He says that Bishop Chase was staying at the house of a Mr. Beck of Philadelphia, when a letter reached him from a friend in Europe. The letter referred to some property in America which was claimed by a poor friend of the writer, but the claim could not be substantiated because certain documents could not be found. The letter had been sent to Bishop Chase's home in Ohio, forwarded thence to Washington; missed him there and followed him to Philadelphia. The Bishop mentioned the matter incidentally to Mr. Beck as merely a matter of romantic interest. But Mr. Beck exclaimed, to his surprise, "Why, I know all about those documents, and I am the only man in the world who does know. I have them here, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing to whom they belonged."—Christian Herald.

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## A WILLING SACRIFICE.

Some years ago a minister was called to see a little girl seven years old, who was dying. She lived in a back street. When the minister got there a woman showed him where the child was, and he sat down to talk to her.

"What do you want, darling?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to see you before I died."

"Are you dying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you not like to get well again?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Oh, sir, ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to church, and he won't come; and I think if I die you will bury me, won't

you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, I have been thinking if I die father must come to the funeral; then you will be able to preach the gospel to him, and I should be willing to die six times over for him to hear the gospel once."

She died as she expected, and just before the time she was to be buried the minister was himself taken sick, and could not attend the funeral. But some time afterward a rough looking man called upon him and held out his hand."

"You don't know me?"

"No, I don't."

"I am the father of Mary—the father she died for. I heard as how she said she would die for me six times if I could hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart. Now I want to join the inquirers' class."

He did join, and became a true friend of Christ. That little girl was truly walking in the footsteps of the Saviour, because she was willing to die even, in order that her father might be saved from his sins. If we do not need to die for others, we should at least try to be like Christ in living for them and in doing all that we can to lead them to be Christians.—Selected.

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## A DAY AT A TIME.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun gets down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day.

Do to-day's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—Selected.

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**POWER OF THE STORY OF THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST.**

Bishop Whittle is moved to tell an incident which illustrates the power of the gospel if it once gets access to a man's heart. He says in a letter to the Churchman:

Thirty-seven years ago I knew a great orator of the Lower Sioux—Red Owl. He never attended church, for he was afraid he would lose his influence among his people. One day he came into the schoolroom and stopped before a picture of the "Ecce Homo," and asked:

"What is that? Why are his hands bound? Why are the thorns on his head?"

Red Owl was so touched by the story of the love of "the Son of the Great Spirit" that he came again and again to ask about Jesus.

One day I was going to Wabasha's village and saw on the prairie a new-made grave; over it was a plain wood cross. I learned that Red Owl was dead. He had been taken ill suddenly, and when dying he said to his young men, "That story which the white man has brought into our country is true; I have it in my heart. When I am dead I wish you would put a cross over my grave that the Indians may see what is in Red Owl's heart."

The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

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**A PASSION FOR SOULS.**

David Brainerd used to say, "I care not where I go, or what hardships I endure, so long as I can see souls won to Christ. When I sleep I dream of these things, and when I awake it is my first thought. All my desire is the conversion of souls, and all my hope is in God." Such was his zeal that he would often go out into the forest and wrestle with God until his clothes were

wet with perspiration, and frequently he spent the whole night in prayer. After every such season of protracted prayer there was usually a great outpouring of the Spirit, and those stolid Indians to whom he preached would be mightily moved by the word of God and brought into the kingdom by scores.

Nor is this passion for souls a thing of the past. Not long since a young man said to me, "I lie awake night after night, and wet my pillow with tears, as I think of the perishing souls around me." The same young man is now planning to go to Africa as a missionary, "because," as he says, "I cannot bear to remain in this country while in other lands many millions of people have never even heard of Jesus."—Selected.

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**HE DID NOT FORGET.**

In 1880 a young girl by the name of Miss Burch, of Ashford, England, stood in a crowd in London, watching the arrival of the guests at one of the Queen's receptions. She saw an old man stagger and then fall to the ground. Some laughed at him, for they thought that he was intoxicated; but she tenderly cared for him, giving him water. Soon he revived and told her that he had been unexpectedly taken ill. He took her address and said that he would never forget her kindness.

Twelve years passed, when one day a letter came asking her to go to certain lawyers. There she learned that the old gentleman had died and left her over seven hundred thousand dollars. This was a large reward for a glass of water and a helping hand in the hour of need.

Such kindness may not be always thus rewarded; but if you are led by, listen to, love, and live for God you will be respected by all good people in this world. "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D. D.



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**RESTRAINED FROM MURDER.**

One day, in my professional residence at Sedalia, Missouri, I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, laboring under the burden of a heavy bag of tools.

It happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, used, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere being very warm, this oily matter had melted and became very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few old sacks that were lying in one corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train came in. The carpenter stammered out some apologies; but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in an instant at the sight of that monstrous grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station, the carpenter signified his intention of getting off. He appeared to be very weak, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the fierce onslaught of that brutal conductor I was not then in a position to know. At

any rate, prompted by a disinterested and generous motive, I went up to that gentleman as the train was slowing up, and, in a kindly manner offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services, and helped the poor fellow from the car. The train pulled out, and I thought no more of my friend the carpenter.

Six years after I was walking, one evening, along the streets of Sedalia, when I observed some one coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me he tipped his hat very respectfully, and enquired:

"Sir, are you Dr. Y——?" calling me by name. I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter whom I had assisted from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. I, of course, recollected the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him.

"Oh, sir!" he went on in a most earnest manner, "but you did a most wonderful service for me that day by your kind offer of assistance. It was only a little act; but, sir, that little act saved me from being a murderer."

I was naturally much surprised at such an announcement, and became greatly interested in the story, but he continued:

"I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, my mind had already been fully made up to bury that heavy hammer I had with me in his head. But your kind words, breaking so unexpectedly on my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my unworthy purpose. I was ashamed; but I determined to show myself a man, and keep back the mad impulse that was gaining its con-

trol over me. I did it, sir, and am a free man today; God bless you! I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unrestrainable tears sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly grasped hands and parted, and as I walked home that evening, more slowly than usual, I thought how sweet life would be, if, without such ostentatious philanthropy, for which we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that as the humdrum minutes of daily life go ticking fast away, we might have them filled up by just such little offerings of love and kindness.—*Sunday School Times*.

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### THE GOLDEN RULE.

A beautiful and inspiring incident is recorded concerning Alfred the Great, king of England, while in retreat at Athleney, in Somersetshire, after his forces had been completely routed by the Danes. He and his royal family were forced prisoners within the walls of their little castle there, with little hope of immediate release or prospect of food. One day while discussing their straitened condition, a poor beggar knocked at the door and asked for alms. The queen responded, informed the man of their own plight, and stated that they had only one-half loaf of bread left, which would be inadequate to their present needs, to say nothing about the future. Their friends had gone out in search of food, but had very poor prospect of finding any. They could do nothing for the beggar. But the king overheard the conversation at the door, and said to his queen: "Give the poor man half of the loaf. He who could feed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes can certainly make that half of a loaf suffice for our necessities."

The half loaf was given, the man was relieved of his hunger, and the king's compliance with the Golden Rule was

soon rewarded with an ample store of fresh provisions which lasted them for the entire time spent in that memorable retreat.—*Selected*.

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### SOMETHING ALWAYS GIVES WAY.

A Christian woman in a town in New York State desired to obtain a school house for the purpose of starting a Sunday School, but was refused by a skeptic trustee. Still she persevered, and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use; once for all I say to you, you cannot have the school house for such a purpose!"

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."

"Maybe He will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this—He will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying something always gives way." And the next time she came the infidel gave way, and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school he sustained her, and great good was done for perishing souls. "Something gives way." Sometimes it is the man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. But God always finds the way.—*Selected*.

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### "HOW CAN I KEEP SILENT?"

A faithful and venerable soldier of the cross was reproached by a friend because on every occasion and under all circumstances he managed to bring Christ into the conversation. The old man's voice trembled with emotion as he answered: "How can I keep silent on that theme when I see souls perishing all around me because Christ has been so persistently kept out of their lives?"—*Selected*.



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## A NOBLE SACRIFICE

One of the banks in the city of Denver was in danger of failing. A line of men and women stretched for more than a block. All were anxious for their money. Some of the women were crying, for the bank might close its doors at any moment and they would lose their money.

One man had stood in line since five o'clock in the morning, and was near the window where the depositors were being paid. In a few minutes more he would have his money. He felt some one pulling at his coat, and, looking around, recognized a fellow-workman.

"Ah, Jim, that you? Did not know that you were about." "Just came to town last night. Will the bank hold out?" "I hope it will till I get my money. I have two hundred in there." "We have three hundred and fifty dollars." "Why don't you get in line then?" "There is no show. The line goes clear around to B. Street, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife. I could not stand in line half an hour."

His wife was by his side crying, the baby in her arms. The man moved up one more step, and then called softly to his friend, "Jim, here! Come into my place." "I won't do it; it isn't fair." The generous offer touched his heart, and tears came into his eyes. "It's all right, old boy. You have got Mary and the babies, and, don't you see, I have neither wife nor chick in the world. Come, man! I'm strong and it's little that you can do. Creep in here." And he pulled his friend into his place, while he went and stood at the end of the line.

In an hour the bank suspended payment. Scores were unable to get their money, and among them the noble soul who sacrificed his that he might shield his friend from sorrow. This is like Christ, who drew us into His place, while He stepped into ours and took upon Himself all the consequences of our failures; for "surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D. D.

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## HE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

There were some Friends or Quakers from South Carolina in the battle at Gettysburg, who were forced into the ranks, but who, from the beginning to the end, refused to fight. They were from Guilford county, which was mostly settled by their sect, and as the writer can testify by personal observation, presented the only region in that state where the evidence of thrift, which free labor gave in a land cursed with slavery, might be seen. These excellent people were robbed and plundered by the Confederates without mercy. About a dozen of them were in Lee's army at Gettysburg and were among the prisoners captured there. They had steadily borne practical testimony to the strength of their principles in opposing war. They were subjected to great cruelties. One of them who refused to fight was ordered by his colonel to be shot. A squad of twelve men was drawn up to shoot him. They loved him as a brother because of his goodness, and when ordered to fire every man refused. The remainder of the company was called up and ordered to shoot the first twelve if they did not execute the order. The intended victim folded his hands, and raised his eyes saying: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The entire company threw down their muskets and refused to obey the order. The exasperated captain, with a horrid oath, tried to shoot him with his pistol. The cap would not explode. Then he dashed upon him with his horse, but the meek conscript was unharmed. Just then a charge of some of Mead's troops drove the Confederates from their position, and the Quaker became a prisoner. He and his co-religionists were sent to Fort Delaware, when the fact was made known to some of their sect in Philadelphia. It was laid before the President, and he ordered their release.—Lossing's Field Book of the Civil War.

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## IN THE UNLIGHTED CHURCH.

Three miles to the evening appointment and a heavy rain. The young home missionary was tired and the night was near. The morning service at Bolton had brought out a bare dozen through the rain, and the afternoon service, which had brought him five miles through the mud, had been little larger. "Don't go over to Kenwood tonight," the people said. "What's the use? There won't be anybody out. The church won't even be lighted."

Half-tempted not to go, the young preacher hesitated. The dull clouds shut in closer and the night was descending early. Within the fire was bright, and without the rain was heavy and the mud deep. But something pulled at his heart-strings. "There might be some one there," he said. "I think I ought to go."

He never remembered the ride as unpleasant; rather there was an anticipation of something good at the end that made him more cheerful than usual. And when the end of the journey drew near he felt less tired than when he started.

There was no light in the church. He saw that as he entered the straggling little settlement, and he drove to his stopping place and put up his horse.

"We didn't hardly look for you," said his host. "It's such a bad night. There won't be anybody out. You must be wet. Here, I'll take care of the horse; you go in and get dry."

"Thank you!" said the preacher.

"I'll just run over to the church a minute and be sure there's no one there."

He pushed open the door; the little room was empty enough. The tick of the little nickel clock on the cabinet organ sounded very loud in the silence. He gropped forward to the pulpit, and, kneeling a moment, asked God's blessing on the work of the day. Then, his eyes a little more accustomed to the darkness within, he moved toward the door.

Just inside he met a man and a woman

who had come from a cabin some distance away.

"We thought it was a pity if you should come not to have anyone here," explained the man apologetically.

"It was kind to think of me in that way," said the preacher. "And it would be good if I could say something that would reward you for coming through the rain. You came because you thought of me and did not want me to fail of some hearers. But have you no need of your own?"

There was silence in the darkness and the clock ticked on. After an interval the woman said: "It was a year ago today the baby died."

"It was that that brought you," said the minister. "Yes, and I know the word you want to hear. No, we will not light the lamps. Sit here while we talk a little."

There in the dark they sat and talked till the place seemed light with the beautiful truths to which they listened.

When at last he said, "Let us pray," they knelt together and the man and the woman were in tears, but the tears were the welling forth of a new hope.

"It was her little angel brought you through the rain," said the woman. "I somehow know'd you'd come, and we was so hungry for comfort."

Six months later the rough man lay dying. He clasped the hand of the preacher as the end drew near and said:

"Parson, you 'member that night—and what brought you? It sorter like that to me. Kinder dark, but seems like she's guidin' me—like she did you that night."—Youth's Companion.

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Remember the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's faults.—Selected.



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## THE NEGLECTED TREASURE.

A traveler who had been walking for hours on a hot, dusty summer day, and who longed for a draught of fresh water, knocked at the door of a wayside cottage. The parents of the family residing there had just been quarreling, and the frightened children, ragged and half-starved looking, were crouching in a corner. It was evidently not the place where the inmates were accustomed to sing, "Home, Sweet Home." The stranger drank the water which was given him in a broken cup, and, as he handed the cup back, he spied through the half-opened door a Bible high upon a shelf. Before passing on his way he thanked the inmates, spoke kindly to them, and sang a little Christian song to the children, and added, with a bright look, "Dear friends, I know what would help you. There is a treasure in this house of which you are not aware, and which would at once make you rich and happy. Will you search for it?"

His parting words, though not understood, were not forgotten. When the wife was not looking the husband searched for the hidden treasure, and, when the husband was out to work, the wife did the same. At last she discovered it; it was the Bible on the shelf which her mother had given her as a gift on her wedding day, and which had lain for years unopened. She "happened" to cast her eye upon it, and the thought occurred, "What if this is the treasure that the stranger meant?" She took it down from its perch with trembling fingers, and a kind of choking in her throat, and found, in her mother's hand-writing, on the fly-leaf: "The word of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." She began eagerly to read it, and found it all new and very wonderful. By and by she began to pray, and to read it to her children. One day her husband came home raging like a wild beast. She answered his questions gently and

meekly, and marking the surprise in his eyes, she said, "I have found the treasure that the stranger spoke of;" and, at the same time, laid the Bible reverently down before him on the table. He bit his lip and was silent. Soon they began to read it together, and to pray to God with tears in their eyes that He would bless the message of His wonderful love to their souls. Gradually the light of Divine love entered their hearts, the light that shone from the face of Jesus Christ, and with the light there came a simple trust and peace that passeth all understanding. All things soon became new, both within and without—looks, tones, ways, as well as hearts, and that lowly home was changed by the proper use of that "neglected treasure" into a little nook of paradise.—Joseph Sanderson, D. D.

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## SHE READ WITH HER LIPS.

I have read of a poor blind girl in France who obtained the gospel of Mark in raised letters, and learned to read it with the ends of her fingers. By the peculiar character of her daily toil her fingers became calloused and her sense of touch diminished till she could not distinguish the letters. One day she cut the skin from the ends of her fingers to increase their sensibility, only, however, to destroy it. She felt that she must now give up her beloved book, and weeping, pressed it to her lips, saying, "Farewell, farewell, sweet word of my Heavenly Father, food for my soul! I must part with thee!" But to her surprise, her lips, more delicate than her fingers, discerned the form of the letters. She read "Gospel according to Mark." Her soul, overflowing with gratitude, pours out thanks before the throne of her Father in heaven. All night she perused with her lips the holy book, and her heart overflowed with joy at the new acquisition.

Oh for such a love for God's word in the hearts of God's people! Shall we wait for disasters before we know our

privileges and cultivate our true delights?

In urging Christians to love the Word, I am really urging them to love the Lord more. When they are filled with His love they will love His love-letters. When they feel that no love-relation is so grand and so absorbing as that which binds them to the Saviour, they will then feel that no words are so sweet as His, no books so precious as that which speaks of Him and speaks from Him to the saved soul. And so, conversely, if the Bible is not lovingly pondered, then there is but little force in the love for Jesus, the appreciation of His glorious presence is dull, and the thoughts of His wooing and winning work for the soul are benumbed.—Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D.

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#### HELPFUL VISIONS.

Recently an old man gave us the story of his wonderful career. In an hour of temptation he determined to disappear from his home and city, to forswear every duty and to turn his back on honor. In his madness he went to the railway station, for the new career was now to begin. But suddenly as he stepped from the carriage he thought he saw his old father, long since dead, standing in the door of the station. The father lifted his right hand, and the youth heard a voice saying, "My son, go back! Go back!" The man turned and fled as though an angel with a flaming sword had waved it in his face. An hour later, and once more he had taken up his accustomed task. But from that day he looked back to the event as to a moment when his feet stood on the edge of a precipice. He tells us that forty years have come and gone since that weak hour and that he still believes that vision was vouchsafed to preserve his soul. Perhaps you and I think it was an illusion; that conscience and memory, in a moment of great excitement, clothed some aged stranger with the likeness of a revered father. But so far as the ex-

planation is concerned we neither know nor care what it was. One thing is certain, an angel with a flaming sword stood in a man's way, and barred his feet back from the path of death.—Rev. Newell Dewight Hillis, D. D.

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#### WHAT A TRACT DID.

Rev. N. Watts, being appointed to preach at Newbold, near Rugby, as his custom was, distributed tracts from house to house. At one house a very sullen man was having his tea. When Mr. Watts invited him to the preaching he said, "I sha'n't come." "Well, now," said Mr. Watts, "come, and we will try to do you good." "I sha'n't come," he replied. "Then perhaps you will read this tract," said Mr. Watts, and without waiting for a reply went to the next door. Some time after, while Mr. Watts was leading a prayer-meeting at Rugby, this man stood up in the gallery and praised God for what He had done for his soul, stating that it was through reading the tract left him at the time spoken of. What encouragement to tract-distributors to persevere in their good work!—Selected.

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#### GOD'S CARE AND THE SPIDER.

Why do we doubt the special providences of God? Was it strange that Molinoeus, taking refuge in an oven in the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, should be spared? "O God," he prayed, "cover me with thy hand!" And while he prayed a spider wove its web across the oven's mouth; a gust of wind filled the web with dust; the dew came down and in the early morning glistened upon it. The fugitive's heart stood still as the footfall of his pursuers came nigh; but seeing the spider's web, they said, "He is not here," and passed on. Thus the God who hears the chirp of the sparrow hearkens to His people's cry. "Are you not of more value than many sparrows, and shall He not care for you?"—Selected.



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## HOW SHE WON TWO.

A college friend of mine told me, a little while ago, how he became a Christian. His teacher came along and dropped a note behind him on the seat, so no one else could see it. He picked it up. It read: "Dear Charles, as you are specially good in mathematics, I want to propound the following problem: 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?'" That word put in that way led me to accept Christ, he said, and my seatmate whose name was Ripley, and who was the best mathematician in the class, came out for Christ about a year after, and this was the story he told. He said: "I accidentally looked over your shoulder, and caught the first line of that note, 'Dear Charles, as you are especially good in mathematics.' It raised all the jealousy in me, for I believed I was a better mathematician than you, and I was just mean enough to look over your shoulder and read the rest of it. It went like an arrow into my heart, and I was never able to shake it out." About a year after he accepted Christ and told what it was that set him to thinking.—Howard Pope.

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THE PRAYING SOLDIER'S  
COURAGE.

It takes courage to be a Christian anywhere, but more under circumstances like these than you can imagine. During the Civil War a soldier went to his chaplain and said to him, "Chaplain, I am the only man in our tent who is a Christian and every night when I kneel down to say my prayers the boys make fun of me and throw their shoes at me and bother me so I do not know what to do. What must I do about it?" The chaplain told him to wait until he got under his blanket at night and say his prayers to himself. A very poor piece of advice, I think, for a preacher to give. A few days after-

wards he met the soldier and asked him how he came out. "Well," he said, "your plan didn't work at all. I waited until the lights were out and tried to pray under my blanket. The boys were all laughing because they thought they had whipped me out. I lay there and thought to myself, 'You coward, you are willing to stand up on the battlefield and let them shoot at you because you love your country but you are not willing to get down on your knees and pray to the Lord because you are afraid somebody will disturb you.' I just threw the blanket off and got down on my knees and prayed aloud for every soldier in the tent." "Well, how did that do?" inquired the chaplain. "They all listened," he said, "and every night, now, when I kneel down to pray they kneel with me and we have regular family worship there together." It took courage, and the man had it. That is exactly what you need, my friend, to make you come out on the Lord's side and take your stand for Christ as you ought to do.—Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D.

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## WHAT CAME OF A TRACT.

Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on Missions, which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. As a result they set out for Ceylon, and later, India, as foreign missionaries. For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six years the husband, labored among the heathen, and then went to their reward. Apart from what they did directly as missionaries, they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus far thirty of that family—the Scudders—have given 529 years to India missions.—Selected.

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## REPROVING IN LOVE.

John Wesley, having to travel for a considerable distance in a stage coach, fell in with a pleasant and well-informed officer. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining, but frequently mingled with oaths.

When they were about to take the next stage Wesley took the officer apart and, after expressing the great pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, told him he was thereby encouraged to ask him a favor. "I would take pleasure in obliging you," said the officer, "and I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Wesley, "as we have some time to travel together, I beg that if I should so far forget myself as to swear in your company you will kindly reprove me."

The officer immediately saw the motive, felt the force of the request and, smiling, said none but Mr. Wesley could have conveyed a reproof in such a manner.—Ernest L. Rand.

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## TRUE LOVE.

One day when I was in Brooklyn I saw a young man going along the street without any arms. A friend who was with me pointed him out and told me his story.

When the war broke out he felt it to be his duty to enlist and go to the front. He was engaged to be married and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. For a little while no letter was received. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life

with the maimed life of mine."

That letter was never answered. The next train that left, the young lady was on it. She went to the hospital. She found out the number of his cot and she went down the aisle between the long rows of the wounded men. At last she saw the number and, hurrying to his side, she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married and there is no happier couple than this one.

We are dependent on one another. Christ says, "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of Mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but he didn't. Surely you can be saved if you will accept the Saviour's love. If God loves us, my friends, He loves us unto the end. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—D. L. Moody

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## A GREAT PRAYER MEETING:

The world's largest prayer meeting: Where is it to be found? In Christian America or in Europe? Not so, but in "heathen" Korea. Rev. A. J. Brown, D. D., says:

"I attended the prayer meeting in the Yua Mot Kol Church in Seoul. It was a dark and rainy night. A Korean was to lead and the people did not know that a traveler from the West would be present but I found about 1,000 Christians assembled. No visitor, however distinguished, would bring out 1,000 American church members on prayer meeting night in any city in the United States but 1,200 people packed the Syen Chyun Church the evening we spent there.

"It was worth going far to hear these Christians pray. They bow with their faces to the floor as those who know what it is to have daily audience with God. This spirit of prayer pervades their daily lives."



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**A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.**

The conversion of Eugene Reveillaud, the French journalist, politician, orator and patriot, was as sudden and astonishing as that of Paul of Tarsus.

He retired to his bed on the 13th day of July, 1878, an unbeliever, a free-thinker, and rose the next morning a subdued and rejoicing disciple of Jesus Christ. In the night-watches the Spirit of God had fallen upon him in overwhelming power, convicting, conquering and converting him.

The next morning he entered a Protestant church, and to the astonishment of all present asked permission to speak.

"A miracle!" he exclaimed. "Is not my conversion a miracle? I had fallen asleep yesterday on thoughts altogether secular. I do not remember that I had once raised my soul to God in all that day. At night God visited me by His Spirit, and by His divine baptism I have been regenerated. I have now the sense of God's favor, of His pardon, of His love. I am converted, I am saved."—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

A very striking and suggestive fact with regard to M. Reveillaud's conversion was the method employed by the Holy Spirit to open his eyes to the truth. He was, we understand, an unbeliever; not an infidel—an unbeliever, not because of enmity to the truth, but because he had never really understood the Christian religion.

On that night, as the writer has heard him tell, after waking, he found his mind repeating the "apostle's creed" almost unconsciously and without any reason for doing so that he knew of. But when he came to the words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," a light flashed upon his mind. He was wide awake in a moment.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost." He felt that he had at last struck the true chord. He had found the truth that he needed, the truth which his country needed.

And when Eugene Reveillaud went

through France preaching the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, which is the Gospel of Christ's Kingdom in the hearts of men, thousands believed and found peace and joy through a new-born faith in Christ.  
—Sabbath Reading.

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**THE WARNING REFUSED.**

Years ago a corps of civil engineers came to a little town in a valley in Pennsylvania and went up into the mountains and examined the dam which controlled the waters of the stream which flowed down into the valley. They came back to the valley and said to the people of the town, "That dam is unsafe. The people in the valley are in constant danger." The people said to them, "You can't scare us." That fall the men came back to the valley and examined the dam again and said to the people in the valley, "We warn you people again, you are in danger every hour." They laughed at them again and said, "Scare us if you can." The men went up again in the spring and warned the people again, but the people said "That is a chance. We have been hearing that so many times. Scare us if you can."

It was not fifteen days later that a boy with a horse on the dead run came down into the valley shouting, "Run for your lives! The dam is gone and the water is coming!" The people only laughed at him; but he did not wait to hear their laughter; he went on down the valley shouting the warning. In a very few minutes the dirty water came and in less than thirty minutes after the water struck the town Johnstown was in ruins with more than 3,700 of those who had been in the town in the presence of God.

You have been reproved many a time yourself, and frightened many a time yourself and you sit out there and say, "Scare me if you can." "Get me by frightening me if you can." But on God's judgment day you will run and call for the rocks and the mountains to hide from God's just fire your little

soul. God gets closest to the man who is honest with his own soul, and is in need of Christ. God help you to pray about this, "I am not to be frightened into Christianity."

"He that being often reprov'd and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." Prov. 29:1—Rev. Sam Jones.

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### A BLACKSMITH'S REMINISCENCE

I was standing about the blacksmith shop of Mr. T. D. Chase—at the cross-roads, some five miles from Peekskill-on-Hudson, this beautiful October morning and in a reminiscent manner he spoke of his present happy life and home, as compared to that of former times.

"See the difference," he said. "There goes the daughter of a Peekskill rum-seller. Did you notice, she salutes me with, 'Good morning, Mr. Chase.' Years ago, when in her father's bar-room, standing, or rather leaning against a post, for support, upon my saluting her, she replied, 'How dare you, a drunken bum, speak to me?' I replied that I got the rum from her father.

"The incident comes back like a flash; the rum-seller, to pacify me, gave me more drink. It was then from the rum-seller, 'Chase, what will you have?' It is to-day as I pass him on the street 'How do you do, Mr. Chase?' Quite a difference between being a slave to him and a fellow man.

"About a year after I stopped enriching rum-sellers I was in the restaurant of John Garrison getting a clam chowder, when in walked a white-aproned rum-seller whom I had once helped to support. He called to the restaurant keeper for 'a fine porterhouse steak.' After a while he noticed me and said, 'I am glad you have stopped drinking, as you got pretty low down, but after a while you can take a drink once in a while.' It being winter time and the Hudson River frozen, I said to him—"Suppose I go down to the wharf, jump

upon the ice, go out and out, all the time the ice cracking beneath my weight, until it occurs to me that it is best to go back to the shore which I do with difficulty, and finally land safe on the dock. Do you think it would be sensible for me to venture out again?' The rum-seller made no reply. The restaurant keeper was in the habit of taking a drink occasionally. He told me sometime afterward that the reply to that rum-seller so convinced him of the truth that from that minute until his death he was a total abstainer."—Wm. T. Totten.

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### THE UNDEFENDED BRIDGE.

At the battle of Waterloo a certain skilled officer and a small company of picked men were sent by the Duke of Wellington to guard a certain bridge.

They had not long been there when they heard the sound of guns; and soon their ears told them that a fierce battle was raging. Officers and men grumbled. "Fighting going on, and we not there," said they. "The Duke needs all the men he can get, yet here are we doing nothing!"

At last the officer gave orders to go to join the fray, and joyfully did his men obey. Just as they arrived, they saw that the enemy were in full flight; also that many of them were making for the bridge that they had left unguarded.

Hastily they returned, but it was too late. The enemy were in possession, and, knowing its value to the retreating army, they defended it well. The Duke had special reasons for placing good soldiers at that point, but officers and men felt sure he had made a mistake, and that they could arrange things better. Obedience to orders was disregarded, with the result we have seen.

St. Peter begs believers, "as obedient children" (1 Peter 1, 14) to do various things. Are we not often inclined to imitate the officers and men at Waterloo, who were sure they knew better than their commander, and did well to be disobedient?—Selected.



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## ROBERT MORRISON'S HELPER.

Robert Morrison, the noted missionary, wrote to friends in England, asking for an assistant.

In response a young man from the country came and offered himself. He was an earnest Christian but was rough and unpolished. He was introduced to the gentlemen of the Board and had a long talk with them. They then asked him to call again in an hour or two and they would give him an answer. In talking the matter over after he was gone they came to the conclusion that this young man would not do to go as a helper to Dr. Morrison. Finally they said to Dr. Phillips, one of their members: "Doctor, you see the young man when he calls again and tell him that we do not think him fit to be a missionary; but that if he would like to go out as a servant to the missionary we will send him." The Doctor did not much like to do this but he did it. He told the young man just what the Board had said.

Now many a young man would have been angry on hearing this but this young man did not feel or act so. After hearing what the Doctor said his answer was: "Well, sir, if the gentlemen don't think me fit to be a missionary I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water or do anything to help on the cause of my heavenly Master."

He was sent out as a servant but he soon got to be a missionary and turned out to be the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best missionaries that ever went to that country.—Selected.

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## PENITENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

At the close of the twelfth century Richard, son of Henry II, conspired against his father and took refuge in a walled city to which the king laid siege. In the course of the campaign Richard was wounded unto death and, being overwhelmed with contrition, sent a

messenger to his father asking that he might be permitted to see his face. His request was refused. Once and again he sent his humble appeal in vain. At length a procession passed through the gateway of the city under a flag of truce bearing the dying prince upon a stretcher; but ere it had reached the royal pavilion he had breathed his last. As the bearers waited there they heard from within a strong cry like that of David, "O Richard, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

The Lord, with whom we have to do, makes no such mistakes. He knows the deep secrets of the heart and, where there is true penitence, He has sworn by Himself that He will not reject it.—Rev. David James Burrell, D. D.

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## HOW HE FOUND CHRIST.

At a Moody Meeting.—I have made a great many speeches in my life and some from this platform but this is the first time I have ever spoken at a religious meeting. For months I have been perplexed very much on the subject of Christianity. I had been looking forward to the meetings of Mr. Moody and determined to attend them. When I first came I thought to sneak in and take a back seat but I changed my mind and said I would go onto the platform and identify myself with these meetings. This I have done, with the exception of one evening. This was the first victory over my pride.

Yesterday Mr. Moody came to my house and I joined with him in prayer—the first time I ever bowed my knee to God or man in my life. This was my second victory. Last night I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. This was my third victory. I feel now perfectly satisfied; the burden is rolled off and all gone and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ. This is my fourth victory. May God give us all strength to be true to our convictions.—Ex-Attorney Gen'l Geo. H. Williams, Portland, Ore.

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### AFTER MANY DAYS.

Nine or ten years ago Dr. Len Broughton visited a district in the mountains of southwest Virginia, holding a three days' mission for the deepening of spiritual life. The people were exceedingly poor, but living pure, wholesome lives. He was entertained by a family living in a house of only three rooms, where his deepest interest was awakened by one whom he took to be a daughter of the family.

Speaking of her to the minister of the place, he was told that she was the most remarkable girl in that country. She had never had more than three months schooling in her life, and was not a daughter, but only a servant, in receipt of \$4.00 per month.

Out of this she gave every month one dollar to her church (being the largest contributor), one dollar to foreign missions (being again, the largest contributor), two dollars to her family, her father being very poor, and the family very large. How, then, did she clothe herself? By taking in work and sitting up far into the night.

The room occupied by Dr. Broughton was the girl's, and there he found her Bible. It was marked on every page, and almost at every verse, but it was at Mark 16:15 that he found, as he believed, the secret of her life. Over against the "Go ye into all the world," etc., was written in firm, clear hand, "Oh, if I could!"

He felt he must follow this up, and so he spoke to her about it, whereupon she broke into crying.

"Don't cry, come to business," said he; but the crying went on all the same, and he had to try again later on, when she told him her story.

At fourteen she was converted at a meeting, and when she reached home she found a tract lying there, entitled, "China's Call for the Gospel." Nobody knew anything about it—whence it came, who brought it, or how long it had been there. Yet it was that that

shaped all her after life. She showed Dr. Broughton the tree where for ten years she had prayed the Lord to send her to China.

But a great change had come over her recently. Exactly two weeks before Dr. Broughton's coming she had come to the conclusion that she had misunderstood God's purpose for her—that, after all, His plan was that she should be a missionary for Him in the kitchen. At once her prayer became, "Make me willing to be a missionary for Thee in the kitchen!" She told how the Lord had answered her prayer, but now Dr. Broughton's first sermon had brought back the old longings stronger than ever.

"I have been so miserable that I almost wish you hadn't come," she said.

His reply was that she must come off at once with him and be trained. He felt so sure that God had sent him to help this chosen servant of His into her true path that she must do it even if he had to sell his own clothes. She followed him in a few days to Atlanta. His people responded nobly to his appeal. She was sent 1,000 miles to Brooklyn for training, and at the end she came out first of all the students. For seven years she did good work in China, came home on furlough, and has now just returned for her second term of service.

The point to be noted, especially, is this: For ten years she had longed for the big thing. Then she was brought to willingness to accept the little thing—to shine for God in that narrow home as kitchen maid; and as soon as she reached that point, God Himself sent her out to China.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Selected.

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### A WRONG RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Some people's religion is just like a wooden leg. There is neither warmth nor life in it; and, although it helps you to hobble along, it never becomes a part of you, but has to be strapped on every morning."



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## SUBMISSION TO GOD.

What a blessing my late friend, Dr. Moon, of Brighton, has been, the projector of the great Moon System to aid the blind to read the Word of God, the greatest system of its kind, in my opinion, ever devised. When twenty-three years of age he was struck with total blindness. He besought God, when the symptoms were coming on, that He deliver him from this curse of total blindness. He was an educated man, just at the beginning of his true service of God and man. But the blindness continued. What did he do? It is one of the sublimest things in history. He looked up to God and said: "My heavenly Father, I thank Thee for the talent of blindness. May I so invest that talent that at the coming of the Lord Jesus He may receive His own with usury."

Is not that profoundly, sublimely and ecstatically heavenly? And the Lord at once taught him that He had permitted the blindness that he might minister to the millions of blind people in the world; and Dr. Moon used his inventive faculties and devised this beautiful system, containing only a very few characters in combination. According to the account which I received last year that system has been utilized in 492 languages and dialects. So that after this man went to God in heaven a few years ago he must have found thousands of people from that day coming to heaven through reading the raised characters by which he made it possible to commune with the Word of God. By taking blindness as a talent from God, and using it for God, he accomplished far more for God and man than he ever could have done if he had followed out the devices and desires of his own heart.

—A. T. Pierson, D. D.

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## WHOSE BOY IS IN DANGER?

Rev. Cortland Myers, of Boston, relates the following story as told by a ship's surgeon:

"On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times and worked his hands and his feet. When they had done all that they knew how to do I came up to be of assistance and they said he was dead and beyond help. I turned away, as I said to them, 'I think you have done all you could,' but just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to go over to see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face and discovered that it was my own boy. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy; I blew into his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over and simply begged God to bring him back to life and for four long hours I worked, until, just at sunset, I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy."

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## WHEN FAILURE WINS.

Apparent failure may really spell success. Some years ago a genius sent a raft of logs from Canada to New York. This method of transporting logs was then unknown. When near New York a great storm snapped the cables that bound the logs and they were scattered far and wide. The Chief of the Hydrographic Department at Washington heard of the accident and sent word to shipmasters the world over to watch out for the logs, noting the latitude and longitude in which they were discovered. Hundreds of captains reported, with the result that remarkable discoveries were made as to the courses of ocean currents. Joggins lost his raft but the world gained new knowledge of marine geography and navigation.

Perhaps your raft has been destroyed. You had hoped great things for it; but the logs are not lost. You will find them scattered all through your life and perhaps in a time of storm they will save you from shipwreck. They have gone into the building up of your character. Also, and more important, they will save some other fellow from disaster. Columbus failed in finding a back door to India but he discovered America. The Spanish court could see in Columbus' discovery merely a few Indian souvenirs but to the world it meant a vast continent.—Rev. Charles Stetzle.

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### SAVED BY A THREAD.

A tall chimney had been completed and the scaffolding was being removed. One man remained on the top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing when her little boy burst in with "Mother, mother, mother, they have forgotten the rope and he's going to throw himself down!" She paused; her lips moved in the agony of prayer and she rushed forth.

A crowd was looking up to the poor man who was moving round and round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. It seemed as if at any moment he might fall or throw himself down in despair. His wife from below cried out, "Wait, John!" The man became calm. "Take off thy stockings; unravel the worsted." And he did so. "Now tie the end to a bit of mortar and lower gently." Down came the thread and the bit of mortar swinging backwards and forwards. Lower and lower it descended—eagerly watched by many eyes. It was now within reach and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some cord to the thread. "Now pull up." The man got hold of the cord. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure. There were a few moments of suspense and then amidst the shouts of the peo-

ple he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was not despised; it drew after it the cord, the rope, the rescue!

Ah! My friend, thou mayest be sunk very low down in sin and woe but there is a thread of divine love that comes from the throne of heaven and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, shall lift even you up to God and glory. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"—Newman Hall.

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### "GOD USE THIS STAMMERING TONGUE."

One day during his great mission in London, Mr. Moody was holding a meeting in a theatre packed with a most select audience. Noblemen and noblewomen were there in large numbers. A prominent member of the royal family was in the royal box. Mr. Moody arose to read the Scripture lesson. He attempted to read Luke 4:27, "And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet." When he came to the name Eliseus he stammered and stuttered over it. He went back to the beginning of the verse and began to read again but again when he reached the word "Eliseus" he could not get over it. He went back and began the third time to read the verse but again the word "Eliseus" was too much for him. He closed the Bible with deep emotion and looked up and said, "Oh, God! Use this stammering tongue to preach Christ crucified to these people." The power of God came upon him and one who heard him then and had heard him often at other times said to me afterward that he had never heard Mr. Moody pour out his soul in such a torrent of eloquence as he did then, and the whole audience was melted by the power of God.—R. A. Torrey, D. D.



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**"THEY DID NOT FIND IT OUT"**

Evangelist "Billy" Sunday tells the story of a certain man, a professing Christian, whose business required him to spend some months among the lumber-jacks of the far Northwest.

Knowing how rough and godless many of these men are, and how they ridicule sacred things, a friend said to him, "What did the jackies do to you when they found out you were a Christian?"

And the traveler answered with a touch of shameless pride, "They did not do anything, for they did not find it out!"

How glaring the contrast between his cowardly silence and the witness-bearing of a Western traveling man! In the office of a rude hotel several miners were gambling. As they became intoxicated, they began to swear, particularly taking in vain the name of Jesus.

The Christian traveler was writing his daily letter to the house. He sat still a moment, wondering whether to leave the room or rebuke these strangers for their profanity. Finally he walked over and said: "Pardon me, boys, but this Jesus Christ whose name you are coupling with such vile oaths is my Saviour, and it hurts to hear you use His name so. He's done too much for us all to be given such treatment. If you must swear, can't you leave the name of Jesus out?"

Rough as they were, the men saw the genuineness of the man who spoke, and saying, "All right, pard; we'll see what we can do," they quieted down, and swore no more.

Does the world know you are a Christian? Do the members of your fraternity, lodge, or social circle know it? If they do not, how does it happen? It cannot be that you are ashamed of it.

Let us live so true to Him that, whether our acquaintances know much about us or little, they will at least

know that we dearly love our Lord.—  
Christian Endeavor World.

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**THE WARNING VOICE HEHEDED.**

If we speak to another of God's goodness to us perhaps that other will be led to speak of God's kindness to him.

Returning from a vacation a few years ago, in the train between Albany and New York, I got in conversation with a man occupying the seat in front of mine. He was, as I learned, a Mr. Edwards of Albany, a keeper in the penitentiary in that city. Although he felt too unworthy to esteem himself a Christian, yet he believed in God, and in prayer; and in speaking of God's goodness to him he related the following occurrence:

About a year previous he wanted to go by trolley from Albany to Kinderhook, and hailed a car intending to take it. The conductor stopped, and he began to run to get aboard the car when a voice seemed to say to him, "Do not go! Do not go!" He yielded to the warning, and motioned to the conductor to go on, and the car sped on without him. After the car was gone he felt foolish and disappointed, for he wanted to go to Kinderhook, and to wait for another car would make it so late that he abandoned the purpose altogether; but he could not understand why he had not gone when the chance was his.

As he was standing on the stoop of his house, not long after, some one passing asked him if he had heard of the accident. Then, to his surprise, he learned that that car had come into collision with another car. Three or four persons had been killed outright and others were injured. When Mr. Edwards heard of this disaster which he so mercifully escaped, he said he knelt down where he was standing and thanked God for that warning which he thought more than likely was the means of saving his life.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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**PRAY YOUR OWN PRAYERS.**

In my boyhood days after I had been converted, I had a great desire to be useful in the work of the Lord, but almost despaired doing so because of my inability to express myself publicly, either in testimony or prayer. I could not think of enough words to make a testimony or prayer two minutes in length.

While attending a United Brethren Quarterly Conference, at the close of the morning session the presiding elder stated that in the afternoon a "love feast" would be held, meaning a prayer and testimony meeting. I was ill at ease for some time wondering what I should say when called upon to offer a prayer. I then remembered that in the library at home was a paper containing one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, at the beginning of which was a short prayer. Immediately a decision was made to go home and commit that prayer to memory before the afternoon service.

After arriving home I went to my room, read the prayer over a few times, then kneeled and repeated it until I felt assured that I could make use of it in the afternoon. After services had begun, I silently repeated the prayer to be sure that it was still at my command. When called upon to pray I broke forth with the following words of Henry Ward Beecher:

"O Lord God Almighty, bless our nation; bless the President of the United States and his cabinet; bless the Vice-president, the Senate and the House of Representatives. Bless the governors of the various States and—a-n-d—."

This was all I could remember of the prayer. After some little hesitation I had to drop down to my own words and common language, which indeed seemed very flat to me, and, no doubt, to those who were listening. The fall from Henry Ward Beecher's fluent language to my small vocabulary was

so great that it cured me for life. Feeling so chagrined over my failure in the meeting I was for a time in great trial, but the Lord comforted me when I decided thereafter to pray my own prayers and not the prayers of some one else, to be myself and not try to be Henry Ward Beecher or some other noted man.

I decided to pray my short prayer and to say what I had to say in testimony, and, when through, to sit down and rest assured that I had done the will of God so far as was required of me. In doing this, the Lord helped me and increased my talent on these lines as I obeyed him and did my duty. Although he never did see fit to give me a gift of speech as he has given to many others, yet I learned that it is the prayer of faith that counts instead of the ability to offer a prayer of many words.

—E. E. Byrum.

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**A LOAN TO THE LORD.**

A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seyg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief, he prayed, saying; "Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray Thee, give them back."

The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gossner, his assistant, handed over to Feneberg, saying, "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained 20 thalers, or about \$146, which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the vicar; and the childlike old man, in joyful amusement, cried out, "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so much ashamed!" —Selected.



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### THE DOXOLOGY IN EMPTY FLOUR BARREL.

It is one thing to trust God when the flour-barrel is full, when there is money in the bank to fall back on and when the wages are coming in regularly.

It is quite another thing to trust God when the barrel is empty, the money in the bank gone, and no wages coming in. Under these conditions one is apt to find that what was supposed to be faith in God was simply faith in a full flour-barrel.

I heard the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, say, "When I came to a place of testing where my faith was most needed, I found it gradually going; then I learned to look less to my faith, and to depend more on God's faithfulness."

Only as we come to God's Word and plant our feet upon the promises shall we find faith abiding in times of testing.

The flour may be gone; the money may be gone, the salary gone; but God is there.

I know this to be true. I had often said in public talks, "It takes real faith in God to be able to put your head into an empty flour-barrel and sing the doxology." My wife had heard me say this and not long since she called me to the kitchen. I said, "What do you want me for?"

She replied, "I want you to come out here and sing." I thought this queer, so I went out to see what it all meant.

In the center of the floor there was an empty flour-barrel she had just dusted out.

"Now, my dear," said she, "I have often heard you say one could put his head into an empty flour-barrel and sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' if he believed what God said. Now here is your chance; practice what you preach."

There was the empty flour-barrel staring at me with open mouth; my pocket-book was empty as the barrel; I was not on a salary, and knew of no

money that was coming in. I do not know that my wife enjoyed my preaching, but she was evidently bent on enjoying my practicing. I looked for my faith and could not find it; I looked for a way of escape, but could not find that, my wife blocking the door of exit with the dust-brush covered with flour.

I said, "I will put my head in and sing, on one condition."

"What's that?" said my wife.

"The condition that you will put your head in with me. You know how you promised to share my joys and sorrows."

She consented; so we put our heads in and sang the long-metre doxology. I will not say what else we did, but we had a good time; and when we got our heads out we were a good bit powdered up, which we took as a token that there was more flour to follow.

Sure enough, though no person knew of our need or the empty barrel, the next day a grocery man called with a barrel of flour for the Gibbuds! Who sent it, or where it came from, we do not know to this day, save that we know that our heavenly Father knew that we had "need of these things."

I have joined with a thousand voices in singing the grand old doxology; I have sung it in many a fine church building, also in the open air under the blue canopy of heaven; but there is something very peculiar about the sound of the song when sung in an empty flour-barrel under the foregoing conditions. I have repeated the experience once or twice since with the same result though now I never spend any time in looking for my faith; I simply apply for flour at Phil. 4:19, and then sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Bread, butter, beef, beans, and all our needs we find can be supplied from the same place.

In days gone by we have trusted in a good salary, but that sometimes failed to materialize; we have trusted in a good committee, but they did not always know when rent was due. But the Lord knows when the first day of

the month comes around, and He has never failed to send us our rent money before it was due. "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily (in 'truth,' the margin says) thou shalt be fed," the Douay version reading, "Thou shalt be fed with its riches."

There is board and lodging for anybody who will "trust in the Lord and do good."—H. B. Gibbud.

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### HOW A TEACHER FAILED.

Mrs. Barney of Rhode Island tells the following incident:

"My business in W. C. T. U. work called me to Pittsburgh, where I was met by a young friend who took me to her home in one of the public carriages found at the station. As I got into the carriage I noticed the very disreputable-looking driver and the very shabby carriage. I wondered at my friend selecting that particular outfit. As I turned to my friend, I found her weeping bitterly. 'Mary, what is it?' She replied, 'O, Mrs. Barney, look at that dreadful driver! He was once my Sunday school scholar and look at him now!' I thought: 'You may well weep.' She continued, 'I went away to college and was gone four years. When I came back he had become a common drunkard. I went to him, and said, 'O Jack, I see you are going wrong; do you forget all my teachings?' He replied: 'Miss Mary, you had your chance with my life and you failed to use it for good. You taught the Bible as if it were a bit of Roman or Greek history. You never got any Christ into your lessons or any Christ into me. Too late to talk to me now.'"

"Fellow teacher, in God's eternal day will any soul look into your face or mine and say: 'You had your chance with my life and you failed. You never had Christ in your lesson and there is no Christ in me.' Rather let us strive to be able to say: 'Dear Lord, here is every soul committed to my care. I have

done my best to make them honorable citizens of the Republic of the United States and glorious citizens of the Kingdom of God."

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### HOW "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

The blind hymn writer, Fanny Crosby, in telling how one of her most beautiful and tender hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," came to be written, says:

"Mr. W. H. Doane, the author of the music, came to my home one morning, and he said he was anxious to get the next train for Cincinnati, his home, and he was very anxious as well that I should write a hymn to a melody which he had just written, and which he played. Then he said: "In order to do this we have only forty minutes. Can you do it?" I smiled, and said, "We will try." So I ran upstairs to my room, and, as I always do, knelt down and asked divine assistance. I finished the hymn in less than fifteen minutes. But I believe the Holy Spirit dictated that hymn. It was born for a mission, and that was to comfort sad and lonely hearts.

"I have heard a great many stories in regard to that hymn. Dr. John Hall, of New York, once told me that he went one day to visit one of his parishioners whose little girl was lying in bed very ill. The gentleman came in tears into the reception room, and Dr. Hall asked, "Has the little one gone home?" "No," replied the anxious father, "but she wants to do something that I cannot do. I never sang a song in my life, and she won't be comforted until I sing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.'" "Never mind," said Dr. Hall, "I will go up and sing it for her," and he went up where the little sufferer was, and sang the hymn until he came to the third line of the last verse, when the little spirit plumed its wings, flew away home, and was "safe in the Arms of Jesus."



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### HERO OF "PUNCHEON CAMP."

Once when I was on a preaching tour through the mountains, a humble, unlettered young man joined the church. Among a hundred others he made no impression on me, unless it was by his homeliness. On a subsequent visit he met me at the church on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River and urged me to visit his Sunday School on Puncheon Camp. I was astonished that he had a Sunday School anywhere, especially on the Puncheon Camp.

It was several miles from where he worked (as a hired man) among a sparsely settled people, in a narrow valley, between big mountains. He urged so persistently that I promised to stop on the Puncheon Camp Creek at nine o'clock Thursday morning on my way to Jackson. I could hardly believe that a Sunday School could be gathered at nine o'clock on a week day out of those wild, rough mountains. I did not know the man.

It was blazing hot; I came near having a sunstroke as I crossed the mountain at the head of the Puncheon Camp though I started early. By nine o'clock I came in sight of the old deserted house where the Sunday School was taught. Imagine my astonishment when I saw an anxious crowd of men and women and children filling the house, porch and yard at nine o'clock in the morning. They had climbed the mountains and crossed the streams on foot to hear the Gospel.

My friend was there and made a place big enough for me to stand in a crowd that filled every inch of space both inside and outside the house. His equipment for the Sunday School consisted of one small copy of Gospel Hymns ("words only") and a small ten-cent Testament. Out of these he taught the Puncheon Campers to sing and to love Jesus. He led the singing and I preached. A hundred earnest, eager, hungry people sitting on the floor and porches of a mountain cabin would make

the dumb speak and the stones cry out if others were silent.

That poor, untutored lad, Lewis Hensley, who had spelled out the story of Jesus' love to the simple mountain folk, had sowed the seed of the kingdom. I don't remember the sermon but I do remember that when I was done some eighteen souls, some well stricken in years, some in the dew of youth, came forward to say they believed in Jesus. It was not far from there to heaven that day.—Edward O. Guerrant.

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### SANKEY AND THE GIPSY BOY

While holding meetings at Burdett Road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. "There we visited a gipsy camp," says Mr. Sankey, "and while stopping to speak to two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gipsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on the head of one of them and said: 'May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!'

"Fifteen years later, when Gipsy Smith made his first visit to America, I had the pleasure of taking him for a drive in Brooklyn. While passing through Prospect Park he asked me: 'Do you remember driving from London one day to a gipsy camp at Epping Forest?' I replied that I remembered. 'Do you remember a little gipsy boy standing by your carriage,' he asked again, 'and you put your hand on his head, saying that you hoped that he would be a preacher?' 'Yes, I remember it very well.' 'I am that boy,' said Gipsy Smith. My surprise can better be imagined than described. Little had I thought that the successful evangelist and fine Gospel singer of whom I had heard so much was the little boy I had met in the gipsy camp. Truly God had granted my wish and had made a mighty preacher of the gipsy boy."

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**SHE SAVED THE TRAIN.**

One day in September, 1893, a little girl, named Jennie Creek, was strolling through the woods near her home in Indiana, when she noticed the smell of burning wood. She looked for the cause, and to her surprise she saw that the railroad bridge which spanned the big river was on fire. Into her soul came a great horror. She knew that in five minutes the eastbound Chicago express would come dashing along at a terrific speed, bearing its load of passengers from the World's Fair.

There she stood alone, a little girl eleven years old. There was no one near to call upon for help. Suddenly she heard the whistle of the train. It was rushing fast toward the burning bridge. What should she do? But Jennie was a Christian girl, and in this moment of agony she prayed, "Lord Jesus, help me. Tell me what to do." She realized that she must stop the train; but how? She knew that a red flag was the sign of danger; if she only had something red. The next second she remembered her underskirt of red flannel. She ripped off her dress, tore off her petticoat and ran toward the train, shouting and waving the garment as she ran.

The train was thundering along to certain destruction, when into the eyes of the engineer came a flash of red. In an instant he saw a little girl waving the signal. The engine was reversed, but not a second too soon. Half a minute more and the train would have crashed headlong into the river with a terrible loss of life. The passengers showered her with blessings, and carried her through the cars in triumph on their shoulders.

Among the passengers were some distinguished people from France, who had come to attend the World's Fair. A few months afterward Jennie received a letter with a strange-looking postmark. It was about the first letter she had ever received. It was from Presi-

dent Carnot of France. It called her a brave, good girl, and told her she had been chosen a member of the Legion of Honor. She was offered an education in the best schools of France at the expense of the government. Then when the great Paris Exposition occurred in 1900, the French government invited her to visit France as the guest of the nation, showing that after seven years those grateful foreigners had not forgotten the little girl who stopped their train at the burning bridge.

Yes, they were grateful to her; but Jennie was thankful to God who had answered her prayer in that moment of perplexity, and had shown her what to do.—Rev. H. W. Pope.

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**SAVED FROM DEATH IN A TRUNK.**

A special despatch to the New York Herald from Saginaw, Mich., February 17, 1914, tells the following beautiful story:

Monday, while Mrs. Michael Hart was busy with her housework she missed her two children, Mary, eight years old, and Leon, six. At first she was not alarmed, but the continued absence of the children frightened her, and she hurried from one room to the other without finding them. She was quite sure they had not left the house, as their coats and hats were not gone.

Suddenly she lifted the lid of a trunk and screamed. Two little forms, hands clasped on their breasts, two little children seemingly wax, she saw. Physicians were called, and the unconscious children were revived just in time.

The children told how they had prayed, "Jesus, tell ma we are in the trunk and tell her to come quick."

"We were afraid Jesus was not listening," said Mary, "and we asked Him to take us to heaven if we were going to die. I made Leon fold his hands across his breast like people in coffins and I folded mine, too. Then we waited."



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## A HEBREW'S SEARCH FOR THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT.

In the spring of 1898 I was holding some gospel meetings in San Francisco, and several times addressed the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." On one occasion, having concluded my discourse, the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrews who desired to ask questions or state difficulties, as also for any who had been brought to Christ to relate their conversions.

The experience of one old Jew interested me greatly, and as nearly as I can, I give his remarks in his own words, though not attempting to preserve the inimitable Hebrew-English dialect.

He said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the "motsah" (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, 'When I see the leaven put away, or when I see you eat the motsah, or the lamb, or go to the synagogue; but His word was, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, blood, BLOOD!"

As he reiterated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

"Blood!" It is an awful word, that, for one who reveres the ancient oracle, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the book, the blood meets him, let him seek as he may, he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause, the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine,

nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue and learned Hebrew from the Rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older and studied the Law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up.

"Again and again I read Exodus xii. and Leviticus xvi., xvii., and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears. 'It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul!' I knew I had broken the law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there was no blood!"

"In my distress, at last, I opened my heart to a learned and venerable rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy xii. and Leviticus xvii., was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was why there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now, we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instruction, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers.

"I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all?

"This thought filled me with horror.

In my distress I consulted many other rabbis. I had but one great question—Where can I find the blood of atonement?

"I was over thirty years of age when I left Palestine and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins.

"One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of that city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood is no remission'; but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third of Isaiah: this was the Sufferer of Psalm xxii. Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood of atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile."

Reader, have you yet found the blood of atonement? "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29). Are you trusting in God's smitten Lamb?—the ever-sufficient, all-availing sacrifice? Rev. H. A. Ironside

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### EARNESTNESS.

When Xavier was preparing to go forth upon his mission through the East, his friend Rodriguez, who shared his apartment in the Hospital at Rome, was awakened in the night by his earnest exclamations. He heard him tossing restlessly on his couch; and at times there came from the lips of the sleeping

man the agitated appeal, "Yet more, O my God! yet more!"

It was not until many months afterwards that he revealed the vision. He had seen in his slumber the wild and terrible future of his career spread out before him. There were barbarous regions, islands, and continents, and mighty empires which he was to win to his faith. Storms, indeed, swept around them, and hunger and thirst were everywhere, and death in many a fearful form; yet he shrank not back. He was willing to dare the peril, if he could but win the prize. Nay, he yearned for still wider fields of labor, and with an absorbing passion, that filled every faculty, and haunted him even in his slumber, he exclaimed, "Yet more, O my God! yet more!" The incident furnishes a fine illustration of Christian earnestness.—Selected.

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### BIBLE READING IN A CHIMNEY.

Now that the Bible is an open book in so large a part of the world, it is hard to realize to what devices the Christians of former times were forced to resort in order to enjoy their precious copies of God's Word. One famous Bible still in existence was preserved by being baked inside a loaf of bread. Rev. George Whalpton of the French Methodist Evangelistic Mission tells how an old woman in a Norman village gave him a smoked Bible with an interesting history.

It belonged to the great-grandfather of "la mere Vardon" (Mother Vardon), who, at the beginning of the last century, used to hide it up the great chimney of his cottage, in a niche made by the removal of a brick. In order to read the book without incurring the certain danger of imprisonment or even of a cruel death, he would close the shutters, lock his door, put out the fire, and get up into the chimney, where with the daylight which reached him from above, he strengthened his heart by the precious promises of God's Word.

—Selected.



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### A DANIEL EXPERIENCE OF TO-DAY.

The victorious life which The Sunday School Times is teaching was, to my husband and myself at the time of this experience, quite in its infancy, and we both had a burning desire to know God more thoroughly. On our knees with our Bibles and putting the promises to the test we came to have many experiences like the following:

My husband, on account of ill health, was acting as superintendent of a silver mine near Leadville, Colorado, I remaining in Illinois. The mining camp was quite far up the trail from where he was "batching it" with a friend.

One morning he arose, and, having finished breakfast and devotions, started to leave the cabin. As his hand reached the latch, it was supernaturally held; he could not touch the latch. He returned to his seat to think, believing that it was the hand of God. Then he prayed about it, asking for light in the reverent but familiar way we had come to feel toward God.

He then opened his Bible, saying, "I recognize thy hand; will you choose to show me by a passage of Scripture that you are here, that I am right, and you are leading me?" He opened to a passage speaking of where meat was cooking on a fire. At this he thanked God, saying, "I recognize the answer," for he was then boiling on the stove some meat for his friend's return at noon.

Rising, he went to the door, but with the same success as before. Again he returned to his seat, saying, "Perhaps I am to be detained to meet some one here on business to-day." He spent some time talking it over with the Master; then saying, "Unless I am to go now it will be too late to start," he went to the door and passed out naturally.

Going to where his pony was tied he started up the trail, and, being a close observer and a geologist, he soon noticed two sets of tracks in the light snow which had fallen through the

night, and which he had never seen before. He dismounted and examined them closely.

As he reached the camp a great shout arose as the great doors burst open, from a hundred thankful men. Then followed explanations. Two immense mountain lions had passed the very time Mr. Perry usually arrived, for he was methodical almost to the minute. "We supposed, of course, one had eaten the pony and you were eaten by the other." Of all the lions seen by the men, none had ever been so large.

As their superintendent told them of the wonderful providence, godless men though they were, they accepted it as God's hand. For "no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God" (Dan. 6:23).—Mrs. Frances Perry, in Sunday School Times.

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### DELIVERANCE FROM WANT.

At one time I was recounting to a Christian friend some of our remarkable deliverances from want, by which he was so much affected that he even wept. While I was speaking, as if to confirm my statement, I received a letter containing a check for five hundred ducats. At another time I was in need of a large sum, but did not know where to obtain ten ducats. The steward of the orphanage came, but having no money for him, I asked him to come again after dinner and in the meantime gave myself to prayer. When he came in the afternoon all I could do was to ask him to come again in the evening. In the afternoon I was visited by a friend with whom I united in prayer to God. As I accompanied my friend to the door on his departure, I found the steward standing on one side, and on the other a person who put into my hands a hundred and fifty ducats. On another occasion the superintendent began to pay the laborers with only fourteen ducats, but before he got through he received enough to complete the payments.—A. H. Franke.

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**BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.**

A few days ago, being in the store of a Jewish bookseller in this part of the city, and the conversation leading to Biblical questions, the bookseller, who has drifted away from the faith of his fathers, made the remark that there is no evidence that the Israelites ever were in Egypt. We told him he was quite mistaken; that not only is there evidence of the Hebrews having dwelt in Egypt, but also the spades of the excavators are helping to confirm in certain minute particulars the statements of Scripture, touching their residence in that land. And then we referred to the following facts:

Since 1883 a society known as the "Egypt Exploration Fund," composed of Profs. Petrie, Naville and others, has been at work in Egypt; and one of their discoveries is the site of the ancient city of Pithom.

In the first chapter of Exodus we are told that "the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick."

Now, it was not customary for the Egyptians to lay their brick in mortar, but in mud, which was a fair substitute for mortar. But in Pithom, one of Pharaoh's treasure cities, built we are told in Exodus by the Israelites, it has been discovered that the bricks are laid in mortar instead of mud.

Furthermore, the lower courses of the foundation walls of this same store-city are made, it is said, of brick in which straw was mixed with the clay; but in the upper courses of the walls the straw disappears, and the bricks are made of the Nile mud, without the help of straw to hold it together. This is surely an interesting verification of the statement in Exodus, that one of the oppressive measures of Pharaoh was to refuse finally to supply the Hebrews with straw for their brick, and yet to require them to produce the same number as before.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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**AM I BETTER OFF?**

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia. "Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any one I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway; "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be envied." "What sir!" exclaimed the young man in surprise. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings every month!" "Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, and wear more than one suit of clothes at a time. Pray can't you do as much?" "Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you." "What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I." "But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire." "And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture, and pictures, and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can ride in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers; and as to anything I 'desire' I can tell you that the less you desire in this world, the happier you will be. All my wealth can't buy a single day more of life—can not buy back my youth—can not procure me power to keep off the hour of death; and then what will all avail, when in a few short years at most, I must lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."—Selected.



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## A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Denver News reports the following story related by attorney J. W. Donovan, in a case in the recorder's court, which shows how a touch of nature makes the world akin, and develops beneath a rough exterior the principles of tender sympathy and kind charity:

On a hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranch further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of about a dozen Texas rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

It was before the day of law and court-houses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at the proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd and left the thief hanging on a tree, a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart for a few minutes, and then told him if he had any explanations to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do so and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced: "How many of you have wives?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

"Then I know whom I am talking to, and you'll hear me," and he continued, "I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire. I failed in the fall of '57, during the panic. I have been saving. I have no

home here; my family remain East, for I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country. Days seemed months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for letters from home (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife) I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. "I expect to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it tenderly, and continued, "now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I am dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free, but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

They did, and when the money was paid over and the man about to start he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being far away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback, for the nearest staging route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-bye, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

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## THE WIDOW'S MEAL.

I remember being much struck long

years ago by an incident related to me by a Highland shepherd on my uncle's estate of Arndilly, the facts of which he, a good Christian man, was quite prepared to vouch for.

Up on a lone hillside, and far removed from any other dwelling, there lived, about the middle of the century, a poor lone widow, who for many a long year had learned to rest, in every difficulty and in all her need, upon Him who has somewhere said: "Let thy widows trust in me." It was the depth of winter when the incident that I am going to relate occurred, and the poor woman's stock, never very abundant, was, I suppose, reduced to its lowest by the difficulty of finding any employment at that season of the year. Unlike the widow in the Hebrew story, she actually found her barrel of meal fail, and when she had finished the last handful she went to bed, possibly with the hope that she might be more fortunate in earning a few pence on the morrow.

But when the morrow came a terrible snow-storm swept over the land, and the lane leading to her little cot was almost blocked with the snow. It was quite beyond her slender powers to battle with the raging storm, and make her way to some neighbor's house, where at least she would be made welcome to a dish of porridge. There was One only Friend to whom she could apply, and in Him she had the most perfect confidence.

Accordingly she filled her pan with water, and put it on the fire, and actually put the salt in the water. "Noo," she said to herself, "I'll jist gang ben, and ask the Loord for the meal." So she retired into her inner chamber, and there "with praise and thanksgiving she made her wants known unto the Lord." She hadn't been long on her knees when there came a loud knock at the door. "Na, na, Loord!" she exclaimed. "Thou cans' na hae sent the answer sae soon!"

But the knocking continued, and, on her opening the door, a buxom farmer's lass, who lived some little distance off,

flung down a sack of meal on the floor, exclaiming: "Father sent ye that; and I think ye may be very grateful to me for bringing it here through all this terrible storm. Whatever possessed my father I don't know, but all the morning he has been dinning into me about that sack of meal, and, snow or no snow, I must be sure and fetch it up to you; but it's been a pretty hard job getting through the storm, I can tell you."

So she was rattling on, when a glance at the old woman fairly overawed and silenced her. There she stood with uplifted hands and eyes bedimmed with tears of grateful praise, as she exclaimed:

"He's aye the same, Jeanie! He's aye the same! Many a lang year hae I trusted Him, and I ne'er found Him fail; and He's na failed me noo. Look at yon pot on the fire, Jeanie. I put on the water, and I put in the salt, and ne'er a grain o' meal had I in the hose. Sae I was jist asking the Loord to send me the meal, when I heard ye knock at the door, and noo here comes the meal, jist while I was asking for it."—W. Hay M. H. Aitken.

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### AN AFRICAN LAKE.

Of a lake in Central Africa, Rev. R. Stewart Wright says: "When this lake was first discovered there was no outlet, and the water was brackish. When Cameron and Stanley visited the lake it was commencing to dribble into the Lukuga, and thence into the Congo. Shortly afterward it burst the barrier and flowed out in a full stream, which it has maintained ever since. Eighteen years ago, when I first lived on the shore, the water was still slightly mineral; today, however, it is pure and wholesome. Fish abound, and afford sustenance to many of the people, as well as to innumerable birds."

Many lives are suffering for want of an outlet. Beneficence to others reacts upon the quality and happiness of our own lives.



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### SPECIAL PROVIDENCES OF GOD.

The following events transpired under my own observation in the town of Allen, Allegany, N. Y. Although many years have passed away since their occurrence, they are still fresh in my memory.

There was a neighbor of ours, by the name of Peter Jones, then in the prime of life, very ambitious, an honest and honorable man in his dealings with men, as far as I knew, but greedy of gain and very irreligious. Although he would scorn the idea of robbing his fellow man, yet he would rob God by breaking His holy Sabbaths, apparently taking pride in doing secular work on the day which God has sanctified, and commanded to keep holy. He was not satisfied with what he could make by working six days in a week, and often would also work on the Sabbath.

Finally, he conceived and put in operation a plan to increase his worldly interest and make property faster than his more moral neighbors. He said he was going to keep a separate account of his Sunday labor, and at the close of the year see how much he had made by it, while others were losing their time, thinking perhaps he would prove the falsity of the declaration of the Bible that, "godliness is profitable unto all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." He succeeded in putting in six acres of wheat, and one acre of potatoes, and prepared the ground on the Sabbath. What he could not do in season alone, he changed works with some of his ungodly neighbors and paid the work back again on the Sabbaths. An early frost came and killed the potatoes before they matured, not injuring others in the neighborhood materially. His wheat was good, harvested and stacked in season, and in good order. About one week after it was stacked a whirlwind or hurricane passed directly over the

stacks, carrying both stacks almost entirely away.

But little of it was ever discovered, and that was several miles away in the big swamp. No other damage was done by the tornado except tearing down or twisting about a narrow strip of timber in its course. Mr. Jones very irreverently remarked that "the old gentleman was most too hard on him." But a short time after the gale he was doomed to suffer a still heavier affliction. One of his children, a beautiful little boy, fell backwards into a vessel of hot water and was so badly scalded that it lived but a few days. Mr. Jones quite naturally considered these misfortunes and afflictions as the just judgment of God for his impious conduct, and from that time ceased working on the Sabbath, began to attend the means of grace, and at a protracted meeting in that vicinity soon after, was hopefully converted, and made a public profession of religion, and united with the church. When God's judgments are abroad in the earth the people will learn righteousness.—D. Reynolds.

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### THE BEST ARGUMENT.

The late Dr. Bernardo, of London, the great philanthropist, relates that he was once standing at his front door on a bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to him and asked for an order of admission into his home.

To test the boy, he pretended to be rather rough with him.

"How do I know," he said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" the little fellow shouted; "If these rags"—waving his arms about as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothing else will."

So your very needs are the strongest appeal to the Saviour. And if you come to Him with all your heart, just because you need Him, you shall have His sympathy and love.—Selected.

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## UNSELFISH SUCCESS.

No man in English-speaking countries has so richly earned the title of "the children's friend" as a poor man in London known by the very common name of George Smith. He was the son of a brickmaker, and at the tender age of four years he was put to work in the yard with a host of other children not much older than himself. The heavy lumps of clay which he was compelled to carry for fourteen hours a day injured his spine and dwarfed his growth.

In very busy seasons the little fellows were allowed an extra sixpence if they continued their work far into the night. George was fond of reading, and his hard-earned bits went for books, by means of which he gained much practical information. He had suffered so much in his early years that long before he had attained his majority he had set for himself a life-task of seeking to better the condition of the hordes of overworked children in England. With so much earnestness did he enter into his purpose that, although without money, friends or education, he compelled his countrymen to listen to the pitiful story of the children's woes and wrongs. By his own persistent efforts he finally induced Parliament to pass an act by which three thousand little waifs were freed from the labor that was crushing out their lives, and were sent to school. His next step was to seek legislation liberating the sixty thousand children employed on canal boats, whose servitude in England was no better than that of our former slaves in the rice-fields. In this case as in the other, he ceased from his efforts only when he had gained the victory sought.

This is a grand record for a poor unlettered man, for, though grown old and gray-haired in service, he is still wretchedly poor. He has had no time to make money or to earn fame, for his whole life and energy have been given to his one noble purpose. Though all leading men in England know him and have felt

his power and influence, George Smith has never yet asked a personal favor from one of them.

The histories of men who through their own persevering efforts have achieved honor and riches are legion, but it is seldom that the youth of our land have the privilege of studying the record of a life so poor and obscure, yet so rich in its goodness and greatness. In the higher, better life to which all unselfish service for God and human welfare tends, the noble deeds of such men as poor George Smith shall have an abundant reward. We cannot help believing that in the spiritual kingdom the one who makes the greatest sacrifice for others is the one who will receive the richest blessings from God. The law of this world is, "He that saveth his life shall lose it," but the law of the larger life reads, "He that loseth his life shall keep it alive."—Forward.

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## THE ORIGINAL "ROCK OF AGES."

Burrington Coombe is a deep ravine in the grim and frowning hill known as Black Down, which rises to the height of 1,100 feet, and is the highest summit of the beautiful Mendip Range. It is within an easy walk of Blagdon Church, of which Augustus Toplady was for some time curate in sole charge. The whole scene is most picturesque and romantic. At one point is a grand crag of mountain limestone eighty feet in height. Right down the center of this mass of stone is a deep fissure, wherein grow, like little children playing in the arms of men in armor, soft and delicate ferns and wild flowers.

Toplady was one day overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm, from which he sought refuge in this glen, between two massive piers of limestone rock. While the storm raged it inspired in his soul the idea of this hymn, "Rock of Ages," which he wrote at once on the spot. Years afterward he died in full confidence in the everlasting shelter of which he had thus sung.—Selected.



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## A MOTHER'S TRUST.

A troubled Christian mother sent for me in great distress. Her only son had been for a time wayward and dissipated. She had prayed for him earnestly and constantly. After a while he had been brought into the church and had become an active Christian worker. This gave her joy unspeakable. But now he had fallen back again. He had seemingly abandoned his faith, and had become a reprobate. He had left his home, and had enlisted in the navy, and had sailed for the Far East. The poor mother was almost broken-hearted and was well-nigh in despair.

I asked that mother if she had less reason to trust God now than before, as she prayed for the boy of her love. She replied that, of course, she hadn't as much ground for faith now that her son seemed a reprobate as while he was an active Christian worker.

"Is the difference in God, or in your boy?" I asked.

"The difference is in my boy," she said, "and that's what's troubling me."

"On whom did your faith rest, when your boy was doing best?"

"On God, of course."

"And has God changed?"

"Of course not."

"Then why is your faith lessened?"

"Then you are looking at your boy as the ground of your faith, instead of at God?"

"Do you mean to suggest," said the anxious mother, "that even now, while my poor boy is in his present state, I can look up to God and pray for my boy as trustfully as I prayed for him while he was active in Christian work? Do you mean to suggest that?"

"If your faith rests upon God for your God-given boy, you can pray to God for your boy just as confidently now as before for all that he can do for you or your boy. But you must look to God and not at your boy for hope while you pray."

"Then I'll do that," said the anxious

mother. And she turned again to God in need and in trust.

Two months or so after that, that mother sent for me again. She had received a letter from her son that gladdened her heart. It was a letter full of penitence and of good purposes, and of hope and trust. It told a touching story.

About the time when the mother turned anew to God, anxiously but in trust, in her New England home—before, of course, he could have had any word from her about it—as he was on the deck one sunny afternoon in those far-off Chinese waters, a call seemed to come to him from God summoning him to return from his evil courses to his better self, and to God and to his old faith in God.

Overpowered by his feelings, that prodigal son went down into the fore-castle and prostrated himself before God, confessing his sin, and asking pardon and help to do differently. And then he wrote as a penitent child to his mother, asking her to pray for him, telling of his sorrow and of his new purpose of living a new life by God's help. That mother gained, in consequence, new reason for having faith in God for her son as for herself. Would that every parent had learned that lesson as thoroughly as she learned it. That returning prodigal became again active in Christ's work; and in that work he was engaged when God called him away from earth with its temptations. Such faith as that mother's for child as well as for self God always enjoins and honors.—H. Clay Trumbull.

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## HOW I WON MY NEIGHBOR.

It happened on the wild shores of the Georgian Bay, and my neighbor was an intimate friend. We settled there before I was married, and my neighbor expected to be among the guests at my wedding, but when the time came I could not invite him, and he was grieved and offended, refusing to be reconciled by my rather cool approaches. How-

ever, I was to make an appeal that he could not withstand.

It was winter. Snow deep enough to hide the stumps lay upon the ground. We were in need of fodder, and, hearing of some for sale at a distance of fourteen miles, we hired a team one morning, and set off for a load. Passing the door of my neighbor, I did not even look that way, little thinking that I should soon be a beggar at his table.

It soon began to snow, and the cold grew intense, as we made our way along the winding bush road at a very toilsome pace. Leaving the bush, we started across a lake on which the newly formed ice was not very strong, but we reached our destination safely, put on our load, and after dinner were ready to return. We started, but soon upset our load, and, by the time we drew part of it back to the barn, and reloaded, the short winter's day was drawing to a close, and we were forced to remain for the night.

Food was scarce in that backwoods home, so after a light breakfast we were again upon the lake, our struggling horses making desperate efforts to drag their half-load through the two feet of fresh-fallen snow, while we contended with Jack Frost for the possession of our members. Then, too, the ice began to crack, threatening each moment to give way beneath the tramp of the horses' feet.

I found a place of prayer in the shelter of our load, lifting my soul to God, who was just then preparing me for restoration to my neighbor. It was noon again when we reached the shore, but our tired team could not pull the load up the bank, so our much-handled hay was again unloaded, carried up the bank, and once more loaded. The road was now almost impassable, and, coming to an Indian stable, we there left our burden, starting for home with the emptied sleigh.

By eight o'clock we reached the teamster's home, but mine was three miles farther on. I was not accustomed to hardship, and found myself scarcely able

to walk. Making a brave attempt, however, I soon came in sight of my offended neighbor's light. Just here the road ran through his field, and I soon lost the beaten track, and struggled almost vainly to make headway. I fell repeatedly, and with some difficulty rose again. My strength was all but gone. A feeling of despair began to creep over me. Again I fell, and thought I could rise no more. I lay for some time, looking wistfully towards my neighbor's house, who had been in my thoughts all the time. Should I call and ask for warmth at his fireside? Would he admit me, and be reconciled, or should I be spurned? My need decided me, and I seemed to get strength with the decision.

I was shortly at his door. He opened to me with an uninviting look. His manner was in keeping with the December air, and his eye was unpitying. But I began my appeal, which resulted in my being seated at a refreshing repast in a very short time, while interest and sympathy overflowed, and I knew that I had won my neighbor. Nor have I ever regretted the toil and weariness through which it was brought about, for I entered again a kingdom of friendship and love from which I had been excluded.—Wm. Harker in S. S. Times.

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### THE SWEETEST VERSE.

A young Christian, at the death-bed of an aged saint, said to him, "Shall I read to you the sweetest verse of the Bible?" "Yes." The young man read the second verse of John 14, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you." "No," said the dying man, that is not the sweetest verse. Read on." The young man read, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." "That is the sweetest verse," said the dying man. "It is not the mansions, it is Himself I want."—Selected.



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### AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

I once had a friend who was a very bright scholar. He entered college at an earlier age than most men are able to enter. He was a young fellow of good habits but without settled principles. After he had been in college awhile it began to be rumored about that he was thinking of becoming a Christian. Some one came to me and said, "Frank is thinking of becoming a Christian," but I was not a Christian myself and was not greatly interested in the information. If I had been a Christian, I believe I could have spoken the word that would have brought him over the line, but not being a Christian and not being interested in the matter, I said nothing to him about it. After a few days of indecision, he decided the wrong way. He became infatuated with a beautiful actress and followed her about the country. He never married her but he got to going to the bad. He graduated from college a moral wreck. Not long after graduation he married the daughter of one of the best families in one of our eastern states. Of course, the marriage was unhappy.

One day he and his young wife were preparing to go out riding together. The carriage stood at the door and he stood by it waiting for his wife. She did not appear. He hurried up to her dressing-room and went in. The servants heard sharp words, then they heard the crack of a revolver, and as they rushed into the room, that beautiful young wife lay dead upon the floor with a bullet through her brain. Whether she shot herself or whether he shot her, it was difficult to say. The coroner's verdict was that she died by her own hand. At all events, he became a haunted man. Not long after, he came to the house of a friend and said, "John, can I spend the night with you?" "Certainly," he replied. "Can I have the room next to yours?" "Why, Frank, you can have anything in the house." They sat up late into the night talking and then retired. The

host had fallen asleep when suddenly he was awakened by a constant rapping at his door. "What is it, Frank?" he cried. "Are you there, John?" the wretched man called. "Yes, can I do anything for you?" "No, I only wanted to know that you were there." The host fell asleep again but was soon awakened by another rap at his door. "What is it, Frank?" he called. "Are you there, John?" "Yes. Are you sick, can I do anything for you, Frank?" "No, I only wanted to know that you were there." Again he fell asleep, and again he was awakened by the same woeful call. All the night through the man haunted by evil memories would come and wake him by a rap on the door to find if he was there. He could not bear to be alone a moment.

The next day he left. He went west to San Francisco, took a steamer on the Pacific Ocean, and when several days out jumped overboard. To-night his body rests beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean. If I had been a Christian in the early days, I might have led that friend to Christ and saved all this frightful, awful tragedy.—R. A. Torrey.

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### THE MYSTERY OF GOD'S LOVE.

A gentleman, who thought Christianity was merely a heap of puzzling problems, said to an old minister, "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'"

"Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?"

"Oh, that part of course," said the gentleman, patronizingly, and with an air of surprise, "'Esau have I hated' is certainly very strange."

"Well, sir," said the old minister, "how wonderfully are we made, and how differently constituted. The strangest part of all to me is that He could have loved Jacob."

There is no mystery so glorious as the mystery of God's love.—Selected.

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## HOW HIS CALL CAME.

One of our Sunday-school teachers was telling me recently how it was that he became actively interested in Christian work. His sympathies for some time had favorably disposed him toward such work, but he felt his inefficiency, and he was so closely tied to his business that he had but little time at his disposal.

For some time the refrain of that hymn, "The Master wants workers," had been running through his mind. He seemed unable to dismiss the thought, and in that mental attitude he attended the service at the 104th Street Tabernacle. That very hymn, "The Master wants workers," was announced and sung, and a request was made for teachers for the Sunday school at Tabernacle No. 2, which was just to be opened. He was so impressed by this fact that he decided to go as a teacher. He went, and was given a lot of unmanageable boys, which so discouraged him that he resolved not to go again. But that night, in a dream, he saw one of those very boys beckoning him with his hand to come. He told his wife his dream, and she, bursting into tears, said, "There is more in this dream than you think. You better go back to the class." Her counsel prevailed, and he came, and is now very thankful that he did so, and so are we, for he has been of great service in the work.

The pastor of the People's Tabernacle first wrote and published the above story September 4, 1897; and now, twenty years later, October 15, 1917, he would add: That Sunday school teacher was Mr. C. H. Busch, who has continued loyally at his post from that day to this, and for the past nineteen years has been also a faithful Elder of the Church. His good wife, ever an inspiration to him, shortly after became a Sunday school teacher also, and she was eminently useful in the Church in many ways, until called to her reward, February 9, 1912.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## A HUMBLE GIRL'S FAME.

One of the grandest women of whom literary Europe is now talking was the daughter of a family so poor that her little cradle was rocked by a waterfall, by means of a wheel attached to a rocker, while her mother toiled in the fields.

As the child grew up she mended her father's nets in winter, oiled his great boots so that he could stand in the icy water to fish, dug the potatoes, cut the wheat, gathered pine needles to fill the beds, sheared the sheep, and spun until her hands were bleeding.

At sixteen she went out to service, and at twenty she married a poor peasant lad who had loved her from childhood. Until very recently she regularly swung the flail on the threshing floor, mowed the hay with a scythe, and bound the sheaves in time of harvest. For twelve years after her marriage, so stern was her poverty, she never saw a newspaper or a book, a Bible or a hymn-book, the things above all else she craved.

Uncomplainingly, however, she endured her lot, and from the darkness rose—a poet. A special messenger was lately sent by the Empress of Germany to find this unknown writer of verses which had so moved her. The messenger found a woman of forty in a poor village home near the Russian border. She was weak and feeble, but her soul was full of song which all the hardships of a bitter life could not quench. The world wondered at and appreciated the peasant-poet, and now Johanna Ambrosius is finding her lot easier and her friends wonderfully multiplied. What a lesson in encouragement her life contains for those who, because they are born amid poor surroundings, feel that "it isn't worth trying" to fill any special state in life or to strive to reach a higher plane. Had Johanna simply accepted her lot and left her talent to lie unused, she would never have been heard of and the world would have missed a great inspiration.—Christian Herald.



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## WINNING AN ENEMY.

We quote from the Manchester Times an anecdote of the late William Grant, of the firm of Grant Brothers, a man remarkable for the great liberality of his nature. "Many years ago a warehouseman published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored, but very unsuccessfully, to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to public ridicule. William remarked that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeler, who said, 'Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that.' It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt. The wantonly-libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of 'the brothers' would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer.

"He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, 'Shut the door, sir!'—sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. 'You wrote a pamphlet against us once?' exclaimed Mr.

Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see 'rogue, scoundrel, libeler,' inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm. 'We make it a rule,' said Mr. Grant, 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else.' The tears started into the poor man's eyes. 'Ah,' said Mr. Grant, 'my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.' 'I do, I do!' said the grateful man; 'I bitterly repent it.' 'Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the meantime?' And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow. Nay, don't cry, it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet.' The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child."

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## FOR LACK OF A TOUCH.

Two professional men were lingering together at the restaurant table after luncheon and exchanging scraps of ex-

perience. The talk turned to things religious. "I became a Christian when I was twelve years old," said one, "and I've never for one instant been sorry that I made a stand so early."

His companion's eyes took on the dreamy expression of one who is looking far back into the past. "It was different with me," he said, at length. "I did not make a public profession of religion, and, indeed, did not become a Christian, until after I had been graduated from college and from the medical school. There were many times when I was almost persuaded and when I needed just a touch to bring me to a decision, but nobody ever gave me that touch—not even my Christian father.

"I can remember yet," he continued, "how I used to sit in the back seat of the old meeting house, when special services were being held, and wish that some one would come and speak to me. I was waiting only for a word of invitation, and I was hungry for it. It never came, though, and so, through my own fault, of course, I missed all those years of Christian discipleship, growth, and joy."

A little touch may turn the course of a life for eternity. And a touch is such a little thing! The query suggests itself, what is our part of the responsibility for a life which takes the wrong course because of the touch we did not give?—Forward.

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### BULLET-PROOF.

The following story of the narrow escape of an American sailor in Chile, told in the Boston Transcript, shows the respect commanded by the American and British flags:

One of the men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried, and condemned

to be shot the next morning.

Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offense; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and pinioned, in readiness for execution.

The English consul, preparing to hoist the Union Jack, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul, and cried:

"Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more."

"Give me your flag!" cried the Englishman.

With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery, and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him, and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back and faced the officers and soldiery.

"Shoot if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!"

The man was not shot.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. 18:10.

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### THE FROZEN CREW.

The record of the party finding Sir John Franklin, reads: "We found the ship, an English vessel, crowded up in the ice. It had been there thirteen years and the sailors cried when they saw it. We climbed in and saw the captain sitting at a table, with his hat and overcoat on, and pen in hand. The last words he had written were: "My wife froze last night." The sailors were sitting around frozen. Are there not churches in the same condition? Their members have the semblance of life, but are dead—frozen perhaps.



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## THE JEWISH BROTHERS.

The late Dr. Capadose, a converted Israelite and Christian minister to Holland, used to relate the following touching incident:

"My worthy grandfather was a very affectionate but passionate man. He had a brother for whom he felt a tender love. They had once fallen into a dispute with each other, and had returned to their respective homes in a rage. This happened on a Friday. At the close of the day, when it began to grow dark, my good grandmother, like another Martha, began to make all things ready for the Sabbath. She called out, 'My beloved Joseph, it is already dark; come and light up the Sabbath lamp.' But he, sunk in profound sadness, paced the room backward and forward, to the increasing anxiety of the good old woman, who exclaimed, 'See! the stars are already in the firmament, and our Sabbath lamp is still dark.' My grandfather then took his hat and staff, and with visible perturbation hurried out of the house; but in a few minutes he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, my beloved Rebecca,' cried he 'now I am ready.' He offered up the prayer, and with evident feelings of delight kindled the lamp. He afterward made known his dispute, adding, 'it was impossible for me to offer up the prayer and light the lamp before I was reconciled with Isaac.'

"'But how came it to pass that you returned so quickly?'

"'Why,' said he, 'Isaac, like me, could not rest—it was with him as it was with me—he also could not enter upon the Sabbath without being reconciled. We met each other in the street—he was coming to me, I was going to him—we fell into each other's arms weeping.'

"When, many years after, I first read in the gospel of our Lord the words: 'Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave

there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift,' this event, which had affected me when a child, presented itself anew to my mind, and I thanked God that He had still left such indications of life amid so much death in that people who are my flesh and bones."—Selected.

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THE POOR BLACKSMITH'S  
POWER WITH GOD.

In a certain town, says Rev. Chas. G. Finney, there had been no revivals for many years; the church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town, an aged man, a blacksmith by trade, and of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday, as he was at work in his shop, alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door, and spend the afternoon in prayer.

He prevailed, and on the Sabbath, called on the minister and desired him to appoint a conference meeting. After some hesitation, the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening, at a large private house. When evening came, more assembled than could be accommodated in the house. All was silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said if any one could pray, he begged him to pray for him. Another followed, and another, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep convictions. And what was remarkable was that they all dated their conviction at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Thus this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince, had power with God.

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## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS.

In the early days of Mr. Moody's work in Chicago, a reckless, worthless Scotchman used to hang around the Tabernacle. He was a desperate fellow, feared by his own companions. He would carry a dagger in his stocking, and many were afraid that he would draw that dagger upon them. He seemed to have an especial spite against the meetings that were going on. One night he stood outside the Tabernacle with a pitcher of beer in his hands offering a drink to every man that came out of the building. At other times he would go into the inquiry meetings and try to interfere with the workers.

One night Major Whittle was talking to two young men, who were more or less interested, and this jeering Scotchman was interfering. Finally Major Whittle turned to the two young men and said, "Young men, if you set any value on your souls, I advise you to have nothing to do with that man." This seemed only to amuse the Scotchman. But God was working. Over in Scotland was an earnest Christian mother who was praying for her wayward son. One night he went to bed as godless as ever, but in the middle of the night he was aroused from his sleep. He awakened under conviction of sin, and as he lay there in bed the Holy Spirit brought to his mind a passage that he had forgotten was in the Bible. He did not even know it was there at all, though doubtless he had heard it some time in his boyhood. It was Romans 4:5, "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The Holy Spirit made clear the meaning of the verse to him. Then and there, without getting out of bed, he believed on Him that justifieth the ungodly and found peace.

He at once became as active in the cause of Christ as he had been active in the cause of the devil. For nearly

thirty years he has been a member of Chicago Avenue Church and is to-day a deacon in the church.

Some time after his conversion he went back to Scotland to visit his old mother. They had glad times of Bible reading and prayer together, but there was another wayward son, a sailor, sailing the sea somewhere, they knew not where. One night the old mother and the converted son knelt down and began to cry to God for the wandering son and brother. That very night he was in the China Seas, though they did not know it, and while they prayed in Scotland, the Spirit of God fell in the China Seas and that son and brother was converted there on the deck of the ship.

He returned to Scotland and told his mother the good news. He entered the Free Church college and commenced to study to be a foreign missionary. He was sent out by the missionary society of the Free Church of Scotland, and after years of faithful service laid down his life as a missionary in India.—R. A. Torrey.

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## CONTINUING IN PRAYER.

I asked Mr. Muller a short time before he died if he had asked anything of God that had not been granted, and he told me he had prayed sixty-two years, three months, five days, two hours—with his mathematical precision—for two men to be converted, and there were no signs of that happening. I said: "Do you expect God to convert them?" "Certainly. Do you suppose that God would put upon His child for sixty-two years the burden of two souls if He had no purpose of their salvation? I shall meet them in heaven certainly." Shortly afterward he died, and I was preaching in his pulpit, in Bristol, and referred to this occurrence. As I was going out a lady said: "One of these men was my uncle, and he was converted, and died a few weeks ago." I understand that the other man, a man in Dublin, was also brought to Christ.—A. T. Pierson



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### "I DON'T KNOW!"

It was one of those delightful autumn days and the Westchester Presbytery was enjoying its noon recess. Several candidates had been examined for ordination, among them young Stanley Phraner, son of one of our best-known and best-loved ministers. In answer to several questions about future affairs I noticed that he answered firmly, "I do not know." We took a little stroll along the country road that passed the church, and I asked him why he had made that answer, "I do not know." He said:

"That is a lesson I learned at sea. I will tell you the whole story.

"One summer when a college student at Princeton, I thought I would vary my vacation by taking a trip as a sailor. The invitation of a sea captain, known to our family, offered the opportunity. I started from New York on a three-masted schooner bound for the island of Porto Rico. Being good at figures, the captain asked me to do his navigation for him. He gave me a chart, an almanac, a book of logarithms, and a quadrant. He showed me how to use these things, and this was the formula by which I was always to work:

"Secant your latitude, co-secant your polar distance, take the co-sine of one-half the sum and the sine of the remainder."

"So day after day, under the watchful eye of the captain, I calculated the ship's position. The captain was always careful to note that the rule had been followed exactly. So one day I asked him:

"Captain, why do you secant your latitude?"

"I don't know!" said the captain bluntly.

"Well, can you tell me why you co-secant your polar distance?"

"I don't know! Except—except—well, that's the rule. Young man, you want to know too much. Do as I tell you, follow the rule, all sailors use it. Trust your book of logarithms and you

will make port all right."

"So day by day I put down the position on the chart. On the fourteenth day out I went to the captain and ventured my first forecast.

"To-night if the wind holds fair," I said, 'we ought to make the Sail Rock passage into the Caribbean Sea.' That night I watched eagerly, and sure enough about eleven o'clock we sighted the great white rock looming up in the ocean, and next day we entered the harbor of Mayaguez. Along the shore giant palms waved their lofty plumes in the soft breeze. Beyond, we could see the groves of orange and banana trees and all the tropical verdure of the island, while from bluff to bluff of the headlands on either shore of the harbor arose a mighty rainbow arch, which, reflected on the sea beneath, formed a circle of wondrous light into which we slowly drifted that Sabbath evening as we came to anchor in the harbor of our destination. The rule was right, and by it we made port. When I got back to Princeton I was able to study out some of the reasons why of the rule that could not be explained at sea, but had to be followed in simple trust."

In the school of the sea this Princeton student had learned to say "I don't know!" It is a lesson in the faith-life worth the learning. How many queries rise in our Christian thinking and living when we ought just to set to our seal that God is true and that His promises are sure.

Why did holy angels fall from heaven?

"I don't know!"

How was it sin entered Eden?

"I don't know!"

Why is it some wicked people seem to prosper while some very good people suffer?

"I don't know!"

How can one reconcile man's free will and God's sovereignty?

"I don't know!"

For the present I can get along without knowing some of these things, for I walk by faith and not by sight. We

seek a better country, we are still at sea. We have not yet reached the home port—God's haven of eternal rest. Our book is the Bible, God's own word. The Gospel rule is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." When at last we enter the City of Light we may learn many a reason why that cannot be given now. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—John S. Allen, D. D.

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### "YOUNG FELLER, YOU'RE AFIRE, THERE!"

It was a crisp morning on the 29th of November, 1881.

Having held a Gospel Temperance meeting with the men of Bennett's Camp the evening before, Bro. Mills and I had walked down to the track of the Saginaw Bay and Northwestern Logging R. R., and were waiting for the next logging train to take us to Pinconning, Michigan, near the shore of Lake Huron.

Several stout woodsmen near us were trundling pine logs upon the skid-ways beside the railroad, when an old man appeared, walking down the track, accompanied by a boy of seventeen. Smoke was pouring from the mouth of the man, but this seemed to surprise no one. A glance of the campmen at the boy, however, from whose right hip-pocket smoke was also issuing, led one of them to shout, "Young feller, you're afire, there!"

The lad quickly pulled a pipe from the smoking pocket, and beat out the fire from his clothing, which, having caught from his pipe, had, until the woodsman's warning, smouldered unobserved.

This little incident occasioned me to wonder greatly—

1st. That any one should be more alarmed to see smoke coming from a man's pocket than from his mouth.

2d. That the consumer of tobacco in

pipes and cigars seems to forget that every time he puffs smoke from his mouth he burns a hole in his pocket.

3d. That so many behave as though their health is better than they need, and therefore deliberately and repeatedly poison themselves.

4th. That persons of usually neat habits will, by tobacco smoking, make of themselves nuisances to others.

5th. That the wide extent of this evil should occasion any one to think lightly of it.

6th. That so many should pretend that it is necessary to practice that which everybody knows needs to be abandoned.

Young fellow! Old fellow! Any fellow who may be "afire there," God designed your person and your purse for a nobler sacrifice than to become a holocaust upon the altar of the filthy, unhealthy, and unwealthy tobacco abomination.—William F. Davis.

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### ABIDING INFLUENCE.

The promise of influence belongs to every faithful child of God. Frances Willard, in this illustration, gave an instance of its fulfilment: A young nobleman found himself in a little village off in Cornwall. It was a hot day, and he was thirsty. He rode up and down the village street seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had. At last he stopped and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil: "How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded harshly. The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered quietly: "My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." And with that the old peasant walked away.



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**LINCOLN AND TEMPERANCE.**

A more astute politician than Lincoln America has not produced, and a greater temptation never came to any mere politician than came to Lincoln the day after his nomination for the presidency by the Republican National Convention, which met in the "Wigwam," in Chicago, 1860. It occurred in connection with the visit of the committee appointed by the convention to notify Lincoln of his nomination. A number of the citizens of Springfield, knowing Lincoln's total abstinence habits, and believing that he would in all probability have no liquors in the house, called upon him, and suggested that perhaps some members of the committee would be in need of some refreshment, wine, or other liquors. "I haven't any in the house," said Lincoln. "We will furnish them," said the visitors. "Gentlemen," replied Lincoln, "I cannot allow you to do what I will not do myself." Some democratic citizens, however, who felt that Springfield had been honored by the nomination, sent several baskets of wine to Lincoln's house, but he returned them, thanking the senders for their intended kindness.

After the formal ceremonies connected with the business of the committee of notification had passed, Lincoln remarked that, as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting, he supposed good manners would require that he should furnish the committee something to drink; and opening a door, he called out, "Mary! Mary!" A girl responded to the call, to whom Lincoln spoke in an undertone. In a few minutes the maid entered bearing a large tray containing several glass tumblers and a large pitcher, and placed it upon the centre table. Lincoln then arose, and gravely addressing the distinguished gentlemen, said: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot

conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring." And, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. A few months later he started on his journey to Washington to take his seat as President of the United States.

In a number of cities his visit was honored with grand banquets at which wine was served, but of which he never partook. On one occasion, being urged to drink a glass of wine, he replied, "For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change." It is declared that actions speak louder than words. The cause of temperance would possibly have been victorious had the actions of all temperance men been as consistent and as persistent against the liquor traffic as their utterances have been. But when men's acts and words are in accord, great is their power. Such were Abraham Lincoln's. He not only abstained from the use of intoxicating liquors, but he was bold in publicly advocating total abstinence.—David D. Thompson.

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**AN UNDERGROUND CITY.**

In Galicia, in Austrian Poland, there is a remarkable underground city, which has a population of over 1,000 men, women, and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day. It is known as "The City of Salt Mines," and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. It has its town hall, theatre, and assembly room, as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from the pure crystalized rock salt. It has well graded streets and spacious squares lighted with electricity. There are numerous instances in this underground city where not a single individual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun, or has any idea of how people live in the light of day.—Christian Herald.

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### THE CAPTAIN AND THE QUADRANT.

A godly man, the master of an American ship, during one voyage found his ship bemisted for days and he became rather anxious respecting her safety. He went down to his cabin and prayed. The thought struck him, if he had with confidence committed his soul to God, he might certainly commit his ship to Him; and so accordingly he gave all into the hands of God and felt at perfect peace; but still he prayed that if He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock he should like to take an observation to ascertain their real position, and whether they were on the right course.

He came on deck at eleven o'clock, with the quadrant under his coat. As it was thick drizzling the men looked at him with amazement. He went to his cabin, prayed, and came up. There seemed still to be no hope.

Again he went down and prayed, and again he appeared on deck with his quadrant in his hand. It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and still there was no appearance of a change; but he stood on the deck, waiting upon the Lord, when, in a few minutes, the mist seemed to be folded up and rolled away as by an omnipotent and invisible hand; the sun shown clearly from the blue vault of heaven and there stood the man of prayer with the quadrant in his hand, but so awe-struck did he feel, and so "dreadful" was that place, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He, however, succeeded, although with trembling hands, and found to his comfort that all was well. But no sooner had he finished taking the observation than the mist rolled over the heavens and it began to drizzle as before.

This story of prayer was received from the lips of the good Captain Crosby, who was so useful in the Ardrossan awakening; and he himself was the man

who prayed and waited upon his God with quadrant in his hand.—Selected.

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### "I DON'T KNOW HIM!"

A beautiful young mother in New York City returning to the building in which her little infant lay asleep was appalled to see the building in flames. The firemen could not restrain her and she dashed through the flames and rescued her child, but in doing so she was so severely burned that her face was horribly disfigured for life. When she looked at her face in the glass after it was healed, she was shocked at her disfigurement, but was comforted by the thought that when her little daughter grew up she would appreciate the sacrifice that her mother had made to rescue her. The little child did grow up to be a young woman of uncommon beauty. She was much admired and petted.

One day there was an excursion up the river and both mother and daughter went. The beautiful daughter was on the front deck surrounded by a host of admirers, laughing and talking. The disfigured mother was on the rear deck looking after the wraps and other things. The mother had occasion to go to the front deck to speak to her daughter. As she drew near, a gay young man asked the beautiful young girl, "Who is that hideous looking woman coming?" In a low tone the beautiful daughter said, "I don't know." But the words were not so low but what the mother caught them and that loving heart was broken by the gross ingratitude of the daughter for whom she had sacrificed so much.

How we shudder at the thought of such awful ingratitude, but are we not guilty of a grosser ingratitude toward our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? His visage was more marred than any man's and His form more than the sons of men, and yet how many to-day are ashamed of Him and say, "I do not know Him."— Rev. R. E. Torrey



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## SNATCHED FROM DEATH.

When we escaped from Van in the spring of last year, all but dead from the dread typhus fever, I was carried in the only horse litter the caravan boasted. Pneumonia followed typhus, and parotid abscess succeeded that. When our journey out of the ravaged city began, I had fallen off from 186 pounds to 95.

On our perilous trip through the Turkish lines to the southern part of Russia we came to a spring that was poisoned with the bacillus of dysentery. Forty thousand people were said to have died of dysentery as a result of this. I and other missionaries were infected.

In the old Turkish custom house at the foot of Mt. Ararat we found a Red Cross hospital, and the student who was acting as surgeon operated on my parotid abscess as best he could. At Igdir I was taken to the officer's hospital and treated with every courtesy, and I shall never cease to be grateful for the kindness of the Russian doctor and his lovely wife, who spoke French and interpreted for me. After the agony I had suffered at the hands of the surgeon on Ararat, his gentle touch and sympathy were greatly appreciated. I regret having lost their names.

Only military telegrams could go through, so the doctor very kindly telegraphed the American Consul, Mr. Wilmoughby Smith, in Tiflis, to secure me a bed and the best surgical attention in Tiflis.

When I arrived in the military ambulance train, I found an automobile awaiting me and was taken at once to the city hospital, where I had the best of care. In spite of the efforts of several physicians, my fever and dysentery continued, and I suffered agony twenty times a day. I was unable to take nourishment for four days and was a mere skeleton, spanning my biceps with my thumb and forefinger, and the calf of my leg with thumb and second finger.

The doctors became discouraged at the lack of results from their remedies, and told the nurses they need not insist on my taking them if they distressed me, as I was too far gone to be helped. They had told my sister that I might die at any day and she would better be prepared for it.

My pocket Bible (American Revised Version) was one of the five things we had saved. At my request it was brought to me, and before opening it I prayed that God would guide me to the message He wished me to have. Almost too weak to lift the little book, I let it fall open on my chest and putting my finger on it turned it up to see the message. I found I had put my finger on the eighth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts, and read: "And it was so, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and dysentery: unto whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laying his hands on him healed him."

I did not know that the word "dysentery" was in the English translation of the Scriptures. I said to myself, "What does this mean? I asked God to guide me to the message He wanted me to have and must believe that He has done so." Did it mean that He wanted me to claim my healing from Him? I replied, "Lord, I can't; I am too weak; I haven't faith to lay hold."

The answer came to me as clearly and distinctly as if some one spoke, "It is not your faith, but the faith of Jesus Christ." Like a flash came the picture of the seminary room when I was studying Greek under Professor William Max Muller, and came upon that phrase, "The faith of Jesus Christ," which Professor Muller said could only be translated that way. I did not remember whether it was Romans 3:22, or Galatians 2:20 (I think the thought occurs in both), but it was so clear to me that I replied, "Then, Lord Jesus, Thou must do it all. The faith must be Thine, and the works Thine. I can do nothing. I leave it to Thee."

A few minutes later a severe spasm

of pain made me want to call the nurse; but I said to myself, "You said you would leave it to Jesus. Why don't you?" I didn't call the nurse. Nor did I need another dose of medicine.

From that hour I was healed. Appetite returned, and I regained seventy-eight pounds in a strange land among a people of strange tongue. God knew all about an individual and spoke to him in the twentieth century. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, wrought as He did on the shores of Galilee, and fulfilled His promise, "Lo, I am with you all the days even unto the end of the age."—Rev. Clarence D. Usher, M. D., in *Sunday School Times*, Oct. 21, 1916.

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#### NO THANKS TO BENEFACTOR.

I will tell you a story about a gentleman in Detroit who saved the life of a little girl. The gentleman told me the story himself one morning at his breakfast-table.

About nine years ago he saw one day a horse running away, with only a little girl in the wagon. In a way which it would take too long to tell he stopped the horse, and thus saved the child's life; but in doing so was kicked by the horse so badly that they thought him dead.

For days he lay like a dead man, without speaking, hardly breathing. And what do you think were the first words he said? They were these: "Is the little girl safe?"

And then he said, "Bring her to me; I want to see her."

"We don't know where she is."

"What!" he said, "don't know where she is? Hasn't she been here to thank me for saving her life?"

"No. Her father came, and they drove way, and we have never seen them. Perhaps they are afraid you will make them pay."

"Oh, no," said Mr. B., "I don't want their money; only I would give anything to see that little girl."

Nine years have now passed away,

and Mr. B. has been suffering ever since. He has never been well; and all because he saved that child's life. He told me, with a great deal of feeling, that he still had the strongest desire to see her. He could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes as he spoke of her. "Oh!" said he, "it seems so strange that she never even in all these years thanked me for what I did for her. It must be she lives somewhere not far from here, and knows where I live."

Though your sins helped to crucify the loving Saviour, still you need not fear to go and thank Him; you will find Him far more anxious to meet you than the gentleman in Detroit was to see the little girl; for his words are, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

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#### LOVE'S ACCENT.

Talmage tells a story of a boy who, having left home to seek a fortune, soon found himself in needy circumstances. Then he wrote his father this appeal: "Dear Father—I am sick and lonely, without one single cent. Send me some money quick.—Your son, John." Now the father was illiterate and could not read, so he went to a great strapping butcher, and asked him to read the letter. The butcher had a gruff way of reading, and a loud voice. When he had finished reading John's letter the father was angry, and declared he would not send a penny, even if the boy starved to death. He had never heard such an impudent demand for money. On his way home the father thought the butcher might have made a mistake in reading, and the desire to hear the letter read again overcame him. A baker, with a low voice and plaintive tone, was next asked to read the son's letter. When he concluded, the father said, with tears in his eyes, "My poor boy! I'll send him all the money he wants." The baker had read word for word the letter as it was read by the butcher; the only difference was in the tone of his voice.—Selected.



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## AN UNSELFISH INVENTOR.

Many dairymen in America use the milk-test machine. It has been called "an implacable promoter of honesty." Before it was invented, poor milk and rich milk, honest milk and adulterated milk were upon the same level. It is simple, inexpensive and accurate, determining in a few moments the exact amount of butter fat in the milk. It is used not only by large butter-and-cheese-makers, but by the farmer who has milk to sell and who is protected by it. It was invented by Professor Babcock, of the University of Wisconsin. He knew its value to farmer and dairyman. He also knew its possibilities of fortune for himself. This invention has "increased the wealth of nations by many millions of dollars and made continual new developments possible in butter-and-cheese making." All this Professor Babcock knew it would do when he announced his discovery, in a little bulletin, sixteen years ago, to the farmers of Wisconsin. But at the bottom of that bulletin he added the brief and unselfish sentence, "This test is not patented." With that sentence he cheerfully let a fortune go. He wanted his invention to help other people rather than make himself rich.

To-day the State of Wisconsin calls this inventor "the first citizen of the commonwealth." A beautiful bronze medal was struck in his honor in 1901, bearing the substance of a resolution passed by the legislature recognizing "the great value to this state and to the whole world in the inventions of Professor Stephen Moulton Babcock, and his unselfish dedication of these inventions to the public service." There are many millionaires in the United States. In fact, there is no great credit in America in being a millionaire. But a medal like that is a finer distinction than any fortune. It is a good thing to record it before the eyes of American youth, as a modern object lesson in the old Bible truth that "to serve others is the truest

greatness of man."—Forward.

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## LIKE JESUS BEST.

Dr. Wilbur Chapman says a boy who had been operated upon by Dr. Lorenz said as soon as he came out of the influence of the anaesthetic, "It will be a long time before my mother hears the last of this Doctor." The operation was a success. When the plaster cast was taken off a friend came to take him home. In doing so, he called the boy's attention to the grandeur of the hospital, but though the boy admired it, he said, "I like the Doctor best." He spoke of the nurses, and though interested, he said, "they are nothing compared to the Doctor." It was a great joy to the mother when she saw the boy's foot entirely cured, but all that the boy could say to the mother was, "You ought to know the Doctor that made me walk." There is none of us but for whom Jesus Christ has done ten thousand times more than the doctor did on that boy. Perhaps we have not yielded ourselves to Him nor spoken of Him. It should be now with us as with the apostle; we ought "to present our bodies a living sacrifice" to Him.—Selected.

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## NO SACRIFICE FOR CHRIST.

James Chalmers, of New Guinea, of whom Robert Louis Stevenson said, "He's as big as a church," and who was finally clubbed to death and eaten by cannibals, declared that "the word 'sacrifice' ought never to be used in Christ's service," and in a speech in Exeter Hall fifteen years before his death, he exclaimed: "Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all its experiences, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back with the spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground—give it me back, and I will still be your missionary."

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## A STORY WON THE MOB.

On one occasion a mob of the inhabitants of a walled town of India surrounded Dr. Jacob Chamberlain of the Arcot Mission and his native assistants and threatened them with violence, because they had taught of another God than theirs. Dr. Chamberlain tells what followed:

"We had gone to the market place and I had endeavored to preach to them of Christ and His salvation, but they would not hear. They ordered me to leave the city at once, but I had declined to leave until I had delivered my message. The throng was filling the streets. They told me if I tried to utter another word I should be killed. There was no rescue; they would have the city gates closed and there should never any news go forth of what was done. I must leave at once, or I should not leave alive. I had seen them tear up the paving stones and fill their arms with them to be ready, and one was saying to another, 'You throw the first stone and I will the next!'

"By an artifice, I need not stop here to detail, I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me, and then they might stone me if they wished. They were standing around me ready to throw the stones when I succeeded in getting them to let me tell the story first.

"I told them of the love of the Divine Father that had made us of one blood, who 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I told them of that birth in the manger of Bethlehem, of the wonderful childhood, of the marvelous life, of those miraculous deeds, of the gracious words that He spake. I told them the story of the Cross, and pictured in the graphic words that the Master Himself gave me that day, the story of our Saviour nailed upon the cross, for them, for me, for all the world, when He cried in agony, 'My

God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!'

"When I told them that I saw the men go and throw their stones in the gutter and come back, and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamoring the loudest for my blood I saw the tears running and dropping off upon the pavement that they had torn up. I told them that I had finished my story and that they might stone me; but no, they did not want to stone me now; they did not know what a wonderful story I had come to tell them."

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## A GLEAM ACROSS THE WAVE.

The Rev. Spencer Compton, an earnest evangelical Episcopal minister at Boulogne, France, relates the following incident: "During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In a half minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian worker, never despond, nor think there is nothing for you to do even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it so "shine" "that men may see;" and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have unawares "saved some soul from death."—Selected.



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## OLD RATTLE-BONES.

Come with me to England. Here is a true story: Four horses and a stage coach come up to a hotel and the boys are on the green playing ball. They all lay down the bat and ball to see the people get off the coach. One man gets down very slowly. He looks pale, body all bent over. When he gets down from the stage some crutches are put under his arms and he looks at a house a little way distant and goes along very slowly. And the boys all stand and look at him; they don't know who he is, and finally one of them, Freddie, cries out, "Go it, old rattle-bones!" and then all of them called out, "Go it, old rattle-bones! Go it, old rattle-bones!" This gentleman (for he was a gentleman) turned around and looked at them, as much as to say, "Boys, if you knew what brought me here you wouldn't call me 'old rattle-bones!'" The boys then went to playing ball again and the gentleman went on. When he got to the house Mrs. Williamson came to the door and said: "Mr. Johnson, you look ill." "Yes, the doctor says I can live but a little while, and I thought I must come home and see Freddie before I die. I have been suffering for ten years, since I saved his life when he was a baby." "Yes, we know all about it, Mr. Johnson; my dear Freddie would have lost his life if it had not been for you."

"Where is he?"

"He is playing ball, I will send for him."

She invited Mr. Johnson in, and did everything she could for him.

But I want to go back a little. Ten years before a baby carriage started out from that house and Mrs. Williamson said to the servant, "Take good care of the little boy, Bessie; you know he is our only child." Away went Bessie along the bank of the river. She accidentally dropped her handkerchief, and as she turned round to pick it up let go of the perambulator, and it being on a

little incline, ran down the bank and the baby was thrown into the water. Bessie gave a shriek, which attracted the attention of Mr. Johnson, who was coming along, and as he was a great swimmer he plunged into the water, and after a good deal of difficulty he brought Freddie to shore. It was a cool day and Mr. Johnson caught a dreadful cold, chronic rheumatism came on and the doctors told him he had better go to the south of France. He did not get any better, and the doctors there told him he would have to die and if he had any matters to attend to he had better do so at once. He said: "I want to see that boy, Freddie, who caused me all this pain; I want to hear him thank me for all the sufferings I have endured." So he came from France across the English Channel to that town and Freddie was the boy who called him "old rattle-bones." He was the one when he got off the stage to call out "Go it, old rattle-bones!" When he asked for Freddie, Mrs. Williamson said, "I will send for him. Bessie, tell Freddie a gentleman wants to see him; tell him Mr. Johnson has come."

Bessie went out and called him, "Come home, Freddie, Mr. Johnson has come."

Freddie began to think, "It must have been Mr. Johnson that I called old rattle-bones; I don't want to see him."

He felt just as Adam did when he disobeyed God. Freddie did not start to run home at all. The servant went into the house.

"Where is Freddie? Did you tell him to come home?"

"Yes, mum."

"Why didn't he come?"

"I don't know, mum."

"Didn't he start to come home?"

"No, mum."

She didn't know he had called Mr. Johnson "old rattle-bones."

"Go and get him."

Bessie went to the door and there was Freddie coming up the steps as though he had leaden boots on. She

didn't know what the matter was, he came up the steps so slowly. Bessie said, "Why don't you hurry? Go and wash your face and hands. A gentleman in the parlor wants to see you."

Freddie didn't hurry a bit. He was ashamed to see the man who had nearly died to save him, and whom he had insulted. After a long time he went into the parlor and began to cry. His mother said, "Freddie, what are you crying about? I thought you would be glad to see Mr. Johnson. You have heard us tell how he saved your life when you were a baby, and we thought you would be so glad to see him."

But Freddie cried the more.

"Why, what is the matter, Freddie?"

Mr. Johnson knew what the matter was. It was Freddie who had called him the name. Freddie said, "Oh, mother, it was I who called out, 'Go it, old rattle-bones!' when he got off the stage. I am so ashamed. Mr. Johnson, will you forgive me?"

Jesus loved us and gave Himself for us. Have you gone to Jesus and thanked Him? Have you really come to Jesus and given yourself to Him?—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

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### "THE BOOK OF HEAVEN."

Rev. Egerton R. Young, the missionary to the Indians in the far northern wilderness of British America, tells in one of his addresses, this touching story:

"Often have I been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians, and by their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident. One of our Indians with his son came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the white fish on a staging where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said: 'My son, we leave to-morrow morning early; put the book of heaven in your pack;

we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam-home.' So the young man put his Bible in his pack that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man: 'Nephew, lend me the book of heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine.' So the pack was opened and the Bible was taken out, and the man read for a time and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

"The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked rabbits, and had prayers and lay down and slept. The next morning, bright and early, after prayers, they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son: 'Give me the book of heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the word and have prayers.' As the son opened the pack, he said: 'Uncle asked for the book two nights ago and it was not put back.' The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again and, walking in the two days one hundred and forty miles, was back at home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the Northwest to regain his copy of the word of God. Could we do that much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed Book!"



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### THE DANGER OF EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

St. Augustine, in speaking of his very intimate friend Alypius, who occupies a large part of the story of his early life, its yearnings and struggles, tells us that this young man had gone before him to study law at Rome, and was there carried away with excessive eagerness to the combats of the gladiators. "For," to quote the Confessions, "being utterly averse from, and detesting such spectacles, he one day met by chance certain of his acquaintances and fellow students coming from dinner, who with a familiar violence haled him, refusing and resisting, into the amphitheater, during the progress of those deadly entertainments. Again and again did he protest, 'Though you drag my body there, and there set me down, you cannot force me to turn eyes or mind upon those horrors. I shall then be absent while I am present, and so shall overcome both you and them.' They, hearing this, bore him on nevertheless, desirous perhaps to try that very thing, whether he could do as he pretended.

"When they had arrived and had taken their places as they could, the whole place kindled with the savage pastime. But he, closing the passages of his eyes, forbade his mind to range abroad,—and would that he had stopped his ears also! For in the fight when one fell, a mighty cry of the whole people striking him strongly, overcome by curiosity, and prepared as it were, to despise and rise superior to the scene whatever it might be, even when disclosed to him, he opened his eyes, and was at once stricken with a deeper wound in his soul than was the other in his body, and he fell more miserably than he on whose fall that mighty noise was raised . . . For as soon as he saw that blood he therewith drank in savageness, nor turned he away, but fixed his eyes upon it, frenzied unawares, and was delighted with the wicked fight,

intoxicated with the bloody pastime. Why say more? He beheld, he shouted, he caught fire; he carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return, not with them only who had first drawn him thither, but even before them,—yea, and to draw in others." How evidently genuine a narrative? How true to our common nature! Have we not read precisely like accounts of the experience of our own countrymen who have been enticed to witness the scenes of a Spanish bullfight?—Rev. Charles Mirivale, D. D., Dean of Ely.

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### OLD TESTAMENT POWER.

It is said that the late Charles Reade, of England, the eminent novelist, was led to study the Old Testament by a remark of the late, famous Matthew Arnold, the remark being, according to a writer in the "Andover Review," in these words: "The old Bible is getting to be to us literary men of England a sealed book. We may think we know it. We were taught it at home. We hear it read in church. Perhaps we can quote some verse, or even passage; but we really know very little of it. I wish, Reade, that you would take up the Old Testament and go through it as though every page of it were new to you—as though you had never read a line of it before. I think it will astonish you."

Mr. Reade did so. He entered upon the task with such zeal as characterized his other work. The result was he not only became astonished at his discoveries, but the study led to his conversion. He opened his heart to the truths and lessons of the Old Testament, and found that they were full of a mighty, convincing power, before which he humbly bowed, and by which he was brought into the kingdom of which the prophets foretold with graphic interest and eloquence. And there are many others today, who if they would devoutly search those ancient Scriptures, would find them the power of God, "even unto salvation."—C. H. Wetherbe.

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## SOLDIERS AND ALCOHOL.

At a temperance meeting held some years since, in the State of Alabama, Col. Lehamowski, once a Polish count, and who served many years in Bonaparte's armies, addressed the meeting. He arose before a large audience, tall, erect and vigorous, and with the glow of health on his face, and said:

"You see before you a man seventy-nine years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds upon my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for bread, snow and ice for drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags to cover my body. In Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the hot sand, and with my eyes, my nostrils and my mouth filled with dust, and thirst so tormenting that I have torn open the veins of my arms, and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I could survive all these horrors? I answer, next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, my vigor, my all, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in all my life." And he added: "Baron Larry, chief of the medical department of the French army, has stated it as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all men who abstained wholly from the use of ardent spirits."—H. L. Hastings.

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## PULL OUT THE NAIL HOLE.

John B. DeMotte, A. M., gives this little story of father's teaching.

"My boyhood home was not far south of the great chain of North American Lakes. Our fuel was poles cut from a neighboring tamarack swamp. It was my business, after they had been brought to our yard, to saw them to proper length for the stoves. They were long

and slick and hard to hold. One morning, when I was in a hurry to be off fishing, they seemed to be especially aggravating. Getting the saw fast, I jerked about until finally I plunged the teeth some distance into one of my feet, making an ugly gash. My father saw the exhibition of my temper, but said nothing until I had finished my work and my passion had subsided. Then he called me to him.

"John," said he, very kindly, "I wish you would get the hammer."

"Yes, sir."

"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."

"Here they are."

"Will you drive the nail into the board?"

It was done.

"Please pull it out again."

"That's easy."

"Now, John"—and my father's voice dropped to a lower, sadder key—"pull out the nail hole."

Ah! boys and girls, every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board were a living tree, yea, a living soul, the scars remain.

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## A WORTHY CONFESSOR.

It was a fine reply which Basil, of Caesarea, made when the Emperor Valens sent by his prefect, endeavoring by threats to compel him to receive acknowledged Arians into the fellowship of the Church. The prefect demanded whether he alone when all others obeyed the Emperor, dared to wish to have any other religion than that of his master. Basil replied that he had nothing to be afraid of; possessions, of which men might deprive him, he had none, except his few books and his cloak. An exile was no exile for him, since he knew the whole earth was the Lord's. If torture was threatened, his feeble body would yield to the first blows; and as for death, that would only bring him nearer to God after whom he longed. The prefect gave up the case. It was vain to threaten such a man.



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### NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF CHRIST.

When Napoleon was at Saint Helena, in the enforced retirement that followed his boisterous campaigns, he faced, with all the powers of his mighty intellect, the problem of the Unaccountable Man. Not a few of his devoted friends had been carried away on the flood-tide of infidelity which, at that time, was sweeping everything before it. On one occasion, when General Bertrand had been speaking of Jesus as a man of commanding genius, Napoleon interrupted him and said:

"I know men; and I tell you Jesus Christ was more than a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between him and the founders of empires; but there is the distance of infinity between them. As for me I recognize those great men as beings like myself; they have performed their lofty parts, but there was nothing to prove them divine. They have had foibles which ally them with me. It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me; His will confounds me; He stands a being by Himself. His thoughts and principles are not to be explained by human organization or the nature of things. His birth and the history of His life, the profundity of His doctrine which grapples with the mightiest difficulties and solves them; His gospel, His kingdom, His march across the ages; these are too deep a mystery for me! They plunge me into reveries from which I find no escape. The nearer I approach Him, the more I perceive that everything is above me.

"Who will presume to lift his voice against an intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of lands which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that voyager. I search in vain through history to find his peer. He died an object of contempt, and left a Gospel which has been called 'the foolishness of the cross.' What a mysteri-

ous symbol! And what a tempest it provoked! On the one side all the furies; on the other gentleness and infinite resignation. And with what result? You speak of Caesar and Alexander, of their conquests and the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army devoted to his memory? Can you conceive of Caesar from the depth of his mausoleum watching over the destinies of Rome? Yet such is the history of the Christian invasion and the conquest of the world. Such is the power of the Christian's God!

"We have founded empires, Caesar and Alexander and Charlemagne and I; we have founded empires upon force; but Christ has founded an empire on love. And at this hour, millions would die for him. What a proof of his divinity! Now that I am at Saint Helena, chained upon this rock, where are my friends? My life once shone with a royal brilliance; but disaster overtook me and the gold became dim. Behold the destiny of him whom the world calls Napoleon the Great! What an abyss between my misery and the eternal reign of Christ!"

For a moment the exiled Emperor was silent and then, with a broken voice, he added, "My friends, if you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to place you in command of my army."—David James Burrell, D. D.

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### CARRIE WEBB'S RESTORATION.

Miss Carrie C. Webb, who believes that she experienced the faith-cure recently while sojourning at Northport, L. I., has returned to her home, 418 Gold Street, Brooklyn, and many friends and neighbors have called to see her and hear her remarkable story. She is twenty-three years old and of slender form. She had been a teacher in the Hanson Place Baptist Church for several years, and her father is a deacon in the Bed-

ford Avenue Baptist Church, whose venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hutchings, with many members of his congregation, are firm believers in the efficacy of prayer in removing disease. Two months ago Miss Webb went to spend the summer at her brother's house at Northport, and her condition, physically and mentally, was such that her friends never expected to see her come back alive. She has, however, returned with her mind bright and clear, and her health apparently fully restored. This is Miss Webb's explanation of how the change was brought about:

"I had been declining in health for nearly seven years, suffering constantly from bronchitis and a severe cough. My mind became affected, and I had strange and uncontrollable fancies, and became morbid and despondent. I was at last attacked with neuralgia, and often prayed that I might die, as I became a burden to my family. One day, soon after I arrived at Northport, and while I was lying on a lounge in the library, at my brother's house, my eye lighted on a book on the faith-cure. I read it. That same afternoon my brother asked me if I had ever thought of faith-cure, and I told him about the book incident, adding that I had never thought of it in connection with myself. I said I did not think I had sufficient faith to receive such a blessing. He told me to think over and pray about the matter; and three days after I went to him and told him I was ready to be anointed. My brother sent for the Presbyterian minister of the village, and when he arrived we went into the library. The service was very impressive, and I wept all the time it was going on, and when he was pouring oil on my head. I did not feel any better the next day, but rather worse.

"Just one week after the anointing I awoke in unusual pain and prayed to God to let me die. Then I suddenly thought it would be better for me to pray for health; and I prayed and cried for three hours. Finally, when I arose and stood erect, I felt a sensation of health

and strength I had not known for seven long years. I realized that I was well again and that my prayer had been answered. Not only had my pains all vanished but the cloud also disappeared from my mind. The cure was genuine and complete. I have not had a pain or ache since that morning of prolonged prayer."—New York Sun.

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### HE CHOOSES THE WEAK.

A touching story is told in connection with the work of the Countess of Huntingdon among the colliers in the English Black Country. Finding that many of these poor miners had never heard the name of God or of Christ, she sent out preachers to hold meetings among them in the open air. Whitefield, Venn, the Wesleys were among her helpers.

In a cabin on her estate there was a crippled blind girl, named Eliza Poulard, who heard of this great work. She was carried to the castle, and asked to see Lady Huntingdon.

"Can I help?" she inquired, humbly. "I never have done anything for God."

The servants would have driven her away, but the countess interfered. "She is lame and blind, and scared at her own voice," they said.

"God calls His own messengers," replied the countess. "Carry her to the meeting to-night at the mines."

"Now," says the old chronicler, "Eliza, in her solitude, had learned many hymns, and her voice was of that tone that it would wring the heart of a beast. When she sang of Christ upon the cross, the women cried out and the men wept sore. No words of the preachers were as powerful as the song of the poor cripple, lying on her pallet. They carried her from one place to another, and many people were converted by her."

It is said that when Lady Huntingdon told her of the souls she had influenced for good, her poor ugly face grew beautiful as an angel's.

"Who would have thought he would have chosen me?" she said.—Sel.



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## ON JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

There is no more interesting man in our history than plain old John Brown, whose "body lies a-moulding in the grave." His son John tells a story of his own boyhood which shows the strange character of the grim yet tender father.

He says he was first put to the tanning business, and for three years his chief duty was to attend to the grinding of bark with a blind horse. Boy-like, he took spells of play when his father was absent, and frequently forgot to supply the machine with the necessary bark.

"But the creaking of the hungry mill would betray my neglect, and then father, hearing this from below, would come up and stealthily pounce upon me while at a window looking upon outside attractions. He finally grew tired of these frequent slight admonitions for my laziness and other shortcomings, and concluded to adopt with me a sort of book account something like this: John, Dr.

For disobeying mother.... 8 lashes

For unfaithfulness at work 3 "

For telling a lie..... 8 "

"This account he showed me from time to time. On a certain Sunday morning he invited me to accompany him from the house to the tannery, saying that he concluded that it was time for a settlement. He went into the upper or finishing room, and after a long and tearful talk over my faults he again showed me my account, which exhibited a fearful footing up of debits. I had no credits or offsets, and was, of course, a bankrupt. I then paid about one-third of the debt, reckoned in strokes from a nicely prepared blue-beech switch, laid on 'masterly.' Then, to my utter astonishment, father stripped off his shirt and, seating himself on a block, gave me the whip and bade me 'lay it on' to his bare back. I dared not refuse to obey, but at first I did not strike hard. 'Harder,' he said, 'harder! harder!' until he received the balance of the account. Small drops of

blood showed on his back where the tip end of the tingling beech cut through. Thus ended the account and the settlement."—Selected.

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## THE EVIDENCE OF PROPHECY.

A colonel in the Turkish army once asked Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, in Constantinople, for a proof that the Bible is the word of God. Dr. Hamlin did not immediately answer; but, learning that the colonel was a traveling man, he said to him: "Have you ever been in Babylon?" "Yes," replied the colonel, "and I will tell you a curious incident. The ruins of Babylon abound in game; and once, engaging a skeikh with his followers, I arrived among the ruins for a week's shooting. At sundown the Arabs, to my amazement, began to strike their tents. I went to the skeikh and protested most strongly. I was paying him handsomely, but I now offered to double the amount; but nothing I could say had any effect. 'It is not safe,' said the sheikh. 'No mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. Ghosts and ghouls come out of the holes and caverns after dark, and whomsoever they capture becomes one of themselves. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon.'" "

Dr. Hamlin took out his Bible and read from the thirteenth of Isaiah: "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldeans' pride, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, . . . but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, . . . and wolves shall cry in their castles, and jackals in the pleasant palaces." (Isaiah, 13 : 19.) "That is history you have been reading," said the Turk. "No," said Dr. Hamlin, "it is prophecy. Those words were written when Babylon was in all her glory; and you know what Babylon is today." The colonel was silent, and they never met again.—Selected.

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## WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO.

The Bible is a book you can recommend, it is really a wonderful book, and has accomplished great things, and is still working miracles in the lives of those who read it. Here are some facts of what it did in a prison.

There was in one of the cells a man who had been five times convicted of burglary. He was most troublesome, and the prison punishment and the chaplain's warnings and persuasions seemed to have no effect whatever on his hardened conscience. On one occasion the chaplain was going round the cells, and when he came to this one he was wondering what he would say; opening the door he greeted him by name and in a cheery tone said: "I'll tell you what is the matter with you—you want making new inside."

The remark seemed to strike the prisoner as a good joke, and he answered: "Well, governor, I think you are about right." The chaplain was rather surprised at this answer, and asked him if he knew how it could be done. "Not likely," he replied. The chaplain said, "But you could. Listen to this," and he read to him that verse in Ezekiel 36: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh."

The prisoner admitted that that would be making new inside, but that it was not possible for him. "You are wrong, my lad," answered the chaplain, and then told him that he knew men who had been so changed, and reminded him that the words were God's words. Then he handed him his own Bible, and turning down the leaf at the third chapter of John's Gospel, left it with him to read for himself.

Three days later he saw the man again, and was struck with the change in his face and manner. "What is it?" he said. The prisoner replied, "What is it? It is the Book!" Then he told how he had read the verses over and

over, and every time they seemed to be more wonderful than before. Then there came back to him recollections of what he had heard when he was a boy, and his bitter, hard heart was broken, and with prayers and tears he cried for mercy, and soon found forgiveness through the blood of Christ.

Now for the change—the harvest of the little seed. Whereas he had been a hopeless case, and a constant anxiety to the officials, now he was willing to do anything for anybody. One day he remarked: "I'm glad my sentence is a long one, because the prison is the happiest place I have found on earth."

"Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Jer. 23:29.—Selected.

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## CALM IN THE STORM.

A short time since, I took ship at Providence, Rhode Island, at evening tide. The steamer carried over a thousand souls.

As we moved down the river and out into the deep, joy, animation and music filled that gliding palace, while pyramids of electric lamps poured a flood of golden light upon us in the cabin.

I moved out upon the deck, and all was dark. Great angry billows rolled tempestuously about us, while rushing winds tore their way over the hurricane deck.

It was a wild storm without.

It was all peace and joy within.

Strange phenomenon! Why, amidst such a storm, should there be such a calm?

Ah! something weird was playing with the hearts of men.

It held us mentally, as it were, in a Haven of Calms, landlocked from a raging sea of fear.

There was supreme faith in an invisible pilot at the wheel.

Something above reason saw something beyond the range of vision, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and we were at rest.—S. L. Mershon.



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## THE WALL OF FAITH.

The following instance of God's care of those who put their trust in him is from an old writer on the Providence of God.

In a small cottage on the southern shores of the Baltic lived many years ago a pious widow named Bertha Schmidt, with her son Karl and his bride. A pretty picture in summer was that little dwelling, peering out from the embowering vines. One morning brought sad news to that cottage home. A hostile army was approaching the city of Stralsund, and might be looked for at any hour. In every house there was gloom. The day passed in dreadful suspense, and night closed in over the watching city.

As night deepened there came on a terrific storm of snow and wind, which made the scene still more desolate and fearful. But how is it within the widow's cottage? Karl had for a while busied himself with barricading the doors and windows, so as to offer some obstruction to the soldiery, and had done the best he could to defend his mother and his bride. Then he sank down into gloomy silence, while his young wife sat by him pale and trembling; but the aged widow sat with her eyes fastened upon her Bible. She raised her eyes, and with a bright countenance, she repeated these lines:

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,

And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

"What! dear mother," replied Karl, "is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall round our poor hut, strong and high enough to keep out an army?"

"Has not my son read," replied the mother, "that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father?"

Karl made no reply, and the little family sank again into silence. Just at midnight there was a lull in the storm,

and they heard the great clock striking the hour of twelve. At the same moment, the faint sound of martial music caught their watchful ears. The fatal time had apparently come. They drew closer together, and as the aged mother returned the pressure of her son's hand, she again repeated:

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,

And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

The music drew nearer, mingled with a confused sound of trampling and shouting. Soon shrieks were heard, and the crackling of flames told that the work of destruction was going on. But no hostile foot invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamping round it. At length the tumult died away—the storm ceased—and a death-like silence fell upon the scene. After waiting several hours, Karl ventured to uncloset a shutter; but the light came dimly through the snow, which was heaped to the top of the window! He cautiously opened the door, but he was obliged to cut his way. He stood silent with astonishment and awe at the sight before him. Huge drifts of snow had completely encircled the cottage, and made it in appearance a mere mound of snow. They had indeed been hidden by "a wall," and had dwelt safely in the pavilion of the Most High. Karl led his aged mother out to behold her "wall of faith." The pious widow wept as she looked up to heaven, and gently exclaimed:

"Faithful is He who hath promised; He also hath done it."

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## THE WORK OF ONE CONVERT.

We should be, each one of us, missionaries of the truth of the blessed gospel that we profess to enjoy in our own personal experiences. The progress of the Kingdom of God to-day, in the world, as it was in New Testament times, is dependent upon the personal

testimony and personal work of every individual who professes to be a disciple of Jesus Christ.

I went to Italy in 1886. Arriving at Milan, I was appointed to a district and I could not speak the Italian language at all. I must learn it. How should I learn it? I soon found out that a young lady wanted lessons in English, so I said I could give her some lessons in English if she would teach me Italian. We soon agreed and went to work. As soon as she could read a little I got her an English New Testament and for myself an Italian New Testament. Of course as we read along, I had to explain and preach to her first the Word of Truth. Then as I began to write a few brief sermons, I had to preach them to her first so that she might correct the language, and thus the truth came into her heart.

We kept up the acquaintance. She rose up from one position to another in her profession as teacher in the public schools, and finally became the directress of the Normal College in the city of Milan, and she had no less than seven hundred young ladies under her care, preparing to be public school teachers in Italy. Thus she was exerting a tremendous influence, and that seed of truth which I dropped into her heart was exerting its influence in the hearts of hundreds in her school.

The Jesuits became alarmed and got after her. They made trouble for her and she was suspended for awhile, but she took up the cudgel in the public press and fought her case through and appealed to the Counsel of State and was reinstated in her position in that great institution in the city of Milan.

It is just this. When we are working for that single man or single woman, we do not know where our influence will end. Only let us do our duty and God will take care of the rest. There are enough here in this room to-day, if filled by the Spirit of the Master, to go into this great city and do wonders in His name—"For greater things than

these shall ye do because I go to my Father."—Rev. William Burt, D. D.

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### AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

A well-known physician connected with the Chicago Foundling's Home is authority for the following account of an answered prayer. This Home, which is one of the largest of its kind in the Middle West, was founded more than a quarter of a century ago on faith that the Lord in answer to prayer would provide for its needs. It has been conducted ever since on this basis. Its large building and its ever-increasing work is sufficient testimony that the expectations of its founders have been fulfilled, says Orin Edson Crooker, in *S. S. Times*.

In its early days the Home occupied a rented building upon which the rent had become \$650 in arrears. The owner politely but firmly refused to extend further credit beyond a certain date.

"The Lord will provide before that time," said those in charge. "We will all pray for money to carry the Home through the crisis."

The days passed until only one remained, but the \$650 had not yet been provided.

"We will pray that it may come in to-morrow morning's mail," the devoted workers said as they redoubled their efforts.

Next morning the postman came, but brought no communication containing money. When only an hour or two remained a special messenger called at the door with a letter.

"A year ago," it read, "I was elected to a certain public office which I did not want and which I have filled against my will. I have just received compensation for my labors, and am glad to turn it over to your institution to use as you think best."

The check was for \$650. It came from Carter H. Harrison, Sr., the father of ex-Mayor Harrison of Chicago.



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## DELIVERED FROM THE FIRE.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, the pious vicar of Madely, England, relates that going into the pulpit one Sabbath morning, he could recollect no part of his sermon, not even the text. Feeling exceedingly perplexed in his mind, and not willing to dismiss the people without saying anything, he thought that he would endeavor to make a few remarks upon the morning's lesson, which was respecting the three worthies who were cast into the furnace of fire. Finding uncommon and unexpected enlargement of spirit in so doing, he announced to the congregation at the close that if there was any person present to whom those remarks more particularly applied, he desired that they would call upon him, in the course of the week. On Wednesday a woman called and informed him that she had been under serious impressions for some time; but that her husband, who was a butcher, constantly opposed her and forbade her attending any of the religious meetings, even at the parish church, on Sunday; that on the last Sabbath morning he told her that if she should presume to go to church, he would build up a great fire in the oven, and throw her into it, as soon as she came home. But she resolved to go, and, says she, "Sir, while you were speaking of the three young men who were thrown into the fiery furnace, because they would not sin against God, I thought it was just my case, and it pleased the Lord then and there to set my soul at liberty. I went home with a light heart, trusting that the Lord would be with me. When I came near the house I saw the flames issuing from the oven, and knowing what a man my husband was, I expected to be immediately thrown into it. But what was my amazement upon opening the door, instead of being thrown into the oven, to find my husband upon his knees crying for mercy." Says Mr. Fletcher, "I then knew why I had forgotten my sermon, and was led to speak upon something else."

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## HOW TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

There occurs to me the image of a visitor who called one evening, and who wished to know what he was to do in order to control and suppress an ungovernable temper. For years it had tortured him past all bearing, and, what was worse, for years it had been a source of pain and discomfort in his home. When his anger was kindled, he was by his own confession a terror to wife and children, and, seeing that he had recently become a Christian, he felt acutely the stain such actions fixed on garments that should have been unspotted by the world. "What must I do? I can't go on in this way, and yet though I feel it is wrong I can't help myself."

The first suggestion I ventured was based on the regard he had expressed for his pastor. "What would be the effect," said I, "on you, if I were to appear at the moment the storm was about to burst? Think!"

He thought and then said, "It wouldn't burst. I should stop it."

"Well, then, try this plan. Force yourself at the moment of peril into the conscious presence of God, and say as you feel the uprising passion, 'O God, make me master of myself.' Pray that prayer; and pray, morning by morning, that you may so pray in your time of need; and in due season you will obtain the perfect mastery of yourself you seek." He promised. I watched. He prayed. He conquered; once, twice, thrice, and then failed; but he renewed the attempt, and triumphed again, and years afterward I knew him as one of the most serene of men; and when he died no phase of his character stood out more distinctively than his perfect self-control, and no fact in his life was remembered with deeper gratitude by his bereaved wife than that memorable victory won by prayer in the early days of his discipleship to the Lord Jesus.—  
Rev. F. Clifford, D. D.

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**THE BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY.**

In 1885 I preached one Sabbath at Summerset, N. Y., and was entertained at the home of Mr. Arnold, an elder of the church, who related the following interesting incident.

Among his acquaintances was a blind man whose blindness was the result of cataract.

He was very poor, yet managed to provide for his family (in whom were several children that he had never looked upon) by traveling about the country led by the hand of his boy, selling extracts and essences.

By some means, he heard of the skill of Dr. Ryder, an eminent oculist of Rochester, N. Y. So he went to Rochester to consult the doctor regarding his eyes. He said, "Doctor, I have heard of your skill in treating the blind. But I am a poor man and can't see how I can pay you for it, yet I am so anxious to see again, and I thought perhaps you might help me."

After examining his eyes, the doctor told him that he could restore his sight. And said to him, "I can bestow a great benefit upon you, and you, although a poor man, can do much for me. I will operate upon your eyes, and treat them until they are well; and all I ask of you in return is to tell people who did it."

It is needless to say that the blind man gladly consented to the arrangement. The operation was highly successful; and the joy of the man in being permitted to see again is more easily imagined than described.

One day Mr. Arnold saw some one coming who resembled the blind man. But noticing that he had no one to lead him, and not having heard of his recovering his sight, he did not know what to make of it. Presently the man came up, and, with radiant face, told how he had received his sight. We need not say that he highly praised the kindness and skill of Dr. Ryder.

Mr. Arnold's aged father who also was blind from cataract, listened with eager interest to the testimony of the man who had been blind. Faith came by hearing; and he would not rest satisfied until Dr. Ryder was called to operate upon his eyes also.

Does not this incident illustrate how the Great Physician deals with those who apply to him for relief?

He heals us of the fatal malady of sin, and gives us spiritual eye-sight; and all he asks in return is, that we glorify him by telling what great things he hath done for us.

Surely gratitude to our Deliverer will make us glad to recommend him to others. And they, hearing what the Lord has done for us, will not rest satisfied until they also have come to him.

Let us then, "sing forth the honor of his name, and make his praise glorious." And others, hearing, will believe, and they too will "taste and see that the Lord is good."—Rev. Henry H. Tyndall.

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**HIS RECOMMENDATION.**

The newspapers some years ago related the following anecdote of Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia Philanthropist. One Saturday he ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf to help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied quietly: "Mr. Girard, I can't work on the Sabbath." "You know the rules." "Yes, I know, I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sabbaths." "Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you." For three weeks the young man could find no work; but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. "But," said the banker, "you discharged him." "Yes, because he would not work on Sabbaths. A man who would lose his place for conscience' sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.—Frank E. Adams.



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## A CONVERTED INFIDEL.

If you had been in Toledo a few years ago and stood in the basement of the United Brethren Church you would have witnessed a strange scene. You would have seen an old man in his seventy-third year, with no other witness but God and the janitor consigning his books to the flames of the furnace. It was an infidel library, the accumulation of years and from every quarter of the earth, and the old white-haired man was the once infidel Marshall Waggoner, who had assailed the Christ-faith all the way from youth to tottering old age; but whose heart God had touched and whose eyes God had opened. It did seem that all hope was taken away but God gloriously saved him. His Christian wife—God bless the faithful woman who keeps her trust in Christ in spite of all the ridicule and indifference of an unbelieving husband. She was true to the end, and on dying bed she asked him to accept her Saviour.

The spirit of his departed wife never left him. He fought against it but no use. He said he walked the floor at times like a maniac. At last he stood face to face with the real issue, the Waterloo of many a lost soul, the thing that's keeping many of you away from God, no matter what your peculiar difficulty may be. It was simply whether or no he could face the world. If at such a late hour he should renounce his infidelity and become a Christian man. He looked himself over from head to foot, thought of all the past and said he had never been a coward, and while his gramophone, of which he was very fond was playing "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," he crept into the cleft of the riven rock and the great God who saves to the uttermost touched him and you could have gone to that little church until recently when God called him home and you would have found him earnestly working for God and weeping and praying that men might come to

Christ. There's all the hope in the world for you, if you will only get the victory over your will.—Rev. P. J. Gilbert.

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## THE KING'S VICTIM.

The celebrated beauty, Madame Musard, the lawful wife of Alfred Musard, and mistress of Wm. III., King of Holland, found the way of the transgressor hard. She and her husband bought the villa of the Grand Duke of Tuscany on Lake Como; also a sumptuous railway car, built for the Duc de Morny, by which they traveled to their Chateau on the Seine. The horses that drew their splendid phaeton in Paris were valued at 20,000 francs, at least; and the elegance of their turnout surpassed anything seen in the streets of Paris up to that time.

"At the opera the diamonds of Mme. Musard and her sumptuous toilets were the centre upon which all eyes were fixed. The luxury of the couple was overwhelming."

She was exceedingly beautiful; but no one knew it better than herself. She used to spend hours before her mirror in self admiration.

The King was so smitten by her charms that he used frequently to abandon his kingdom, and visit her a day or two at a time. He, it was, who supplied her with all the luxury in which she lived.

She used to say: "When I die, I want to have all my diamonds laid out on the bed."

But God did not permit her to have even this slight consolation in her dying moments.

For, "Still in the prime of mature beauty, Mme. Musard was smitten with blindness, at thirty-seven, and died raving mad in a private asylum."

She died in a straight jacket, cursing the king who had accomplished her ruin.

Beauty of face, without beauty of soul, is dangerous. Too often it proves a curse to its possessor, and also a snare to others.

The king who brought her to ruin was later called to meet the King of Kings, who will "give to every man according as his work shall be."

The consequences of sin will, sooner or later, overtake every sinner, be he prince or beggar.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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#### SEND PROVISIONS TO CALEB.

God has resources at his command of which we are sometimes forgetful. He once used ravens to supply his servant with food. They could be so used again if God chose.

And while God usually provides for the needs of his children by what are called natural means, yet, at times, he is pleased to so depart from this method, that the supernatural becomes clearly apparent in his providing care.

He may still speak to the ear with audible voice as he did to the child Samuel.

He may unerringly guide a horse so that it will choose its way aright, and stop at the door where help is needed. We may be sure that God is still abundantly able, as well as willing, to care for all those who put their trust in him.

The following experience, from *Golden Gleanings* by David Heston, ought to encourage us to have more confidence in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer.

A clergyman residing near Bath, England, awoke one night with an impression on his mind: "Send provisions to Caleb." Not knowing any one of that name, he settled off again to sleep, but not to rest. "Send provisions to Caleb," again sounded in his ear, sleeping or waking; and, uneasy in his mind, he addressed his wife, inquiring if she knew any one of that name. The reply was in the negative, and not seeing how to help himself in the darkness of night, he once more endeavored to compose himself to sleep.

It was, however, in vain. "Send provisions to Caleb," continued to haunt him, until at last, unable to rest, he rose,

called up his coachman, and descending to the larder, filled a hamper with bread, meat and other food, telling the man he must go and find out where "Caleb" lived, in full belief some one of that name was in great need.

"With all my heart, sir," said the man, "if you will tell me where; but how in the name of goodness am I to find Caleb in the darkness of night, with no one about who could help or direct me?"

"It matters not," said his master, "saddle the horse and start. Take the basket, and lay the bridle across the horse's neck; my impression of duty is so strong, that I believe, in our ignorance, the horse will be guided aright."

It was snowing fast, and in the pitiless night the kind-hearted coachman sallied forth on his apparently hopeless errand; but it did not turn out so. On went the horse, unguided, turning neither to the right nor left for some miles, when suddenly, coming to a barren heath, he turned out off the road, and through the deep snow, went across the common, where was no beaten track, and then stopped suddenly before a little hovel, which would have been passed unnoticed but for his sudden halting. "Does any one named Caleb live here?" shouted the coachman; when a voice replied, "Yes, indeed, you are all right—our prayers are answered!" It was found that this poor and aged man, living in this lowly abode, had been brought very low through sickness and poverty, and that he and his family were none of them able to seek help. They had been for some days in a most destitute condition; how to make their case known they knew not, and they had just been praying to their Heavenly Father either to send relief, or enable them to submit to His will and die. This circumstance was some time after narrated at a meeting, when a gentleman rose and said, "That is quite true, for I know Caleb, and have heard him speak of this fact as a proof that God hears and answers prayers."



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## THE BIBLE FINDS US.

I believe the Bible because "it finds me." Those are the words of Coleridge; and I make them mine. The Bible found me on a memorable day more than fifty years ago. It found me perplexed with a boy's fear of the unknown. It calmed my fears and gave me the hope that maketh not ashamed. It has found me once and again in the Vale of Baca and wiped away my tears. It has found me and upheld me in seasons of weakness and discouragement. It has found me and never failed me. And, when I come to the border line between time and eternity it shall find me there, and give me a rod and staff to lean on. Oh, blessed Book! May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I forget thee!

The Bible is its own best witness. The search-warrant is yours. Christ said, "Search the Scriptures." Search, therefore, with a mind open to conviction, and I am confident you will arrive at the same conclusion that has forced itself upon me. The Bible is a book to live by and to die by. It is worthy to be received as an infallible rule of faith and practice. It is true and trustworthy every way. It is the veritable Word of God.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D

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## IT WORKS WONDERS.

Some years ago, says the Public Leader, a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered the questions, only to be astonished at the brief prescription: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But doctor," began the bewildered patient. "Go home and read your Bible

an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority. Then come back to me a month from today." And he bowed her out without possibility of further protest. At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that, at least, the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out her prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy. In one month she went back to his office. "Well," he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I feel like a different person. But how did you know this was just what I needed?" For answer, the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible."

"I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for source of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription. I knew it would cure." "Yet I confess, doctor," said the patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where, if tried, it would work wonders."

This is a true story.

The physician has died, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.—Selected.

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### THE WITHIN GREATER THAN THE WITHOUT.

In his "Education and Life," Doctor Baker tells the story of a hero worthy to stand among earth's greatest names. Here is the incident as he gives it.

"A young man had met with misfortune, accident and disease, and was suffering from a third paralytic stroke. He had lost the use of his voice, of his legs, and of one arm. A friend visited him, one day, and asked how he was. He reached for his tablet and wrote:

"'All right, and bigger than anything that can happen to me.'"

A man who could make a response like that would not be content with words. By sheer force of will, holding himself to slowly increasing physical and mental exercises, he set about recovering the use of his body and finally actually compelled the dormant nerve centres to awake and resume their work. Later he wrote:

"The great lesson it taught me is, that man is meant to be and ought to be stronger than anything that can happen to him. Circumstances, fate, luck, are all outside, and if he cannot always change them he can always beat them. If I couldn't have what I wanted, I decided to want what I had, and that simple philosophy saved me."

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### A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond relates the following incident:

"When I was passing a house in Harrisburgh, a gentleman tapped on the window and called me in, saying, 'Last Sunday my little boy came from one of your children's meetings and sitting down looked for a while into the open-fire as if something troubled him. Finally looking up he asked, 'Father, how old are you?' When I replied, 'I am fifty-six years old.' He quickly answered, 'Why father, you are most

as old as grandfather was when he died. Don't you think it is about time for you to become a Christian?' Then coming closer to me he laid his head on my shoulder and bursting into tears he begged of me to kneel down and ask God to forgive my sins and make me a Christian.

"His father's heart was melted and he gave himself to Jesus. In closing with deep emotion he said, 'I have heard many a sermon, but never a one so tender as when my son with his heart burning with love for Jesus, after asking that question, 'Father, how old are you?' begged me to come to Christ and be saved.'"

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### THE MASTER'S HAND.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eyes saw the object on the wall and, taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent awoke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet its meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul-harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad, happy days?

Open your hearts every morning to Christ. Let Him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with His skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—Selected.



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## THE WAY UP.

When the artist Sidney Cooper was ninety-five years old he said, "I attribute my long life to the merciful care of God's providence; for he was the Father of the fatherless boy and has preserved him through all his trials and difficulties, prosperities, sunshine, and shadow." That other ambitious boys might be helped he gave an art school to the city of Canterbury, where he spent his earliest days in poverty.

Once when a boy he was on the grounds of Canterbury Cathedral sketching the beautiful outlines of the bell-tower on a slate. A gentleman noticed the quality of his work and gave him pencil and paper. His lack of a knife brought him a friend, as he tells the anecdote:

"Having no knife, I tried every means I could think of to get a point, pushing back the wood from the lead, etc.,; but nothing seemed to answer, and I was in despair. I was trying one day, with poor success, to rub one to a point on the stone coping, when a gentleman happened to pass by; I asked him if he would cut my pencils.

"O yes," said he. "What are you drawing?"

"I gave the usual answer, 'The Great Church, sir.'"

"He cut one pencil; I gave him another, and he cut that; then another, and yet another, until he had cut six. Then he said he could not stop any longer. I found out from one of the vergers that he was Mr. Hamilton, who taught French at the King's School, and every morning as he passed to the school he cut my pencils. Then came several days when he did not pass, and I learned that he was ill, to my great grief—more, I fear, for my sake than for his; for I could not cut my pencils, and could not get on with 'Bell Harry' on account of breaking so many points. At last one day a very serious looking man sauntered by with his hands clasped behind his back. I could see that he was a clergyman of some sort. When

he had got a few yards away I gained courage and ran after him, calling out.

"Sir, sir!"

"He turned round and said, 'What, my boy?'"

"Please sir, have you a knife?"

"Yes, my little man," said he, "what do you want?"

"I told him and he cut all my pencils—twelve—and then, coming up to the coping where I was established, he looked at my drawing.

"Very good, my boy," he said, and passed on.

It was no other than Archbishop Manners Sutton who thus aided the young artist. His patronage, moreover, led to young Cooper being admitted to Dr. Pierce's house, from the windows of which he continued his sketches. One of the drawings was also bought by the archbishop for five pounds.

The boy worked at his trade of coach-painter, eking out his wages by drawing pencil sketches for sale to tourists, until at length his efforts to be an artist were rewarded with success. His career was long and honorable. The Royal Academy honored him with its membership and the queen made him a Knight of the Victorian order.—The Classmate,

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## HEROISM OF JACOB KENOLY.

Jacob Kenoly, a poor black boy, came to the Southern Christian Institute for training. He was there four years and received a two-fold vision. First, a vision of obligation. "My Christian education is a gift from the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, hence I owe it to some one. As I have received so must I give." Second, a vision of duty. "I owe this to my people in Africa, who have never heard of Christ. This became the passion of my soul."

For this end he toiled and saved until he thought he had money enough to pay his passage to Africa. A supposed missionary to one of the islands roomed with Jacob on the way and won his con-

fidence, but when he left the vessel he carried with him all of Jacob's earthly belongings. Jacob Kenoly landed in Monrovia, Liberia, July 26, 1905, without money, without clothes, excepting the one working suit, without books, not even a Bible left him. All he had left was his education and trade, and the truths of the Bible in memory, and God's love for men in his heart.

Near his hut on the mountain side was a cave. Here Jacob lived a year. Six months he taught and studied. For ten weeks he was down with the fever, but taught the wild boy who waited on him. For four months he, with his twenty boys, cleared the land and raised a crop which surprised the natives.

At last, broken in health, he was compelled to abandon his hut in the wilderness and come back to the coast. He came to a settlement of American Liberians, the descendants of those colonized from the United States in 1822. Here he rented a building and repaired it with his own hands, made desks and seats and has gathered a school of over fifty students.

At last Jacob is getting recognition. The Government of Liberia offered him fifty acres of land for his school. Christian friends have sent him a little money from time to time. His scholars are writing letters of thanks for his great work among them.

To his former teacher at the Southern Christian Institute he writes: "I was lonely and prayed with my face toward America, and thought of my teachers and the beautiful land."

During all he has not written one word of complaint. He has never asked a gift, considering it but honor to sacrifice for Christ. In one letter he says: "I want to teach six months, but am afraid I will have to stop and pick coffee, as my clothing will not hold together that long."

Twice he has had opportunity to work his passage back to the United States. He has been offered a good salary at another mission. Yet he re-

mains faithful to his self-appointed task.—Caroline Atwater Mason.

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### THE WAY INDICATED.

An open door which no man can shut, and a closed door which no man can open, are indications of God's way. Rev. 3. 8.

One morning at a hotel at Denver I enquired of the Lord what I should do that day. The answer came to my heart: "Write to Marion, and to Mrs. Reynolds, and finish your article for the Advocate." I wrote the letters and was writing the article when I remembered I had promised to call upon a friend the next time I was in Denver, and started to go to her. But I thought: "I asked the Lord what I should do, and He told me to write, He could have told me to call on Mrs. Silvey if that was what He had wanted." So I obeyed Him and went on with my writing. Just as I finished Mr. Morrow came in to take me to the train. As we entered the depot I met the friend on whom I intended to call. She and her husband were going to a wedding, in the same city and at the same hotel where we had meant to stop. She invited us to the wedding, and we had a long visit together. "I have been so busy all day I have not sat down a moment," she said. Then I saw the providence, and that my call upon her would have been no comfort to either of us, and I could say, like one of old, "Blessed be the Lord God . . . which led me in the right way." Gen, 24:48.—Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow.

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### JENNY LIND'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Once, at Stockholm, Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath, at the king's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused; and the king called personally upon her—in itself a high honor—and, as her sovereign, commanded her attendance. Her reply was—"There is a higher King, sir, to whom I owe my first allegiance." And she refused to be present.—Selected.



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## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Prov. XXV. : II.

The marginal reading is very beautiful: "A word spoken upon his wheels." How much this suggests to the mind. You have heard of the little village maiden in Scotland who was so simply devoted to God and her humble work that her minister, Leigh Richmond, wrote a tract about her and called it the Dairyman's Daughter.

A few years later, a noble son of an aristocratic family, who was fast going to wreck through dissipation, got hold of this tract and read it one night in his room. It broke his heart completely and brought him to Christ. This was William Wilberforce, a name of love known all over the world. There were three steps in this: There was first the village maiden, next the humble pastor, and then William Wilberforce. He soon after wrote an account of his conversion, and it came into the hands of another minister, who was half asleep himself and whose people were wholly so. He read the tract that had aroused Wilberforce, and it struck fire in him and completely woke him up, and he became the great Thomas Chalmers, who stirred up the clergy of Scotland to arise and strike off the fetters that were on them, and they organized the Free Church of Scotland, which has since been sending light all over the world. It was a little word, but how it went. It was truly on wheels. It was a living word that God inspired, and it is traveling yet.

When that simple maiden gets home in heaven what a grand reception there will be for her! I know there are very many who will be glad to shake hands with her and say, "Thank God for you." That is the meaning of this text. A word on wheels will never stop.

The invitation you give out to night, the quieting word you speak to some anxious soul, the comfort you give to

some trembling heart,—God hangs them on the wall in beautiful frames. They are fruits that you will yet feed upon, apples which will recompense you hereafter. You will find them again as pictures on the holy walls, gold which shall be holy treasure, apples on the holy table. They are on wheels of living power and they will go on forever.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

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## GOLD MINE FOR WHISKEY.

Some of the richest gold mines in America are in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, Colorado, from which it is estimated that gold has been taken worth over \$150,000,000. Nearly the whole of the land in which the best paying mines are situated was once owned by a man named Bob Womack, who is now sixty years of age, poverty-stricken, and lying waiting for death in a charitable institution at Colorado Springs. From a child Bob literally took no thought for to-morrow, but developed early in life a recklessness and a liking for drink that ultimately caused his ruin. He had a notion that gold was to be found on his farm but was not believed. Before long practically all his farm was mortgaged, and had passed out of his hands. At last one hill was left, which he was certain contained gold that he declared he would stick to under all circumstances. But, driven crazy by the thirst for whiskey, and being without money, he went to a saloon and begged for a drink. It was refused him, and the half-insane man staggered from saloon to saloon pleading for whiskey. Finally, he found a man who said he would sell him whiskey for Womack's Hill. An exchange was made, the land passing from the owner to the saloon keeper for a bottle of whiskey. The hill obtained for a bottle of whiskey was soon known all over the whole country, and on its banks was built a city called Cripple Creek. Strong drink is indeed a mocker.—Selected.

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**WE GET WHAT WE GIVE.**

There is nothing more mysterious about the spiritual realm than about the natural realm. Both are God's realms and are controlled and governed by His universal laws. When Louis Agassiz was ten years old his mother took him to Grindelwald. He had never heard of the famous Echo Valley and the mother explained to him that yonder in the mountains there dwelt a boy who would answer him when he spoke. So Agassiz cried out and there came the answering echo. Then he called, "Who are you?" and the answer came back, "Who are you?" With tears in his eyes the little fellow turned to his mother and said, "I don't think that's a very nice kind of a boy." And then his mother explained that the mountain boy answered in just the same way he was addressed. "Tell him something nice," she said, "and you will find him answering you in the same spirit." So Agassiz called out again, "Come, and I will show you my treasures," and the echo came back, "Come, and I will show you my treasures," and Agassiz found, as his mother had said, that the answer of the mountain boy was invariably the same in kind as the words that went forth from him.

This simple story illustrates most truly the exact working of the law in every realm of life. If as you confront life the cry goes up from your heart, "Life is hard, Life is cruel, Life is unsatisfying," invariably the answer comes back to you from Life, "Life is hard, Life is cruel, Life is unsatisfying." Or if your attitude toward life finds expression in the words, "Life is good, Life is sweet, Life is satisfying," the answer of Life is that Life is good, is sweet, is satisfying. Life is what we make it. We get from Life what we give to it. As you face your fellows, if your secret thought is, "I distrust you, I am suspicious of you, I have nothing in common with you, you are not my brother,"

the answering thought invariably comes back to you from your fellows, "I distrust you, I am suspicious of you—you are not my brother." But let the cry of your soul be, "I believe in you, I sympathize with you, I love you," and your fellows answer you in kind, "I believe in you, I sympathize with you, I love you." We get from others, in the long run, just what we give.—Rev. J. H. Randall, D. D.

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**CAREY'S PERSEVERANCE.**

One hundred years ago there was an English lad named Carey who was never discouraged. He would do what he set out to do, no matter what the difficulties. He tried to climb a tree; he fell, and limped away. Next day he tried that tree again, and climbed to the top. It was his day of testing.

A few years later that lad became a missionary. After arduous labor he had translated the Bible into the native tongue. The type was ready, the printing machine installed. Then, before a single copy was printed, fire destroyed both translation and printing outfit.

But Carey, the lad, had climbed trees in spite of repeated falls. And Carey, the man, undaunted, began at the beginning once more, and in two months the work of translation was under full headway. He had run with the footmen and had not been weary; so he was able, when need arose, to contend with horses.

Is it plain? Inability to endure the small discouragements of life, failure to meet the trivial responsibilities of to-day, unfit a man for larger responsibilities and patient endurance in later years; and he who stands the test put upon him in the smaller things of life is thereby fitted to encounter problems and cares which await him as he grows older.

To-day is our testing time. What does it foretell? Are we weary as we run with the footmen? Then what of the days when we contend with horses?—Selected.



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## MARY JONES' BIBLE.

In the year 1802, Thomas Charles, of Bala, a minister of the established church, who labored in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and was accustomed to travel far and near preaching the Gospel of Christ, met a young girl named Mary Jones, who attended upon his ministry, and inquired of her if she could repeat last Sunday's text. She hesitated, and when pressed to answer him, she burst into tears and said:

"The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

He learned in conversation with her, that she was accustomed to travel seven miles to find a Bible in which she could read and look out the text from which the minister had preached. That week the rain had prevented her from making this journey.

Mr. Charles, touched by this evidence of the pressing need of Bibles, soon came to London to see what could be done about providing Bibles for the Welsh. On the 6th of December, 1802, he met a committee of the Religious Tract Society and told the story of the need of Welsh Bibles, the failure to obtain them through other channels, and begged that some new and extraordinary means might be adopted to accomplish the object. A conversation of some length occurred. It was found that the want was not confined to Wales, and after discussing the matter, a minister named Joseph Hughes suggested, "Surely a society might be formed for the purpose. And if for Wales, why not for the world?"

The matter was canvassed. They met again May 12, 1803. Among other instances, illustrating the need of Bibles, another minister, Mr. Knight, related that a man in Nova Scotia had traveled sixty miles over the snow to obtain a Bible.

On the 7th of May, 1804, some three

hundred gentlemen met at the London Tavern, and then and there organized the British and Foreign Bible Society. On the third of September they voted to issue a number of stereotyped Bibles and Testaments, and among them twenty thousand Welsh Bibles and five thousand Welsh Testaments. In September, 1805, the first stereotyped edition of the New Testament was printed, and the first part of the Bible ever published for the British and Foreign Bible Society was issued from the University Press at Cambridge. Other editions followed in rapid succession. In July, 1806, the Welsh Bibles were finished and started for Wales. "When the arrival of the cart was announced which carried the first sacred load, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, and welcomed it as the Israelites did the ark of old, and drew it into the town, and bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispersed."

Other loads of Bibles followed, and among them was one for little Mary Jones, so that she could read the minister's text without travelling seven miles over the country to find a Bible. Since that time there has been no difficulty in obtaining Bibles for Wales, and during the eighty-one years of the existence of that Society, upward of one hundred million copies of the Scriptures in hundreds of languages or dialects have been sent forth to the world. At the present time, from that one Society there are sent out about thirty thousand copies of the Scriptures each week, or some five thousand copies every day. And the moving spring which started all this mighty machinery was the tears of Mary Jones, who wept because the stormy weather had kept her from going seven miles on foot to read the Bible.

The Word of the Lord was precious in those days, and we may be sure that little Mary Jones prized her Bible. It has been preserved, and now after so many years that very book has been brought back and is kept among the cherished treasures of the British and

Foreign Bible Society. On the blank leaf is a simple record written as follows:

"Born 16th December, 1784."

"I have bought this in the 16th year of my age. I am the daughter of John Jones and Mary Jones his wife: The Lord may give me grace. Amen."—Selected.

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### A PURCHASED LIFE.

During the Reign of Terror in France—between June, 1793, and June, 1794—a young man, by the name of Loizerolles, was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. His father, a venerable, white-haired old man, would not allow himself to be separated from his son, but accompanied him to prison. On the day appointed for his execution the young man, exhausted by the strain upon his nerves, fell asleep in his dungeon, and the father kept watch beside him. Shortly afterwards the jailor, in company with some soldiers, presented himself at the door, holding in his hand a paper containing a list of the unhappy persons who were that day to suffer death.

Coming up to the unfortunate condemned ones, he called out the names from his list, ticking them off with a pencil as they answered. But when he came to the name of "Loizerolles," no one rose to reply to it. A sudden thought took possession of the breast of the aged father, and he replied to the call when it was made the second time.

He joined the ranks of the condemned, who were setting out on the sad journey to the scaffold. He did not dare to embrace his son, for fear of awakening him, and arousing the suspicion of the guards, but in a low voice addressing his companions in captivity, who were looking at him with tearful eyes, he said, "When he awakes, I conjure you to calm him, and prevent any imprudent despair of his from rendering my sacrifice useless. I have the right to be obeyed. Tell him

I forbid him to endanger the life which I have a second time given him." He then went out with the crowd of doomed men, and laying his head upon the scaffold, murmured these words: "Lord watch over and protect my son."

Had he not a claim that the son whose life he had purchased by the sacrifice of his own should make good use of it? That is Christ's claim on every Christian. It is "the reasonable service," incumbent on every one who lives because of the death of Him who gave "his life a ransom for many." Matt. 20:28.—Selected.

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### UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE FOR EVIL.

Writing to a brother minister, January 14th, 1914, the Rev. Aguilla Webb of Louisville, Kentucky, in the course of his letter says:

"I was hurt on the 7th of March. I was in the train coming from Cincinnati to Louisville, when a boy threw a rock and hit me on the left side of my head just above the temple. This blow blinded my left eye, and partly paralyzed my left side. I was out of my pulpit for six months."

The boy who threw that stone had no special spite against the minister. But absence of malice did not lessen the injury. Probably the boy to this day has no idea of the harm he did. But sins of ignorance are to be condemned.

The devil used that boy in a minute's time to silence the preaching of the gospel for six months and perhaps to cripple the preacher for life. The boy was willing to sin, and "one sinner destroyeth much good." Eccles. 9:18. God alone can measure the result of that one wrong act.

The boy at least knew what he did to be wrong; and in John 3:20 we read, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things." God knows the evil consequences of every sin, and He will judge unrepentant sinners according to their deeds.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



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## REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

One day there was sent up to my room a card announcing the presence in the hotel office of a gentleman whose name was not familiar to me. When I met him, he introduced himself as Mr. M. He told me that his wife was a former member of my church. When I asked him about his own church connection, he said, with a good deal of bitterness, "I have no use for such things, and I am, myself, an infidel." He then began to speak so blasphemously of God that I told him he must either cease such conversation or leave the hotel. He then apologized and said that he was on his way to pawn his overcoat to secure money enough to fill a prescription which the doctor had given him for his son, who was supposed to be dying. I offered him the money, which he would not take, and with an apology for his conversation, in which he explained that his concern had almost made him lose control of himself, he went away.

The following Friday I was speaking to men in a great assembly, when I saw this man hand a slip of paper to one of the ushers. When I opened it, it read as follows: "Will you please pray for a boy who is dying? This request is sent by a believing mother and carried by an unbelieving father." The boy had pleura-pneumonia in its worst form. The doctors called this morning and announced that his case was hopeless. "No human power," he had said, "can save the boy, so far as I can see."

At twenty-five minutes to one o'clock, in the public meeting, I called upon Major Cole to pray, and such a prayer I had never before heard. It seemed to open the heavens and to bring down upon us a flood of glory. He asked God to raise the boy from his deathbed that he might save the father. And this is what came as a result: Between half past twelve and one o'clock the

condition of the boy suddenly and miraculously changed. Before the day was past, he was out of danger. In an incredibly short space of time he was moving about the house, and soon was in the city at his business.

I know the father and have met the mother of this boy. They have ever since been my personal friends. Instantly the father was driven to his knees, and in the process of time was brought to see Christ as his Saviour. I saw him stand before a great assembly of Christians, and say: "God has led me from the darkness of infidelity to the brightness of faith, and I do now accept Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. He raised my boy literally from death and I cannot but believe in Him."—J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

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## IN THE MAELSTROM OF SIN.

Accompanied by ten Canadians, Mr. Ogden was once making the descent of the Columbia River. When at last they reached the rapids, his companions, to escape the labor of carrying the boat and baggage around, signified their intention of shooting the rapids. Consequently Mr. Ogden landed and pursued a narrow path far up the rocky ledge bordering the river. As he watched the boat, he saw it shoot forward like an arrow as it cleared the first part of the rapids. Suddenly it stopped. He saw the brawny arms of the Canadians vigorously ply the oars. The course of the boat seemed now uncertain. Finally, in spite of the united efforts of the boatmen, he saw the boat gradually sweep a broad curve. Faster and faster, human effort was unavailing, the boat went round, and round, the circle growing smaller, and smaller, till reaching the centre, it was suddenly swallowed up.

Just so is it with the backslider. He tries to shoot the rapids of worldliness but is eventually engulfed by the maelstrom of sin and sinks to endless ruin.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## THE CURE OF BAD TEMPER.

I was more than 50 years old before I had any idea that God could change my temper. I was brought up that way. . . .

You will all be reading, I suppose, about Samuel M. Hopkins, who is the head of the Hopkins system of theology, whom Mrs. Stowe tells about. He was a man of violent temper, and he had a brother-in-law who was an infidel and lawyer—I don't mean to say that they always go together. He used to love to stir up Hopkins and make him commit some sin, and then he would glory over it. One night he went over to have some transaction in the transfer of some property, and his brother-in-law made the transaction as exasperating as possible. After a while, Hopkins, crazy with impatience, just slammed the door and went home. The man turned to his wife and remarked, "Maria, that man is a professing Christian. I make no professions like that, but I behave a great deal better." Hopkins went home and said, "What have I done? I have failed again, and brought contempt upon the name of the Lord." He spent the night in prayer and said, "Lord, there is to be an end of this." "Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it." "Lord, I am going to trust you for the rest of my life, never to lose my temper." He never did. He was never known to speak above a conversational tone, even under provocation, from that time on. And they used to say of him in his old age, "If I had such a natural disposition as Dr. Hopkins I could be a good man, too." As soon as it was light he went to his brother-in-law's house, rang him up, to ask his forgiveness. When he left, his brother-in-law turned to his wife and said, "He has got something that I don't know anything about. He has got a spirit that I know nothing about, and I think I had better seek that spirit where he has got it." And in five minutes they were on their knees before God, and he found

Christ, and he became a minister of the gospel himself.—Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson.

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## JACOB HODGE'S CONVERSION.

Years ago, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Canandaigua, N. Y., was preaching the funeral sermon of a colored man, a member of his church. During the discourse, pointing to the coffin, he exclaimed, "There lies the right hand of my power in the work of the Lord in Canandaigua!"

The deceased had been eminent for his zeal and love for Christ; and his untiring efforts, continued for many years, contributed greatly to the upbuilding of the kingdom of the Redeemer. Yet that man came from the State Prison at Auburn. He was a murderer. He had been used as a tool by several other persons. The crime was committed in Orange County, N. Y. Two men and a woman were hanged, and this colored man, Jacob Hodge, was sentenced to Auburn Prison for life.

While in prison he was wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and powerfully convicted of his sins. After seeking the Lord for six months, so earnestly that he often forgot to eat the supper placed in his cell, he at last was able to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God. The change in him was so wonderful, and so apparent to all, that sometime after his conversion, through the petitioning of the faculty and students of Auburn Theological Seminary, the Governor pardoned him.

He had been forgiven much and he loved much. After his release, he removed to Canandaigua and lived a most devoted Christian life. As to his usefulness the words of his pastor, which we have quoted, are sufficient evidence.

In 1886, the writer heard Rev. Mr. Stowe of Canandaigua relate the facts above, and he was so impressed by the account as an illustration of the power of the grace of God that he made note of the same.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



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## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

A pious man in the western part of this state was sick with consumption. He was a poor man, and sick for years. An unconverted merchant in the place had a kind heart and used to send him now and then something for his comfort, or for his family. He felt grateful for the kindness, but could make no return, as he wanted to. At length he determined that the best return he could make would be to pray for his salvation; he began to pray, his soul kindled, he got hold of God. There was no revival there, but by and by, to the astonishment of everybody, this merchant came right out on the Lord's side. The fire kindled all over the place, and a powerful revival followed, and multitudes were converted.

This poor man lingered in this way for several years, and died. After his death, I visited the place, and his widow put into my hands his diary. Among other things, he says in his diary: "I am acquainted with about thirty ministers and churches." He then goes on to set apart certain hours in the day and week to pray for each of these ministers and churches, and also certain seasons for praying for the different missionary stations. Then followed, under different dates, such facts as these: "To-day," naming the date, "I have been enabled to offer what I call a prayer of faith for the outpouring of the Spirit on — church, and I trust in God there will soon be a revival there." Under another date, "I have to-day been able to offer what I call the prayer of faith for such a church, and there will soon be a revival there." Thus had he gone over a great number of churches recording the fact that he had prayed for them in faith that a revival might soon prevail among them. Of the missionary stations, if I recollect right, he mentioned in particular the mission at Ceylon. I believe the last place mentioned in his diary, for which he offered

the prayer of faith, was the place in which he lived. Not long after noting these facts in his diary, the revival commenced, and went over the region of country, nearly, I believe, if not quite, in the order in which they had been mentioned in his diary; and in due time news came from Ceylon that there was a revival of religion there. The revival in his own town did not commence till after his death. Its commencement was at the time when his widow put in my hands the document to which I referred. She told me that he was so exercised in prayer during his sickness that she often feared that he would pray himself to death. The revival was exceedingly great and powerful in all the region; and the fact that it was about to prevail had not been hidden from this servant of the Lord. According to His word, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Thus this man, too feeble in his body to go outside of his house, was yet more useful to the world and the church of God than all the heartless professors of the country. Standing between God and the desolations of Zion, and pouring out his heart in believing prayer, as a prince he had power with God, and prevailed.—Charles G. Finney.

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## HAS YOUR VERSE CHANGED?

A writer in the Alliance Weekly tells the following story of how a little child was used to lead a mother back into the light.

A poor woman in one of Mr. Whittle's meetings in Glasgow was brought into light by a little verse in the fifth chapter of John, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

The evangelist gave her the verse, written on a little card and sent her home rejoicing, with her little son. They both went to bed that night, happy as

angels. But in the morning she came down to breakfast gloomy as ever, her face all clouded and her heart utterly discouraged. She had had a night of conflicts, doubts and fears, and when her little boy asked what was the matter, she could only burst into tears and say, "Oh, it is all gone. I thought I was saved, but I feel just as bad as ever."

The little fellow looked bewildered and said, "Why, mother, has your verse changed? I will go and see." He ran to the table and got her Bible with the little card in it, and turned it up and read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

"Why, mother," he said, "it is not changed a bit. It is just the same as it was last night; it is all right." And the mother looked with a smile at the little preacher whose simple trust was used of God to save her; and taking him in her arms, she thanked God that her precious verse was still the same, and her peace as unchanged as the everlasting Word of God. Is this what the apostle means? We are justified, now let us have and hold fast to the peace. It is not merely forgiveness, but it is an everlasting decree. Let us walk in the strength of it, and never allow the shadow of a doubt or fear to cross the sunlit sky of our heaven.

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### SWIMMING TO CHURCH.

A little girl named Nyangandi, who lived near the Ogowee River, West Africa, came one Saturday in her little canoe with two bunches of plantains to sell to the missionary.

When she was going away, Mrs Bachelor said to her: "Now you must not forget that to-morrow will be the Sabbath day, and you have already promised to come every time."

"Yes," she said, "I will surely come if I am alive."

And she did. But no one knew how she got there, until at the close of the service she told the girls that in the night her canoe had been stolen, and none of her friends would lend her one; but she had promised to come to church, and so she felt she must. How did she come? Well, she swam!

The current was swift, the water deep, and the river fully a third of a mile wide; but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

If this little heathen girl, who knew so little about the gospel, could take so much pains to keep her word, and the holy Sabbath day, how much more should favored English children (also adults) keep the fourth and ninth commandments?—Selected.

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### DESTROYERS OF CHURCHES.

The case is mournful. Certain ministers are making infidels. Avowed atheists are not a tenth as dangerous as those preachers who scatter doubt and stab at faith. A plain man told us the other day that two ministers had derided him because he thought we should pray for rain. A gracious woman bemoaned in my presence that a precious promise in Isaiah, which had comforted her, had been declared by her minister to be uninspired. It is a common thing to hear working-men excuse their wickedness by the statement that there is no hell, "The parson says so."

But we need not prolong our mention of painful facts. Germany was made unbelieving by her preachers, and England is following in her track. Attendance at places of worship is declining, and reverence for holy things is vanishing; and we solemnly believe this to be largely attributable to the skepticism which has flashed from the pulpit, and spread among the people. Possibly the men who uttered the doubt never intended it to go so far; but none the less they have done the ill, and cannot undo it. Their own observation ought to teach them better.—C. H. Spurgeon.



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## FAITHFULNESS.

It is said that the late Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer. The fee promised was only twenty dollars. Yet to do his client full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved an expense of about the amount of his fee, but, after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case. Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," he said, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and he took the case and won it. The Court knew he had no time for preparation, and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So, you see," said Webster, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money for that journey to Boston;" and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's own approval of self should be reward enough.

Faithfulness in spiritual things corresponds to thoroughness in material things and has its own rewards.

Faithfulness in little things brings rule over great things. Faithfulness in the least leads to faithfulness in the

most. Faithfulness on earth gives a place "with Him," over the earth. Faithfulness unto death wins a crown of life.—Selected.

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## GOD'S LAW.

Some time since a visitor at the Observatory at Harvard University was desiring to look through their great telescope. Consulting a book of astronomical tables, his friend said: "A star will pass across the field of vision at 5:20 o'clock." The instrument was adjusted and the visitor, lying upon his back, applied his eye to the glass, his friend meanwhile standing with a small hammer in his hand and with his eye fixed on a tall chronometer clock. At precisely 5.20 o'clock the observer said: "There!" At the same instant his friend's hammer struck the table. The exclamation and the hammer stroke were absolutely simultaneous, although the man at the telescope could not see the clock, nor the man with the hammer the star. It was a wonderful coincidence—that passage of the star hundreds of millions of miles away across the object glass of that telescope, at the instant when the second hand marked the hour 5:20 o'clock.

The wonder seems greater when we know that the book in which was the predicted position of that distant star was published ten years before, the forecast being based on calculations running back a thousand years. In the same book were other tables predicting celestial movements a thousand years still in the future—movement which we may be assured will prove as certain in fact and as exact in time as that which has just been noted. So is the law of God, and so absolute the obedience of Nature to His decree. But the God of Nature and the God of grace are one; and His relations to redemption are equally definite, and are sustained by no less power than those which bind the universe about His feet.—The Pacific.

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**A KINGLY ELEVATOR BOY.**

I suppose that the only way for us to find out the men among us who dwell in the uplands of life, and breathe habitually a purer air than that of the market place, is to note those, who, when the chance comes for a noble deed—great or small—do it, simply and naturally, without any preparation. It is a real king's business to be kingly, and when the chance comes to him for his own work, he does it and goes on his way and says nothing about it.

For example, there was a lean, freckled boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old shabby office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again over their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy stolidly, and went on up to the top facing a horrible death each minute and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and boy came out on the street unhurt and a roar of triumph arose from the mob.

But it was six o'clock and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went

home to his supper. For your real hero does not care for the shouts and clapping of hands.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in *The Interior*.

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**ACCUSED BY CONSCIENCE.**

When a guilty conscience is awakened it makes its possessor too miserable to live. The Baltimore correspondent of *The New York Times* stated this incident a few years ago:

After traveling all over the world in a vain effort to still the twinges of conscience and avoid a man and a woman who he believed were proclaiming him everywhere as a murderer, Edward Rogers, aged thirty-five years, who killed James Hoban in a quarrel in a saloon here November 24, 1897, surrendered to the police at Erie, Penn., and was brought to Baltimore to-day. He confesses his crime, but declares he never saw Hoban before the night he killed him.

Rogers says he left Baltimore that night for New Orleans, where he got a job on a steamer. He made two trips around the Horn to San Francisco, but he imagined that a man by the name of Barney and a woman whom he calls Nellie always confronted him.

"When on ship," he said, "it was not so bad, but whenever I went ashore Barney and Nellie were sure to find me out, and every one I met on the street seemed to point their fingers at me and say. 'There goes a murderer.' I then shipped aboard the transport 'Grant' and went to Manila. Aboard were Gen. Lawton and his family. There it was all the same. All were against me and seemed to point a finger of scorn. Returning to this country I made my way East, but it was the same old story.

"I left my last job at Buffalo, and then made my way to Erie. There again I encountered Barney and Nellie, and knowing that sooner or later I would



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## CAPTURING A LAWYER

A few years since, when a pastor in Boston, Mass., I became very much interested in a young man who was just finishing his theological course in the Boston University. The young fellow was so enthusiastic, so optimistic, so bubbling over with faith in God and love for men, and so sure that God was stronger than the devil, that it was a delight to have fellowship with him.

When his theological course was completed, he went to Cincinnati to begin his ministry in a plain little chapel in one of the suburbs of that city. There were few members in his little church, and all of them were poor. The outlook would have been very unpromising to many young college men, but to my young friend the difficulties in the way only inspired him to greater exertion. I shall never forget the first letter I had from him after he reached the field. It ran like this:

"My Dear Friend:

"I am on the ground at last, and am beginning to get the lay of the land. It seems good after being in school so long to feel that at last you are on the track and have fair chance at the race. I imagine that I feel like a hound that has been chafing in his kennel for a long time and is at last loose, with the game in sight. The ministry never seemed so precious and splendid to me as now, and by the help of God I am determined to win victory for my Master. I have been looking over my field here and am strongly impressed that my success in getting a strong hold on this community depends on my capturing for the Lord the most prominent man there is in this part of the city. The most widely-known man here, and the man of most influence, is Judge——, a distinguished lawyer of Cincinnati. Indeed he is the most famous criminal lawyer in this part of the country. He has the reputation of being a hardened, sinful man, and there is not the slightest evidence to show that he has a thought of

becoming a Christian. Yet I feel that I must win him, and do it at once. You may think I am foolish about this, and I am astonished at myself; but after all, God is willing to save him as he is to save anyone else, and I believe he is as willing to help me secure this man's conversion as he was to help Paul and Silas with the jailer at Philippi. Anyhow I am in for this one thing, day and night, and scarcely think of anything else.

"Pray for me as you never did before; for this means everything to me. If God gives me this man in answer to my work and prayer at the very beginning of my ministry, I shall feel that everything is possible after that."

This letter impressed me deeply. The holy audacity of the young fellow almost took my breath away, and I waited the future development with most prayerful interest.

About ten days later I received a second letter, in which ran these lines: "I could stand it no longer, and so have been to see Judge——. I just opened my heart and told him all about it. I told him I could hardly sleep or eat on his account, but was praying for him all the time. Every thing I intended to say went out of my head, and I just blundered on, trying to tell him how much he owed the Lord, and what a great chance there was for him to change the whole community by swinging about and giving his heart to Christ.

"He was the most astonished-looking man I ever saw. He looked at me at first like you have seen a great St. Bernard dog look at a young puppy that runs to him on the street. Still he was not offended, but treated me kindly, and I believe that God will give him to me yet."

This was getting to be interesting. What a battle royal it was for a human soul. On one side the most successful criminal lawyer of the Ohio River Valley—a middle-aged man hedged about by evil associations and chained by evil habits. On the other hand, this ruddy young David with his sling.

I did not hear from the battlefield again for three or four weeks, and I was becoming anxious, when one morning I received a letter which brought me to my feet. It began: "‘Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Judge—— sent for me to come and pray with him last night. He was under deep conviction, and was mourning over his sins. He told me he had not had a moment’s rest since the day I first came to see him and told him I was praying for him. I prayed over him and cried over him, and I believe he is happily converted to the Lord Jesus Christ. He will make a public confession in the church and he and his wife will at once unite with it. What a glorious day that will be for this community. My joy is beyond words. I never can believe anything too hard for God again.”

Judge—— became a power for good, and was influential on many a platform in giving his testimony for Christ. I am sure you will not be astonished, after this incident, to know that this heroic youth is one of the most successful evangelistic missionaries in China; here in the populous Hing-hua district, the Rev. William N. Brewster has led literally hundreds of the natives to the foot of the Cross.—Rev. Louis Albert Banks.

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### GOOD EXAMPLE HELPS.

At a communion service held at Camp Dix, N. J., on a Sabbath in January, 1918, the Rev. W. T. Wilcox told the following touching story.

In its application, he reminded the soldiers present that they were met to honor the sacrifice of Christ; and so doing they should expect that others influenced by their example would also fall in line, and thus the number of His followers would go on multiplying.

"Over in France two American soldiers were seated at a little iron table placed on the sidewalk, eating a luncheon. Glancing into the street, they saw a decrepit old horse dragging an old cart,

on which there was a coffin draped with the French tri-color. Behind the cart followed a little old woman, with head bowed, a picture of grief. A mother was following the body of her soldier boy to the grave. She was alone, an only mourner. The American soldiers arose, took off their hats, and fell in behind the little mother, to honor the memory and sacrifice of that French soldier. Other Americans saw the act and joined the silent procession. French soldiers, wounded and on leave, limped in behind, and soon hundreds were following that body to the grave. When it was lowered to his last resting place, the little mother looked around and saw a great company had honored her boy! He had not died in vain! People were grateful, hearts were tender and responsive. And she knew that the simple act of devotion on the part of the two American soldiers had resulted in this demonstration. She knelt down beside the grave and kissed the hands of the two American boys."

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### GO ON WID DAT PRAYER.

A poor, ignorant old colored man who had been a slave came to Miss M. Waterbury, a lady missionary among the freedmen, and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction until she came to the one on forgiveness. "What dat mean?" said he. "That you must forgive everybody or God will not forgive you." "Stop, teacher, can't do dat," and he went away. After vacation he appeared again, saying: "Now go wid dat prayer; I dun forgive him. Ole massa once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crowbar, an' t'row me out for dead, and I meet him an' said: 'How'd ye?' Now go on wid that prayer." It might be well for many another besides the colored man to think very seriously of those whom they refuse to forgive before they go on "wid dat prayer."—Selected.



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## EMMA JONES' SUBSTITUTE.

In New York State was a teacher who had a peculiar way of punishing pupils for whispering—he made them stand on a block in front of the school, until they saw another scholar whisper, when they would speak the name of the new culprit, who would then have to stand on the block. When school closed at four o'clock, the one then on the block had to be punished for all the rest. One afternoon there was a bad boy on the block, and it looked as though he would have to take the punishment, but he had his eyes wide open to find somebody whispering. The last class was spelling and a little girl did not speak very loud, so the teacher thought she spelled a word wrong. He put it to the next.

"That is right," said the teacher, "go up."

The little girl said in a whisper, "I spelt it in the same way."

"Emma Jones whispered," said the boy on the block, and Emma Jones had to stand on the block, and the clock struck four. The teacher said he was very sorry to punish her, but he could not help it as it was a rule of the school.

He was just ready to strike when a big boy jumped up and said, "Will you please let me be punished for Emma Jones?"

"Have you whispered?"

"No, sir; please let me take the punishment for her sake."

He took the punishment for Emma Jones, and blow after blow was laid upon his hands, just the same as though he had whispered.

After school was over, she ran up to him, and burst into tears and said, "I will thank you just as long as I live."

But that was not much compared with what Jesus suffered. He let them drive nails through His hands and through His feet; let them press the crown of thorns down into His brow; and yet some of you have not thanked Him. If

you should die to-day you would not go to heaven.—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

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## SEEING THE HEATHER BELL.

It is said that a year or two ago a great naturalist went into the Highlands of Scotland with his microscope to study the depth of color, the delicacy of form, the beauty, charm and daintiness of the little heather bell; and that he might see all its glory, he lay down with his face in front of the little heather bell so that he might see it without plucking it; so that he might see it with its natural life in it.

He had adjusted his instrument, and was gazing at the heather bell, lost, absorbed, revelling in the beauties in front of him, when all at once a shadow played over the instrument. He thought at first that it was a passing cloud, but it staid there. Turning around he saw a fine specimen of the Highland shepherd. Reaching over, he plucked a little heather bell and handed it and the microscope to the shepherd that he, too, might see something of its beauty.

When the microscope was adjusted so that the shepherd might see the little heather bell through such an instrument for the first time in his life, he looked at it a long time, and then the tears streamed down his rugged face. He handed both microscope and heather bell back to the naturalist and said, "I wish you had never showed me."

"Why," said the naturalist.

"Because that rude foot has trodden on so many of them. That's why," he said.

And when you take the microscope of His Word and get a vision of God, of Jesus, then you will whip yourself that you have lived one moment of any day without giving to Him the place that He should occupy in your heart and in your life. It is this vision that makes Jesus so wonderful. O. Holy Spirit, open our eyes that we may see!—Gipsy Smith.

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**PATIENT PLODDING.**

A little while before his death, William Carey said to his son, Eustace, "If, after my removal, anyone should think it worth while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he gives me credit for being a plodder he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod; I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything."

That old pioneer of South Africa, Robert Moffat, when interviewing a young candidate for work on his field was asked by the young man what the first qualification was. Moffat replied, "Patience." Thinking this a very common virtue, the young man requested the second qualification, to which Moffat replied, "Patience." Seeking to evade the point of the old missionary's remarks, and evidently underestimating its value, he still asked for a third qualification, to which the veteran missionary is reported to have replied, "Everlasting patience."

Patient plodding was the secret by which the old pioneers laid the foundation of missionary service. Shall we be considered out of date when we suggest that these are still prime qualifications for missionary efforts? We like to see the dashing energy and the quick intellect and ready mind, but when we select missionaries, we would look most eagerly for some evidence of staying powers. We never yet knew a man to fail that knew how to plod. The success in the older fields came in this way. The victory in the new fields, presenting afresh the problems of by-gone days, will come in the same manner. These strenuous days with lightning methods have furnished no short cut to spiritual results, and the need of patience for fruition in Christian work still remains. Oh, for more patient, plodding missionaries.—Selected.

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**"HE SET MY FEET UPON A ROCK."**

I remember at Stonehaven, when I was minister there, I was swimming out in the clear, cool bay, when the water got suddenly choppy and my strength seemed suddenly to go from me. You that are swimmers know the sensation. Exhausted, the waves flapping on your face in repeated blows as if to stun you, and beat you back to the current that was ready to seize you. No one in sight. Wearily on and on; but you know you are making little or no progress, and the feet and body go deeper and deeper in the water. You cannot swim any longer; you have lost the power of prostration and progression, and you are now erect and merely paddling with your hands.

I had almost given up, when suddenly there came to my foot the sensation of solidity amid the waves. Oh, what I felt as I stood there to recover breath, rescued from death! How solid the rock felt! How I thanked God that that rock had just been placed out in the bay for me, and that He had taken my sinking feet and fixed them there. That is the nearest that I can give to the sensation of the soul when Christ lays hold of you, saves you, and sets your feet on the Rock of Ages.—John Robinson.

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**NO APOLOGY NEEDED.**

Dr. Pentecost was one day speaking with a business man about becoming a Christian. Before leaving he began to apologize for introducing the subject, whereupon the merchant stopping him said very earnestly, "Don't ever apologize, Dr. Pentecost, for speaking to a man on that subject. I've been waiting for twenty years for some one to speak with me about my soul." Most people are just as willing to talk on that subject. You won't have to apologize for it very often during a lifetime.



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## ENCOURAGED BY A DREAM

In the New York Observer, of June 13th, 1907, Rev. George H. Wallace, who has so many times preached in the People's Tabernacle, gives the following interesting account of a dream he had in his college days:

Illustrations of faith are not far to seek in any and every walk of life. Our whole lives in one way or another are lives of faith and hope, so much so that we fail to make notes of, and so they do not impress us and we very soon forget all about them. Once in a while, however, some more beautiful and striking example of it affects us, so we cherish it as an aid and inspiration. Such an illustration came to me in a dream, and I do not recall any that I have heard or read that more aptly illustrates the nature and help of faith.

It occurred during my college days. Not being born with a gold or any other kind of a valuable spoon in my mouth, I had worked my way along, with some outside help, to and through a college course. Several times I was close run financially, and then I had recourse to what might be called heroic measures, to replenish a fast emptying pocketbook. I had made up my mind that if I was compelled to leave college after the years of preparation made and the self-denying efforts put forth, it would be for good. I would devote my life to self and money making.

It was during one of those anxious times when funds were low and the future looked dark and discouraging, and I had pondered much over the matter, that one night I had the following dream:

I was in a deep valley, not very wide, but with high and steep sides, so deep and perpendicular that it was impossible to climb them. The valley was very rough and uneven, filled with great hillocks, huge rocks, ravines and pitfalls. There were trees there, some green and growing, but most of them burnt and

blackened. I was looking for some way to get out of my prison house, and on top of the level above and beyond. But no opening presented itself. To go ahead was simply a repetition of what I had passed through, and of what was now around me. To climb was impossible, so rocky and clean-cut were the sides.

While I was anxious over my predicament, and thinking out some plan that might prove feasible, I looked up into the heavens. Suddenly out from a cloud right over my head began to descend a rope, seemingly slowly unwound by invisible hands. Steadily it descended till the end of it was about the height of my knees or a little higher. I did not seem afraid, but watched the curious action with wondering eyes and mind. When it stopped, I began to examine it more closely and found, to my astonishment, that it was made of the finest silk, of every color and shade. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, and about two inches in thickness. On the end was a cross-bar, as if designed to hold on by or sit on. I pulled on the rope; I tested it with my whole weight, but though its upper end was in cloud and mystery, it held firm and strong.

Whether a voice spoke to me or whether I instinctively placed myself on the cross-bar, I do not distinctly remember, but with every confidence, and without fear, I sat upon the bar and held the rope in my hands. Instantly it began slowly to ascend, and when it had risen as high as my cliff barriers it swung me over onto them and into the middle of a meadow of green grass. I alighted from the rope and instantly it ascended out of sight. I looked around and, separated from me only by the width of a roadway, was a white wooden building—a church. After this I awoke.

In thinking over the dream, I said to myself, that rope symbolizes faith; the valley of dreariness and desolation, my

present condition; the deliverance and the church are the outcome of it all. My hopes and ambition will be gratified. My faith was strengthened; I went on encouraged; difficulties were overcome and I finished my course. Nor was the story yet finished. After three years of seminary life, my first call and my first parish and my first Church fulfilled the picture of my dream. The building was the same, and in the same position in a place in which I had never been, in a church I had never seen. Shall we call it coincidence or providence?

I have had several pastorates since then, and a varied experience of disappointment and sorrow, but in them all I have tried to comfort and inspire myself by recalling that strange dream of college days. Perhaps this telling of it may help and encourage others in passing through troubles and trials, touching to their faith in God, and work on; by and by they shall be lifted out and over them all and be placed in a place of safety and success.

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#### HE GAVE HIS LIFE.

General Averill, who commanded the United States Army in Arizona, told this striking story.

While he was there an Indian slew a white man, and then made his escape to the woods. It was deemed necessary to make example of the murderer, in order to save other lives. Orders came from Washington to demand the murderer from his tribe and to inform them that unless he was delivered on a certain day war would be made on the whole tribe. The Indian chiefs with their followers hunted for the murderer for several days, but failed to find him. They held a council, and sent a deputation to the commander of the United States troops, saying they could not discover the fugitive, but would continue the search, and would deliver him as soon as he could be found. But the commander said his orders were impera-

tive, and that unless the man was brought in, dead or alive, he should commence war on the day named. Another fruitless search was made, and another council was held, when one of the warriors said, "We cannot find this man, and they will make war upon our tribe; our women and children will be killed; take me and shoot me, and lay my body down before the officers." And, after awhile, this was done. The warrior was shot, and his body was laid at the feet of the officers.

The noble act of this Indian in dying to save his people reminds us of the atonement of Christ; but it has this difference—that while the Indian died for his friends, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).—Ernest H. MacEwen.

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#### WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A little girl went home from church one Sunday full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking with her father, who was not a godly man, she said suddenly, "Father, do you ever pray?" He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her:

"Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the little child; "the preacher said all good people pray, and those who do not pray can not be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death, and he began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?—Selected.



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### PRAYER FOR MEN AND MONEY.

"It is not lost time to wait upon God. May I refer to a small gathering of about a dozen men in which I was permitted to take part some time ago, in November, 1886. We in the China Inland Mission were feeling greatly the need of Divine guidance in the matter of organization in the field and in the matter of reinforcement and we came together before our Conference to spend eight days in united waiting upon God, four alternate days being days of fasting as well as prayer. This was November, 1886, when we gathered together; we were led to pray for a hundred missionaries to be sent out by our English Board in the year 1887, from January to December. And, further than this, our income had not been elastic for some years; it had been about 22,000 pounds; and we had, in connection with that Forward Movement, to ask God for 10,000 pounds, say \$50,000, in addition to the income of the previous year. More than this, we were guided to pray that this might be given in large sums, so that the force of our staff might not be unduly occupied in the acknowledgment of contributions.

"What was the result? God sent us offers of service from over six hundred men and women during the following year, and those who were deemed to be ready and suitable were accepted, and were sent out to China; and it proved that at the end of the year exactly one hundred had gone. What about the income? God did not give us exactly the 10,000 pounds we asked for, but He gave us 11,000 pounds, and that 11,000 pounds came in eleven contributions; the smallest was 500 pounds, say \$2,500, the largest was \$12,500, or 2,500 pounds. We had a thanksgiving for the men and the money that was coming in November, 1886, but they were all received and sent out before the end of December, 1887.

"The power of the living God is available power. We may call upon Him in the name of Christ, with the assurance that if we are taught by the Spirit in our prayers, those prayers will be answered."—Hudson Taylor.

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### COMMONPLACE DUTIES.

The noble Christian life is not necessarily one of heroic deeds, but one animated by the spirit of devotion, a life of commonplace duties done and burdens borne for the glory of God. In one of Murillo's paintings we see the interior of a convent kitchen, and there at work are white winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire, another with heavenly grace lifts a pail of water, and a third is busy at the dresser. As you see them all so cheerily working, you forget the soiled pans and the sooty pots, and kitchen drudgery seems just a natural and beautiful work for angels. The spirit glorifies the task.

A woman who had cheerfully borne many hardships said that she had been helped through life by some words spoken to her as a child by her father, the village doctor. She came to his office one day thoroughly exasperated. "What is the matter, Mary?"

"I am tired to death. It's making beds and sweeping floors and washing dishes all day and every day, and what does it all amount to? Next day there are the same beds to make and floors to sweep and dishes to wash again; and I'm sick and tired of it."

"Look here, my child; do you see those little empty vials? They are worthless things in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. The vials are nothing; it is the thing in them that hurts or helps. So those homely tasks of yours count for little themselves; it is the petulance or sweet patience or loving zeal that you put in them that makes your life a bane or a blessing."—Rev. E. C. Murray, D. D.

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## NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

The late Dean Stanley, speaking on the subject of the substantial unity of all true Christians, illustrated it by the following anecdote:

It is said that John Wesley once, in the visions of the night, found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. Knocking at the entrance, he asked who were within.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

"Yes," was the answer; "a great many."

"Any Church of England men?"

"Yes, a great many."

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes; a great many."

"Any Wesleyans, or Baptists, or Independents?"

"Yes; a great many."

Disappointed and dismayed at the replies he received, he turned his steps upward, and found himself at the gates of Paradise, where, knocking at the gate, he repeated the same questions: "Any Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Church of England men, or Roman Catholics here?" And to each of these questions came back the same answer.

"No, not one of any of these denominations."

"Whom have you then?" he asked in astonishment.

"Not one, was the answer, "of any of the names you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is the name of Christian. We are all Christians here; and of these we have a great multitude, whom no man can number, from every kindred, and nation, and tribe, and tongue, all one in Christ, bearing His name, filled with His spirit, and loving, and serving, and enjoying Him forever!"

The anecdote reminds one of the remark of good old John Newton: "If I ever reach heaven," he said, "I expect to find there three wonders. First, to

meet some I had never thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there; and third, and the greatest wonder of all, to see myself there." This is the true Christian spirit, and it corresponds to the teachings of the Master who said, "Judge not that ye be not judged."—Selected.

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## FACE YOUR TROUBLES.

"I had ploughed round a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all; and it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help.

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our trouble squarely in the face.

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## A SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

What constitutes a spirit of prayer? President Charles G. Finney answered this question as follows: "Prayer is the state of the heart. The spirit of prayer is a state of continual desire for the salvation of sinners. It is something that weighs one down. It is the same, so far as the philosophy of mind is concerned, as when a man is anxious for some worldly interest. Anxiety for souls is the subject of his thoughts all the time. This is properly praying without ceasing."—Selected.



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## THE SAVIOUR OF KURDISTAN.

Knee deep in the waters of the upper Tigris stood a poor Kurdish washer-woman plying her vocation. Although her pay was but a pittance, she wrought daily at her hard task for her own livelihood, for the education of her bright little boy, and for charity. In the winter, when blocks of ice from the streams in the Taurus Mountains came floating down the river, she still was there, laboring with strong arms and a stronger love.

The missionary from Kharput, making his annual visit, saw in his congregation a face that fascinated him. In it suffering and sorrow and hope and patience and passionate devotion seemed to have wrought their perfect work. At the close of the meeting he said to the native pastor: "Bring that woman to me."

In mean attire and trembling, the woman stood before him, holding with one hand her little boy. The missionary spoke Armenian; she understood the Kurdish. He addressed her through the native pastor.

"Mother, do you love Jesus?"

"I do," she said, "I do."

"How much would you give to Him?" asked the missionary.

"Oh, missionary," she cried, "I have nothing! Yet all I earn I give, saving only enough for food for this little boy and myself."

"Would you give your little boy?" he asked.

"He is my all—my life!" she cried.

"Think well of it to-night and pray," said the missionary. "I return to Kharput to-morrow."

And the widow went out, sobbing: "My only son, my Thomas!"

The remaining hours of the missionary's visit were very busy ones, and when the morning came and his horse was saddled, he had forgotten about Thomas. He reproached himself afterward, but it was true—he forgot. The

journey was long. The mountain full of brigands. There was so much of preparation for the journey, so much of necessary adjustment of the work of the mission, so much of admonition, direction and advice, that Thomas and his mother, with the wonderful light in her eyes, passed wholly from his mind.

But just as he was about to start, the group of mission workers and converts who had assembled to bid him farewell divided to make room for her to approach him—and there was the mother and Thomas.

At the missionary's feet she laid the little bundle of clothing on which she had worked all night. She laid one hand on her boy's head, and with the other pointing upward, said two words: "Thomas—Christos." Then she went back to her lonely home. But not to a narrowed or mournful life; hers was the joy of one who had made the supreme sacrifice.

Thomas developed all those powers which the missionary had discerned in promise in his face, and had seen in full development in the face of his mother. He led his class. He advanced by leaps and bounds. He was valedictorian at his graduation. He pushed straight on in his Bible study, and when he graduated he went back to his old home, where the mother waited for him, and then far beyond into the Kurdish mountains to a town which, for its Christian faith in early ages, had been named Martyropolis. There he began anew the preaching of a Gospel that once made its followers faithful unto death, and they call him "The Prophet of Kurdistan."

The black year 1895 came round, and with it the awful massacres. Many thousand Christians gave their lives for their faith. Eight hundred of the members of the churches located close to him perished. Twenty-seven teachers and preachers died at their posts; Thomas was shot and cruelly cut, and left for dead. With bleeding wounds and broken bones and a fractured skull

they bore him fifteen hours' journey—two long days—to where he could have the protection of a British consul and the care of a European surgeon. And Thomas, against all probabilities, recovered.

Back he went into the mountains where he had worked before. He gathered the scattered, frightened Christians and inspired them with new courage and hope. He protected the widows; he fed the orphans. He gave himself without fear or fatigue to a work that brought new life to crushed and broken hearts. The sacrifice of his own mother bore its abundant fruit in the comfort he brought to hundreds of widows and orphans, and they called him the saviour of Kurdistan.—Selected.

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#### PRESCOTT'S PERSEVERANCE.

Some years ago a student in college lost one of his eyes by a missile thrown by a class-mate. His other eye became so affected by sympathy that its sight was endangered. The best oculists could not relieve him. He was sent to Europe for medical treatment and change of climate, and tarried there three years, when he returned with only part of an eye, just enough to serve him in traveling about, but too little for reading. His father was an eminent jurist, and designed his son for the bar, but this calamity quenched his aspirations in that direction. He resolved to devote himself to authorship in the department of historical literature. He spent ten years in laborious systematic study of the standard authors before he even selected his theme. Then he spent another ten years in searching archives, exploring masses of manuscripts, official documents, and correspondence, consulting old chronicles, reading quantities of miscellaneous books, and taking notes—all through the eyes of others—before his first work was ready for the press—"Ferdinand and Isabella." Prescott was forty years of age when he gave this remarkable history to the

public. Then followed his "Mexico," "Peru," and "Philip the Second"—works that have earned for him the reputation of a profound historian on both sides of the Atlantic. Noble work for any man with two good eyes! Noble work for a man with none!—Selected.

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#### DOING PERSONAL WORK.

It has always been the Master's way to speak to individuals, and it is also a difficult way. Most Christian workers find it easier to save souls by wholesale, speaking from a pulpit or platform, than to deal individually with men as they have opportunity, whether in the street, in the home, in the office or the shop. And yet many of our great men whose lives have been lived in the open have been glad to undertake personal work.

I have been told that the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis tells that after a meeting one night in his church, a young student came to him with "intellectual difficulties"—he was not fully persuaded that Jesus Christ was the Saviour. One of the pastor's elders standing by overheard some of the conversation, and as he finally left the meeting, asked for the name and address of the young man. The next night, the church officer climbed the stairway of the boarding-house of the young student, and after conversation and prayer was able to dispel all of his difficulties, and upon his knees the young man gave his heart to Jesus Christ. The church officer who followed up the seeding-sowing of the pastor was none other than Benjamin Harrison, at one time President of the United States.—John Willis Baer.

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#### THE DARKEST DAY.

"The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it."—Horace Greeley.



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## THE HINDU IDEA OF SIN.

The people in India have no idea of sin as we understand it from the Word of God. Stealing is no sin until found out. There is the caste we generally call the "Thief Caste," and in some places the men of that caste must sleep at the Public Rest House during nights and are counted in the evening. Thus they are kept under watch as it were. We speak to them of sin and they will answer that "our god was a thief, why should we give up stealing?"

Once we came to a village, and a farmer told us that the farmers were very big sinners, because they cut the grass and it cried out; they could see the tears of the grass fall on the ground. They took the life of the grass, his idea of sin.

And how often have we seen the storekeepers steal and deceive all day, and then to atone for it all take a handful of sugar and feed the ants along the roadside in the evening. And again the well-to-do man sometimes employs a poor man to lie on his cot for a couple of hours in order that the bedbugs may be satisfied with his blood that the rich man may sleep in peace the rest of the night.

But the crowning of all these things is that we never saw a hospital for man built by the Hindu, but we saw a fine stone building as a hospital for animals in which were halt, blind and lame old oxen, cows and buffaloes, with a good native doctor to look after them.

There is no compassion on the suffering humanity of which the following will be enough to convince you: During the famine of 1897 we were living in a native house in the town, and one night a young starved girl, about eighteen years old, had fallen into an open ditch alongside the street and was found there in the morning, still alive, by the missionaries. But none of the people going backward and forward, nor any of the storekeepers sitting around, would give

her a helping hand. They said, "She is not one of ours."

The poor girl died in the government hospital after three days.

These are some of the ideas of sin among our Hindu people. Do you think they need the Gospel?—Missionary Witness.

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## COMING.

There was an old turnpike man on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take his nap. One dark wet night I knocked at his door, calling:

"Gate—gate!"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied: "Coming." This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door and demanded why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man, in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening: "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I got so used to hearing 'em knock that I answer 'Coming' in my sleep, and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the gospel, who hear by habit and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep.—Selected.

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## ESTIMATES OF VALUE.

A man who was a lawyer for ten years, then a physician, and later a preacher, said he found men would pay about 90 cents on a dollar to save their property, 50 cents to save their lives, and 10 cents to save their souls. But if all would pay 10 cents on the dollar the cause would be amply provided for, and empty Lord's treasuries would be the exception.—Selected.

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## THE LAST MESSAGE.

When Mrs. Johnson, the prisoner's friend, was dying her last thoughts were still of the cause to which she had devoted her life. She talked about it to the Bishop of Rochester, who was with her, declaring that the inspiration of her life had been her unwavering faith in an accessible spot in every soul, no matter how sunk in sin that soul might be.

"Don't you believe it is there?" she asked.

The bishop hesitated. "Perhaps" he answered, gravely, "it is more truly a matter of hope than faith."

Then she replied instantly, "you couldn't do the work."

Several years ago one of our prison chaplains told the story of a man who taught him the faith that Mrs. Johnson declared necessary.

He was a man who had been convicted of robbing a bank and sent to prison for a long term. After he had been there awhile another man was accused of complicity. The second man had a wealthy father; if the son could be convicted the father would indemnify the bank for its loss.

One day two unscrupulous lawyers went to the prison to see the convict. They sat on the edge of his bed and talked to him a long time. They both could and would procure a pardon for him, they declared, if he would only testify that the second man was guilty.

As soon as they were gone the prisoner sent for the chaplain. The poor fellow was weak and ill, and seemed to be terribly excited.

"Don't let me see those men again!" he cried. "They offer me pardon, and God knows I would like to be free; but I can't do it. Arnold wasn't with us. He wanted to go, but I said, 'Arnold, you have a father and mother. Don't go!' and he didn't. Do you understand what I say? He wasn't with us!"

The chaplain quieted him and promised that he should not be troubled

again, and after a little while went away. A few nights later there came an urgent call; the convict was dying of hemorrhage. When the chaplain reached him he was beyond speech, but he made a sign for paper. The warden handed him his passbook and pencil. With a supreme effort the weak hand wrote four words—the burden of all his thoughts: "Arnold is not guilty."

He died a few hours later; but beneath the common convict, paying the just penalty of his crime, had been revealed, dimmed and blurred, it is true, but not destroyed, the spirit of a hero. —Youth's Companion.

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## LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

In 1860 in a conversation with Mr. Bates, State Superintendent of Public Schools, Lincoln said: "I am not a Christian. God knows I would be one." Then taking a New Testament from his pocket he began to protest against the opposition of certain clergymen to his candidacy. Mark his language. "These men well know that I am for freedom in the territories, freedom everywhere so far as the Constitution and the laws will permit, and my opponents are for slavery. They know this and yet with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. . . . I am nothing, but the truth is everything. I know I am right, for I know liberty is right, for Christ teaches it and Christ is God!" This conviction, like leaven wrought slowly its own blessed effect in his soul.

His confession is noteworthy. "When I was first inaugurated I did not love my Saviour, but when God took my son I was greatly impressed; but still I did not love him; but when I stood on the battle-field of Gettysburg I gave my heart to Christ, and I can now say I do love the Saviour."—Wm. P. Bruce.



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## STOPPED BY THE HAND OF GOD.

The London Methodist Times contains a story of a remarkable deliverance, as related by Father Williams, an old Irish Methodist preacher, and jotted down by his daughter, Mary, who sought by encouraging its recital to win his mind away from weary and desponding thoughts.

"Well," Mr. Williams began slowly, "you remember it happened that night of the meeting in James Humphries' barn. We always looked back to that meeting as the climax of the great revival in our part of the country. In our neighborhood it made itself felt about Christmas. They would tell you now-a-days that you must not on any account plan special services for such a time, because everybody is too busy. I dare say it may be so—that if everything is dead and cold, and you have to work up an interest and enthusiasm, everybody is too busy.

"In our case we forgot everything, and gave up everything in the way of social preparation and festivity, and just opened our hearts to the Holy Spirit's influence. And surely the very windows of heaven were opened too, and such a blessing was poured out upon us as there was hardly room enough to contain.

"Nothing stopped our getting to the meetings, neither darkness, nor cold, nor distance. If we hadn't means to drive, we walked, and every one who had a horse that could be ridden, or a seat to spare upon a car, took those who could neither walk nor drive.

"Well, as I was saying, it was the night of that meeting in the barn at Humphries' place, at Ballyconnell—a big, draughty outhouse, with rat holes in the floor, and all the rafters hung with cobwebs. They had a number of tallow dips stuck in tin sconces round the walls, and young Humphries would go around during the singing and snuff them. The window slits were stuffed

with straw to make it possible for us to stay in the place at all. Mind you, we thought of none of these things at the time. It was only as I looked back in after years, when I heard people grumbling that the cause couldn't grow because they hadn't the right accommodation, that my mind took in all these points.

"Well, Mary, it was a wonderful meeting. The penitent form was filled, and before long sinners were weeping their way to the cross in every part of the building. We were all busy, pointing them the way.

"Every now and again, with a great burst of 'Hallelujah! praise the Lord!' some one would break out into a prayer or hymn of thanksgiving, because another soul had found peace with God. Sometimes with one consent the whole body of people broke into a hymn.

"We had none of Sankey's at that time, and we didn't want them. Our old hymn book gave us, 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy', and 'How happy every child of grace,' and many another that carried our burden of penitence or intercession or rejoicing, and they were sung in our families till we knew them by heart.

"At last, however, the meeting was over, and we tore ourselves away. Outside, we found the night was as dark as pitch. I never have experienced, before or since, such utter blackness. By a great deal to do we got everybody on the right car or the right horse, and set them going. Then three or four of the younger men—your Uncle John was one of them—and I, started to walk home. The roads were deep in mud, but the rain had ceased.

"So deep was the gloom that it seemed to make no difference whether we walked under the trees or not, nothing but the swish of the wind through the bare twigs told us we were near them. We took one another's arms and sang as we walked, 'My God the spring of all my joy,' and hymns like that. Three or four miles along the road we

came to a white gate, for which we had kept a sharp lookout. It opened into a field which was the beginning of short cut to our homes. We turned in at the gate, and, as we believed, took the right direction. We knew there were several fields to cross and several hedges to climb, and we came to them one by one.

"We went forward more silently than before, but without any misgiving, till suddenly, with the strongest impression I ever felt in my life, we were all stopped dead short. No one was first, no one was last to stop. We were as if rooted to the spot, unable to stir hand or foot. A sense of the immediate presence of some extreme danger was all that we could at first discern in our minds. What it was we did not even stop to think.

"After what seemed a long time, but I suppose was only a minute or so, your uncle broke the deathlike stillness by quoting the words, 'Call unto me, and I will answer thee; and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' Bending down, we laid our blackthorn sticks on the wet ground, and each man, keeping his hand on the shoulder of his neighbor, we knelt and prayed. We cried to the Father of the spirits of all flesh that He would enlighten our darkness of body and mind, that He would show us our danger, whatever it was, and point out to us the way of safety. Then we waited in silence, looking upward as if by instinct. After a minute there appeared to us, descending out of the blackness of darkness, a great ball of fire.

"Slowly it descended, and, within three feet of where we knelt, to our unutterable horror, it descended still—into the yawning gulf of a great disused quarry pit, where a twenty-foot depth of water had accumulated.

"Without a sound it vanished. Without a sound, and still keeping touch of one another, we rose as rigidly as we had knelt, and each one turning upon the spot our feet covered, we strode in silence away. We had had instant de-

liverance from a sudden and violent death, made more terrible by every circumstance of darkness and helplessness.

"The quarry pit was known to all of us, but we had not the faintest idea that we had wandered in the direction of it. How we could have gone so far astray I have always been at a loss to imagine, unless it was in the same way that people wander round in a circle when the will is not consciously used to direct the walk. However that may be, certain it is when the hand of God seized and stopped us, another movement on our part must have fixed our earthly doom."—Selected.

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#### SUCCESSFUL MEN WHO WERE NOT RICH.

We have fallen under a universal witchcraft, declares Francis Bellamy in *Everybody's Magazine*. A sense of the power and luxury in money, beyond all the wonder tales, has suddenly come to us. It has turned our fashionable society into a materialism which is no longer ashamed of its poverty of ideals. It is hard and merciless of heart; it is skeptical of unworldly motives; its smartest relish is for the strokes and ruses of the manipulators of finance.

In times like these it is good to remember Agassiz, who refused to lecture at five hundred dollars a night because he was too busy to make money; Charles Sumner, who declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as Senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts; Spurgeon, who refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at one thousand dollars a night, saying he could do better—he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls, and Emerson, who steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond one thousand two hundred dollars, because he wanted his time to think. Such stories of fine haughtiness did not seem quixotic to the young men in college thirty years ago. A generous idealism was abroad, and it was unshamed.



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## HE LOST HIS SOUL

There was in Ohio a certain young man by the name of McClure, a Christian, very active, as bright and talented as any of the early lights of Oberlin. He taught school and was always successful; was a member of the church, and taught in the Sabbath school, and was always loved by the people. His friends urged him to go to Oberlin college and prepare himself for the ministry. Then the thought came to his mind. "If I go to Oberlin I will never be anything but Rev. Sam. McClure; but if I study law, I may become judge, a great politician, and a wealthy man." He would study on it for a while, and then go back to his law books. Finally, one night he went into his office, piled up his law books on the table before him, sat down in a chair, leaning his face in his hands, and meditated until the city clock struck twelve and lifted a law book over his head, slammed it down and said, "I will have my law, come heaven or hell." He had no more than spoken the words until he felt a cold chill run down his back and go all over him, and then he felt what he had done. He went to the church officers and said, "Take my name off of the church record. My soul is utterly hardened and steeled against God. If I should see as many people as could kneel between here and Cleveland (a distance of forty-two miles) kneeling and begging me to pray for them, my heart would be utterly unmoved."

Oh, the man had settled it! He had settled it! He lived to become a judge, "Honorable Judge McClure"; he lived to amass two hundred thousand dollars; he also became profane and drunken, and one day as he was sitting in his soft-cushioned carriage, which was drawn up to his residence to take him to an afternoon entertainment, an arrow from God Almighty struck his heart, and he died in an instant. He lost his soul for \$200,000. Who knows but what God wanted him to become some great

President Finney, and like a flaming angel to herald the Gospel until hundreds and thousands should turn to righteousness and receive a crown of fadeless glory, and shine as the stars forever and ever?—A. M. Hills.

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## JOY AMIDST AFFLICTION.

"I remember one time while conducting meetings in Connecticut that one of the pastors asked me if I would see a young woman who had been an invalid for many years. We called upon her and found her lying upon her bed in a little room, outside of which she had not been for 16 years. During all that time she had not known what it was to be without pain. It was a fearful species of rheumatism from which she was suffering and her limbs were drawn and distorted in the most inconceivable way. One eye was blind and the other was slowly losing its sight. She could only use one muscle of her entire body, and by it she could lift her head about an inch from the pillow. They prepared her bed by lifting her by some mechanical device fastened to the ceiling above.

"As I stood there I could almost see the pain go shooting through her poor quivering frame, but on her face was an expression it would have paid you to have gone thousands of miles to see, and when we had talked awhile she said, 'Do you sing?' and my friend who was with me said 'A little, what would you like to have us sing?' And what do you suppose she said? She said sing for me 'There's Sunshine in My Soul Today.' Think of it! And just before we kneeled to pray she said, 'I feel so very sorry for strong people who do not know Christ.' My brother, you may never have an experience like that, but if you do, you'll need something better than your infidelity and agnosticism and your unbelief or any power this world can give to keep a light heart within your breast."—W. E. Biederwolf.

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**"LOOK PLEASANT!"**

An elderly woman, the widow of a soldier who had been killed many years before, went into a photographer's to have her picture taken. She was seated before the camera wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, thrusting his head out of the cloth, said, suddenly, "Just brighten your eyes a little."

She tried, but the dull and heavy look still lingered.

"Look a little pleasanter," said the photographer, in an unimpassioned but confident and commanding voice.

"See here," the woman replied sharply, "if you think that an old woman who is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told to, you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't! It's something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith, and she tried again, this time with better success.

"That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger," exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illumined the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage she looked long in the glass, and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture."

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fire of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then said in a clear, firm voice: "If I could do it once, I can do it again." Approaching the little mirror

above her bureau, she said: "Brighten up, Catherine!" and the old light flashed up once more.

"Look a little pleasanter!" she commanded, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors, as the writer of this story has said, soon remarked the change that had come over her face.

"Why, Mrs. A., you are getting young. How do you manage it?"

"It is almost all done from the inside. You must brighten up inside and feel pleasant."—Rev. E. P. Hammond.

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**POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.**

In an address delivered some years ago, the Rev. J. A. Worden, D. D., of Philadelphia, related the following incident as illustrating the power of small things:

The superintendent of a large iron foundry in that city was showing a gentleman through the various departments. In the machine shop an immense beam of steel suspended from the roof arrested the attention of the gentleman. He attempted to push it, but was unable to do so, whereupon the superintendent, a practical mechanic, said, "Would you like to see me start that beam swinging with the aid of an ordinary cork?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then, if you can spare twenty minutes we will have it in motion," The superintendent instructed one of the workmen to get the cork and suspend it by a thread parallel with the beam. This being done he set the cork in motion so that it struck the beam in the centre. For ten minutes the little cork was kept swinging backward and forward, striking always in the same place, and now that immense weight of steel began to tremble, and before the twenty minutes had passed was swinging like the pendulum of a clock. The cork, striking the rough fibres of the steel, had caused them to vibrate until the whole mass had been set in motion.



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### JOHN PATERSON'S ESCAPE.

Among all the wonderful escapes of the Scottish Covenanters, when for conscience sake they were hunted like partridges upon the mountains, few were more wonderful than those recorded of John Paterson, a small farmer at Pennyvenie, near the Crag of Benbeoch.

It was when the dreadful Claverhouse and his fierce troopers were harrying the country-side, and carrying off to prison all who took part in the forbidden "field-preaching," or who were suspected of favoring those who did. But so hungry were the people for the Word of Life, and the teaching of their beloved minister, that, in spite of the danger, they continued to assemble for prayer and preaching in the secluded glens and hollows of the mountains. One such meeting-place was called the Black Glen, and here a goodly number were once gathered around the preacher, when suddenly a scout, placed to watch on the hill above, descried in the distance the gleam of armour.

"The sodgers! the sodgers!" he cried, rushing down among the people.

Instantly the little party broke up, and the poor, harassed worshippers hurried away to their various homes or hiding-places.

John Paterson, however, who was one of them, had to cross a boggy moor, and was soon espied by Claverhouse and his men, who, with a wild yell, set off in pursuit.

On and on they rushed, and on fled poor John, calling earnestly upon God to deliver him.

At first he kept well ahead, the horses and their heavy riders sinking in the boggy ground, but feeling his strength beginning to fail and knowing the bog would soon end, and then they would be upon him, John resolved to lie down in a deep furrow that crossed the moor, in the faint hope thus to escape his pursuers. But scarcely had he done so, and pulled the moss and long

grass together above him, when a deep, savage bay rang out across the moor.

"That sound," said John, "struck on my heart like a death-knell."

And well it might, for the soldiers had brought dogs to track him! Guided by their keen sense of smell, they came on straight and sure toward the furrow.

John cried once more on God to save him, then was about to rise lest the hounds should tear him as he lay, when suddenly there was a quick rushing sound in the grass at his head, and a fox dashed out close past him.

Away went horses, dogs, and men after the fox, and John was saved, for they never came back that day!

Thus as of old God saved His prophet by the ravens, so surely did He then save His praying servant by the fox.

Another escape was even more wonderful. The cruel Claverhouse was so angry at Paterson's escaping him that he set a watch upon his movements, so that poor John dare not remain at home, but was obliged to hide among the rocks of Benbeoch, visiting his home only by stealth.

The first time he ventured from his hiding-place on one of these visits, the dragoons saw him as he was crossing the moor toward the little white farmhouse, where his dear wife, Isabel, was watching for him from the window. Fortunately seeing them, he fled quickly back toward his hiding-place.

But the troopers on their strong horses soon gained upon him, and as strained up toward the friendly rocks, he heard them leaping the stone wall that girdled Benbeoch.

"Ah, surely it is all over with me now!" he thought, for he knew they would have no mercy; only that week Claverhouse had hung one poor man at his own door.

On galloped the troopers, and on panted John, crying as he ran, "O Lord, deliver me, for Thy name's sake!" Just then his foot slipped, and he fell heavily to the ground.

"Another moment and they will be

on me," thought the poor fellow, when suddenly the solid earth parted, and he felt himself sinking through the grass and heather, down, down among loose soil and stones.

"Where am I going?" he gasped for he knew every foot of Benbeoch, and was sure no hole existed there.

He was right; but he did not know that underneath stretched a large dry cavern, and that he had fallen just where the roof was too thin to bear the sudden crash.

Verily the God in whom he trusted had made a new thing, and caused the earth to open her mouth and swallow him up, sooner than he should fall into the hands of his enemies.

When John came to himself, for he was bruised and stunned by the fall, and saw where he was, and heard the angry shouts of the baffled troopers, who with all their searching could not find where he had disappeared, he fell on his knees and praised and blessed God for his wonderful preservation.

By and by, when all was quiet, he ventured to climb the sides of the hole and peer out, and seeing nothing but the purple heather and the blue sky above, he presently scrambled out. Suddenly pitiful sobs and cries fell on his ear, and he saw his poor wife, Isabel, coming toward him, wringing her hands and wailing, for she thought the soldiers had killed her dear husband, and expected every minute to find his dead body among the heather.

Oh, how glad she was when she heard his voice, and saw him standing there alive and well!

Then John helped her down into the cave, and told her how he had escaped the cruel soldiers; and kneeling down, they joined together in thanking and praising God.

By degrees they carried some bedding and other things into the shelter so wonderfully provided, and John and many another poor Covenanter hid there in safety so long as Claverhouse remained in the country.—*Sylvia Penn.*

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#### POWER OF LOVE.

A little fellow, four years old, was brought from the slums to a Chicago orphan home. This is how *The Life-Boat* tells the story:

When he was brought up to be put in bed, had his bath, and the matron opened up the sweet little cot to put him between clean white sheets, he looked on in amazement. He said, "Do you want me to get in there?" "Yes." "What for?" "Why, you are going to sleep there." He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that—he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in a bed in his life before, never.

He was put to bed, and the matron kissed him good night—a little bit of a chap, only four years old, and he put up his hand and rubbed off the kiss. He said, "What did you do that for?" But the next morning he said, "Would you mind doing that again?—what you did to me last night?" He never had been kissed before and did not know anything about it.

It was only about a week later, the matron said, that the little fellow would come around three or four times a day and look up with a soft look in his face and say, "Would you love a fellow a little?"

After a few weeks a lady came to get a child, and was looking for a boy, so the matron brought along this little chap, and the lady looked at him. She said, "Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?" He looked right down at the floor. She said, "I will give you a hobby-horse and lots of play-things, and you will have a real nice time, and I will give you lots of nice things to do." He looked right straight at the floor—did not pay any attention to it at all. She, talking, persuading him, and bye and bye the little fellow looked up into her face and said, "Would you love a fellow?" I want to tell you, my friends, there is a tremendous pathos in that.



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## THE MILLER'S STORY.

Permit me to repeat a story my pastor, Duncan Dunbar, used to tell for the benefit of certain churches.

A worthy miller was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among these comfortable farmers. He asked if want of money were the only reason for this change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor, could they still keep him. There was but one voice in the reply. The pastor was useful and beloved; but the flock was so poor!

"Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise the salary without asking one of you for a dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this, although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be but a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary promptly met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied, "No," and asked how they could be, when their church privileges had been so mysteriously paid for. He asked again: "Is there any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before.

"Then," he said, "brethren, I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it, and with greater promptness. You remember you gave me per-

mission to take my own way in this matter; and I have done so. As each one of you brought his grist to mill, I took out as much grain as I thought your proportion, and laid it away for the salary. When the harvest was over, I sold it, and have paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer; so you never missed it, and therefore made no personal sacrifice.

"Now I propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something." Mr. Dunbar used to say, with a sigh, "Oh for a miller in every church!"—G. F. Love.

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## NOT KNOWING THEIR VALUE.

A poor old widow, living in the Scottish Highlands, was called upon one day by a gentleman who had heard that she was in need. The old lady complained of her condition, and remarked that her son was in Australia and doing well.

"But does he do nothing to help you?" inquired the visitor.

"No, nothing," was the reply. "He writes me regularly once a month, but only sends me a little picture with his letter."

The gentleman asked to see one of the pictures that she had received, and found each one of them to be a draft for ten pounds.

That is the condition of many of God's children. He has given us many "exceeding great and precious promises," which we either are ignorant of or fail to appropriate. Many of them seem to be pretty pictures of an ideal peace and rest, but are not appropriated as practical helps in daily life. And not one of these promises is more neglected than the assurance of salvation. An open Bible places them within reach of all, and we may appropriate the blessing which such a knowledge brings. —Selected.

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**UNUSED ABILITY WASTED.**

The unused eye soon loses its sight, as the fish in mammoth caves have lived so long in the dark that their eyes are gone, or, if they are there, they are sightless. The unused arm becomes powerless. The unused talent, when searched for, is not to be found. Of the unused coin covered with rust it is said: "The rust upon your unused coin is to witness against you at the judgment seat of Christ." Two men were walking together along the highway. One of them espied a ten-dollar gold-piece on the ground. He stooped and picked it up and quickly placed it in his pocket. His companion said to him: "Fred, what are you going to do with that gold-piece?" Fred answered frankly: "Why, I am going to keep it, to be sure." As they walked further along the way Frank reached down and picked up a clod of earth and hastily placed it in his pocket. Fred, noting the act, said: "Frank, what was that you picked up?" Frank replied that it was a clod of dirt. Fred at once said, "And what are you going to do with it, Frank?" He answered: "Why, to be sure, I am going to keep it." "Why so? What good is a clod of dirt?" "Why, my brother, is not a clod of dirt just as good to keep as a gold piece?"

Talents are for use, not to be wrapped in napkins. Money is not to be put by for rust to gather upon it, but to be used in helping to spread abroad the Master's kingdom. Use your lips, your hands, your feet, your eyes, your brain, for God, and the salvation of men, that when He cometh and reckoneth with thee, thou mayest say, "Master, the five pounds which thou gavest me have gained other five pounds." Then will come the cheering words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—Selected.

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**YOU'LL SWEAR WITHOUT ME.**

Several boys in the upper part of New York were playing with their tops,

and one of the number, feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the mark of his playmates, began to swear roundly.

A Sunday-school boy promptly said, "Johnnie, if you swear I won't play with you."

Johnnie very curtly answered, "I don't care, and I'll swear as much as I have a mind to."

Willie said, "Well, you'll swear without me;" and, picking up his tops, he put them in his pockets and moved on for home.

Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed at his conduct, called out, "Willie, if you'll come back and play, I won't swear any more."

Willie came back, and saying, "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I dare not play with any boy who is wicked," resumed his play.

This was a little hero who was not afraid to stand up like a brave soldier for the cause of pure speech and right morals, and in obedience to the command of God.—Presbyterian.

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**LINCOLN'S OPINION.**

General John H. Littlefield, who studied law under Lincoln, tells an anecdote which many lawyers of today might note with profit, as follows: "All clients knew that with 'Old Abe' as their lawyer they would win the case, if it was fair; if not, it was waste of time to take it to him. After listening some time one day to a would-be client's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, he suddenly swung around in his chair, and exclaimed, 'Well, you have got a good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to that jury I'd be thinking, "Lincoln, you're a liar," and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud.'"



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## HUDSON TAYLOR'S TRAINING.

While Hudson Taylor, the famous founder of the China Island Mission, was deliberating on going to that country as a missionary, to trust God for his maintenance, the thought occurred that he better begin by seeing if he could trust Him for his support while still in England. If his faith should prove unequal to the test at home then he had better not go abroad. He was employed in a dispensary as a doctor's assistant, but he determined he would not ask his employer for his salary, though due and he needed it, but he would trust God to bring the matter to the doctor's remembrance, and thus prepare himself to trust Him in China. The following story shows how he succeeded.

"At Hull my kind employer, busily occupied, wished me to remind him when my salary became due. I determined to ask God to bring the fact to his recollection, and so encourage me by answering prayer. At the end of a certain quarter, when my salary was due, one Saturday night I found myself possessed of only a single coin—one half-crown piece. Still I had hitherto had no lack, and I continued in prayer.

"That Sunday was a very happy one. After divine service in the morning, the rest of the day was filled with gospel work in lodging-houses in the lowest part of the town as usual. It seemed as though heaven had begun below. After my last service at ten o'clock that night, a poor man asked me to go and pray with his wife as she was dying, and the priest had refused to come without a payment of one shilling and sixpence, which the man could not produce, as the family were starving. It flashed into my mind at once that all the money I possessed was the solitary half-crown, and that it was in one coin, and, moreover, that though I had gruel sufficient for supper and breakfast, I had nothing for dinner the next day.

"At once there was a stoppage of the

flow of joy in my heart. Instead of re-proving myself, I began to reprove the poor man. I found he had applied to the relieving officer, and had been told to come at eleven the next morning; but he feared his wife might not live through the night. 'Ah,' thought I, 'if only I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of this half-crown, how gladly would I give these poor people one shilling!' The truth of the matter was that I could trust God plus one shilling and sixpence, but could not trust Him only, without any money.

"My conductor led me into a court where, on my last visit, I had been roughly handled. I followed up a miserable flight of stairs, and into a wretched room and oh, what a sight presented itself to us! Four or five starved-looking children stood about, and on a wretched pallet lay the poor mother, with a tiny babe, thirty-six hours old, moaning at her side. 'Ah,' thought I, 'if I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of half a crown, how gladly would I give one shilling and sixpence of it.' Still unbelief prevented me from relieving their distress at the cost of all I possessed.

"Strange to say, I could not comfort these poor people. I told them not to be cast down, for they had a kind, loving Father in heaven; but something said to me, 'You hypocrite, speaking about a kind, loving Father when you are not prepared to trust Him without half a crown!' I was nearly choked. If I had only had a florin and a sixpence!—but I was not yet ready to trust God without the sixpence.

"In those days prayer was a delight to me; and I tried to pray, but when I opened my lips with 'Our Father which art in heaven,' prayer seemed a mockery, and I passed through such a time of conflict as I have never experienced before or since. I arose from my knees in great distress of mind.

"The poor father turned to me and said, 'Sir, if you can help us, for God's sake, do!' and the word flashed into my

mind, 'Give to him that asketh of thee'; and in the word of a king there is power. Slowly taking the half-crown from my pocket, I gave it to the man, saying that I was giving him my all, but that God was really a Father and might be trusted. All the joy came back to my heart, and the hindrance to blessing was gone—gone, I trust, for ever.

"Not only was the woman's life saved, but I was saved too. My Christian life might have been a wreck had the striving of God's spirit not been obeyed. As I went home, my heart as light as my pocket the lonely streets resounded with a hymn of praise. As I knelt at my bedside, I reminded the Lord that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord'; and with peace within and peace without, I spent a restful night.

"Next morning, at breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady come in with a letter in her hand. I could not recognize the handwriting or the postmark, and where it came from I could not tell. On opening the envelope I found, inside a sheet of blank paper, a pair of kid gloves, and as I opened them, half a sovereign fell to the ground. 'Praise the Lord!' I exclaimed; 'four hundred per cent for twelve hours' investment! How glad the merchants of Hull would be to lend their money at such a rate! I then and there determined that a bank which could not break should have my savings—a determination I have not yet learned to regret."

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### THE WARM-HEARTED WORLD.

The last time that Frances E. Willard spoke to a Washington audience she told of a Chicago bootblack who, with his kit on his shoulder and a package of newspapers under his arm, stopped at the call of a man with a clubfoot. He worked away at the man's shoes, giving them as fine a polish as he could, and when the job

was done the man threw him double pay, saying, "No change; I made you more work than most folks do."

Quick as a flash the little fellow handed back half the money, saying with eyes full of earnest sympathy, "Oh, mister, I couldn't make money out of your trouble."

Not far from Washington there lives a boy who has to bear the heavy burden of deformity, but so bravely does he bear it that he is the very heart of his home, the brightest and the cheeriest and most helpful one in the household.

A while ago he went out and hunted up a situation for himself, so that he might pay his share of the family expenses.

Somebody asked him, "Don't you find it rather disagreeable, going about as you have to, now?"

He looked up with his bright, flashing smile, and answered quickly, "Oh, no; everybody is kind to a fellow in my fix," with a slight gesture toward his back.

There is plenty of love and sympathy in the world, after all, if our eyes are open to see them.—Selected.

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### THE LUXURY OF GIVING.

Few men, if any, in modern times, can be counted more successful in their chosen sphere, or more highly honored therein, than the Rev. Charles Spurgeon. May this not be regarded as a fulfilment of God's promise of overflowing blessing upon those who bring in all the tithes? (Mal. 3 : 10.)

Speaking of his youth Mr. Spurgeon says: "I knew a lad in Christ once who adopted the principle of giving a tenth to God. When he won a money prize for an essay on a religious subject he felt he could not give less than one-fifth of it. He has never since been able to deny himself the pleasure of having a fifth to give. God has wonderfully blessed that lad and increased his means and his enjoyment of that luxury of luxuries—the luxury of doing good."



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**FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.**

A lady in Germantown, Pa., was rescued from an embarrassing position recently by the fortunate presence of one of her children. Her husband, who is a traveling man, before leaving on a journey, gave her a check for household expenses during his absence. As he had before always given her currency, she had not had occasion to go to his bank. Accompanied by her little daughter, she went to the paying teller's window and presented the check. To her astonishment, the teller declined to pay it. He admitted that there were plenty of funds in the account on which it was drawn, but it was a rule of the bank never to cash a check for a stranger. She indignantly told him she was not a stranger, but the wife of the drawer of the check. That might be, he said, but he did not know her, and therefore could not pay. She argued with him for some time, but without avail, and was leaving the bank very much crestfallen, when her child made some remark to her, addressing her as "Mamma." The teller looked closely at the child, and then said he would honor the check. Asked why he had changed his mind, he answered, "I have known the signer of the check for many years, and that little lady is so like him that I am sure her mamma is his wife." So the check was duly honored. What a blessing it would be if the Christian so clearly bore the likeness of his heavenly Father, that he would at once be recognized by his character and conduct. Such likeness is possible to all.

"We all with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image." (2 Cor. 3: 18, R. V.)—*Christian Herald.*

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**WANAMAKER'S CONVERSION.**

John Wanamaker once said:

"I was a country boy who had come into the city. A salesman asked me if I wouldn't go to his church. It was a quiet, old-fashioned meeting. There was a handsome old man of about seventy-five years of age, who got up and in the gravest way said he was just waiting for God to take him; and he had lived his life; that God had been good to him; that religion was a good thing to die by. I sat 'way back, and I soliloquized: 'Well, old man, you can't touch me; you have lived your life; you haven't any sympathy with a big boy; it has passed over my head.'

"Soon after a younger fellow got up; he was perhaps thirty-five; and he said, 'I have just begun the Christian life. Two years ago I was converted; I had just begun business, and I had had a prejudice against religion. I am a great deal happier; I am a better business man.'

"I listened to him," continued Mr. Wanamaker, "and I said to myself, 'There you are; you want to be a business man, and he tells you how you can be a better business man. He tells you that religion is good to live by. Another man tells you it's good to die by.' 'Now, do you ever intend to be a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if it is a good thing, why don't you be it right away?' I said 'Yes, I will.' I waited till everybody went out except the janitor and the old minister; and as the latter came down the aisle he met a country boy coming up, and I was the chap. I simply said to him, 'I have settled to-night to give my heart to God.' And he reached out his hand, and said, 'God bless you, you will never regret it.' That was the whole business."

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**AGASSIZ ON MAKING MONEY.**

Agassiz said, "I have no time to waste in making money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich, and do his duty to his fellow man at the same time."

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## LOVE WON!

"A little daughter born this morning. I dedicate her to the Lord and His service." Such was the entry in the diary of the father of Sarah J. Smith, who became world-famed as a model prison officer until her death about fifteen years ago. At an early age she became aware of her father's dedication of his infant daughter; rooting itself in her mind it became the key-note of her long and useful life. From an obituary notice in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, the following incident is taken. Sarah Smith was placed at the head of a prison Reformatory, the whole undertaking being, as it were, on trial.

"In the spring of 1869 the Reformatory was declared ready for the reception of the women of Jeffersonville, the most hardened, debased, and undisciplined—scarcely a vestige of woman. As the carriages containing the prisoners drew up before the door, Sarah Smith stood in the doorway dressed in her Quaker costume (which she always wore) with snow-white cap and handkerchief, and with a fine physique and noble beauty, her handsome face, as she stood there feeling the force of her position, and the work before her was illuminated by a sacred light direct from the Holy Ghost, under whose inspiration she was then acting.

The first one brought in by four stalwart officers was a woman passed middle age, manacled hand and foot. She was a murderess, had been incarcerated seventeen years, a most terrible character, the terror of all convicts and officers. As they brought her in they inquired for the cell in which she was to be placed (feeling doubtless as many do now, that women could never manage those terrible creatures).

With compassion beaming out of her eyes, she directed her to be set down and the chains removed. They looked astonished and demurred, when in the full dignity of her strength she replied:

"I command you to unloose her, take off every chain, and let her free; she is my prisoner, not yours."

And as the last chain fell, she stepped forward, took the vile creature into her arms and said: "My poor child I receive thee into my arms as my child, and I will be a mother to thee and I know thou wilt to me be a faithful child"; and imprinting a kiss on her forehead (the first doubtless that she had received in many years), she said, "Let us pray." Together they kneeled, while Mrs. Smith asked the power to care for the poor woman, and then rising with her arms still around her, they walked to the cell, the hardened woman a broken penitent soul.

In three weeks she gave every evidence of being converted to God. For fourteen years she led a meek, humble, self-denying life.—Faith and Work.

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## A "RARE" SIN.

I asked a question some years ago of a person whom I believed to be one of the most covetous individuals in my acquaintance, and I received from him a singular reply.

I said: "How was it that St. Francis de Sales, who was an eminent confessor to whom persons went in the Romish Church to confess their sins, found that persons confessed to him in private all sorts of horrible sins, such as adultery, drunkenness, and murder, but never had one person confessed the sin of covetousness?"

I asked this friend whether he could tell me why it was, and he made me this answer, which certainly did take me rather aback.

He said: "I suppose it is because the sin is so extremely rare."

Blind soul! I told him that, on the other hand, I feared the sin was so very common that people did not know when they were covetous, and the man who was most covetous of all was the last person to suspect himself of it.—Chas. H. Spurgeon.



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## "NOTHING LEFT TO DO"

Some years ago there lived in one of the towns of northern Germany a young man who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. He believed, however, neither in that nor in any other, but had long cast off all thoughts of God, and lived in sin so open and so terrible that he was remarkable amongst the ungodly and the depraved as one who outdid them all. How wonderful are the ways of God! Like him who slew the giant with his own sword, so God made use of the exceeding sinfulness of this young man to awaken in him the first desire for salvation. He became alarmed at his own wickedness. "I am worse than any other," he thought. "If it is true that the wicked go to hell, and only the good to heaven, it is plain where I am going. If ever a man is lost eternally, I must be that man!"

Night and day did this thought haunt the wretched sinner; his peace was gone, and he found no pleasure even in sin. "If only," he thought, "it were possible to be saved!" What could he do? He had been told of penances and prayers, of convents where monks spent their days in works that might at last atone for sin, and he felt that no labor would be too great, no torture too severe, if only he might have the faint hope of pardon at last. He resolved to become a monk, but he wished first to know in what convent in the whole world the rule was the strictest and the penances the most terrible. If it were at the other end of the earth he would go to it, and, then he would spend the rest of his days in penance and in prayer. He was told in answer to his inquiries that the convent under the strictest rule was a monastery of La Trappe, distant about 1,500 miles from his home. He could not afford to pay the expenses of his journey, and he therefore resolved to walk the whole way, begging as he went. This alone would be the beginning of a penance,

and might gain him one step toward heaven.

It was a long, weary journey, each day beneath a hotter sun and through strange lands. He felt scarcely alive by the time that he came in sight of the old building where he hoped to gain rest for his soul—for his body it mattered not. Having rung at the gate, he waited till it was slowly opened by an aged monk, so feeble and infirm that he seemed scarcely able to walk.

"What is it you want?" asked the old monk.

"I want to be saved," replied the German. "I thought that here I might find salvation." The old monk invited him to come in, and led him into a room where they were alone together. "Tell me now what you mean," said the old monk.

"I am a lost sinner," began the German. "I have lived a life more wicked than I can tell you. It seems to me impossible that I can be saved, but all that can be done I am ready to do. I will submit to every penance, I will complain of nothing, if only I may be received into the order. The harder the work, the worse the torture, the better will it be for me. You have only to tell me what to do, and whatever it may be I will do it."

I would ask you who read this story, have you known what it is thus to feel yourself a lost sinner? To know that you are in the road at the end of which there is but one place, and that place the eternal lake of fire? To feel that all toil, all suffering, all torture here, would be but an exchange too welcome could you but gain by it the faintest hope of escaping from everlasting despair? If you are still without Christ, you are, whether you know it or not, in this dark road, with its one terrible end; and should God in His great mercy have awakened you, so that you know the danger and the hopelessness of your position, you will be in a state to welcome as a voice from God the wonderful words which were spoken in answer to the trembling sinner—spoken

by the old monk of La Trappe. "If you tell me to do the most fearful penance, I am ready to do it," the German had said, and the old monk replied, "If you are ready to do what I tell you, you will go straight home again, for the whole work has been done for you before you came, and there is nothing left for you to do. Another has been here, and has done the work instead, and it is finished."

"It is finished?"

"Yes, it is finished. Do you not know that God sent down His own Son to be the Saviour of the world? Did He not come? Did He not finish the work the Father gave Him to do? Did He not say on the Cross, 'It is finished?' 'What was finished?' He had undertaken to bear the full punishment of sin, and He had borne it, and God was satisfied with the work done by His Son. And do you know this—Where is Jesus now?"

"He is in Heaven."

"He is in Heaven. But why is He there? Why is Jesus in the glory? Because He has finished the work. He would not be there otherwise. He would still be here, for He undertook to do it all, and He would not go back to His Father till all was done. I look up, and see Jesus in Heaven, and I say, He is there, because He has done it all, and there is nothing left to do. He is there because God is satisfied with His work. And, oh! dear friend, why should you and I try to do that work which the Son of God alone could do, and which He has done? If God had left it for us to do, we could never do it; were we to perform all the penances that ever had been or could be performed, they would be utterly useless to us. And as it is they are more than useless, they are fearful sins in the sight of God. In doing them, instead of gaining anything, you would be but adding the crowning sin to your evil life. It would be to say, Christ has not done enough. It would be to cast contempt upon the blessed, perfect work of the Son of God, and to dare to attempt to add to that

which He had said is finished. Yes! herein Christ is insulted, and God is made a liar and were it not that I am so old that I can scarcely walk to the gate, my escape would testify against the place. I would not remain here another day. As it is, I must wait till the Lord comes to fetch me; but you can go and I beseech you to go thanking God that His Son has done all for you, and that the punishment of your sins is for ever past. And remember always that Christ is in Heaven."

What astonishing tidings for the poor, weary sinner! Did he believe them? He did, and after a short time of rest, during which he learned more of the gospel, he returned to his own land, there to make known amongst sinners, lost as he had been, the news of that love and grace of which he had first heard in the monastery of La Trappe. There he was employed in this blessed work but a short while since, and probably is still there. May the voice from La Trappe reach the heart of some weary sinner here, and may the "good news of the glory of Christ" bring peace and joy to many who, instead of walking 1,500 miles to hear it, have the gracious message brought to them! It is sent to you from the glory where Christ is, the message of the Father's love made known in the person of His Son.—F. B.

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A Chinese Nicodemus came to a missionary's tent, some years ago, and asked about many things he did not know. The missionary tried to teach him about God, but the man refused to believe anything he could not see and understand. The missionary pointed to a pot of water boiling over the fire, and said: "Can you tell me how a cold match, cold charcoal, and cold water can in a few minutes develop light, fire, heat and steam? When you can tell me how this water is made into invisible steam and then condenses into water again, I will tell you how God gives us life when we believe in Jesus Christ.—Sunday School Times.



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## WILLIAM HONE AND THE BIBLE

Lord Shaftesbury once gave the following illustration of the power of the Scriptures over this well-known author.

You must often have heard of a famous writer and clever man of the name of Hone. He was imprisoned in his early days for blasphemous writings, parodies of the Scriptures and the Prayer Book. He was an inveterate infidel. My friend, Mr. Plumpter, who was member for Kent, told me this story. On one occasion he went to the Religious Tract Society's meeting. There was one vacant place, and he sat down. After two or three minutes he looked to see who was on his right-hand side, and to his astonishment he saw this man Hone. Hone touched him and said, "I will speak to you afterwards."

When the meeting was over Hone took him into an adjoining window recess and said, "Mr. Plumpter, I saw your astonishment, and well you might be astonished at seeing me in this place, but let me tell you the history of it. Two years ago I was down in the country; I lost my way; at last I came to a cottage with a garden in front. I opened the wicket because I saw a little child sitting on the stone at the front door. I asked the child the way. The child was reading something, and I said, 'What are you reading?' She said, 'The New Testament.' He said, 'I took the book and threw it down in disgust, and said, 'You foolish little thing, how is it you read such stupid, abominable books as these?' And the child said to me with the utmost simplicity, 'Oh, sir, pray don't speak to me in that way. It is the only comfort we have. I have a mother, and mother is lying sick in bed.'

"I went home sad and went to bed, and said to myself, 'If this book can bring consolation to this child and mother in such a state of destitution, there must be something in it.' He read it to himself and this was the result. He said, "Mr. Plumpter, here I am and I thank God for it. I have lived to see

the horrible abomination of my former years." The Bible did all that and it will do a great deal more.

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## SOPHIA HOLMES.

One of the oldest servants in the employ of the United States Government was an aged negress, Sophia Holmes, who served as janitress in the Treasury Building. The story of her life is quite romantic. Her husband, a slave, accompanied his master to the war as a body servant; and, when the master was killed, the negro seized his rifle, mounted his horse, and led the column on to victory. The black man's body was riddled with bullets; and he died within two months, leaving Sophia with two children to support.

Prominent men in Washington secured work for her among the women who were called "Uncle Sam's scrub brigade," she being assigned to the Treasury Building. One night, when sweeping, she found a box packed with bank-notes that had been overlooked in locking up the vaults at the end of the day's work. She trembled with excitement, knowing that the contents of the box must be exceedingly valuable, and did not dare go home to her children.

Evening came on, midnight passed, and at two o'clock in the morning the old woman was startled by hearing General Spinner going to his office. He had a dream that something was wrong at the Treasury, and was so restless that he rose and went down to the building. Sophia followed him, told her story, and was kept a prisoner until the money was counted. The box contained \$180,000. Then she was sent home in General Spinner's carriage, and was afterward rewarded with a position for life.

When asked if she was not tempted to take some of the notes, she said proudly, "I'd rather leave my children the legacy of a white soul than all the gold and bank-notes the Treasury ever held."—Congregationalist.

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### THE CAPTAIN AND THE STOWAWAY.

The Cyprian, commanded by Capt. John Alexander Strachan, left Liverpool, on Thursday, October 13, 1881, for the Mediterranean. She had not long left port when she encountered a heavy gale, which gradually increased to a perfect hurricane. At length, her steering-gear having been carried away, and one boiler-tube having burst, the vessel became unmanageable, and was driven ashore on the coast of Carnarvonshire. On board the ill-fated steamer there were in all twenty-eight persons, including one poor stowaway.

Before the ship struck, the lifebelts were distributed amongst the crew, one being reserved for Capt. Strachan; and one after another the crew had plunged into the boiling surf, to be hurled by it to the shore, as offering the only chance of saving their lives. The captain remained by his vessel to the last, and was then about to follow the example of the others, when for the first time he caught sight of the poor, shivering stowaway, whom terror had now driven forth from his hiding-place. Many a man would have left him to take his chance, consoling himself with the reflection that he had no business to be there. But the noble captain had not even a word of anger or of blame for the little terrified waif. Taking the lifebelt intended for himself, he fastened it securely round the lad, and told him to leap into the sea. He himself followed, but without a lifebelt. There was a fierce struggle for life amidst the boiling surge; but at length the boy was cast upon the shore, whilst the noble hearted captain perished amid the breakers.

Was it not a wonderful thing that the captain should give up his life for such a one as the poor stowaway? What a clear illustration of the doctrine of substitution, or one laying down his

life for another!

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, left His Father's throne, was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;—and for what? To save His enemies.

He became our Substitute, in order that we, the lost—we sinners, we, His enemies—should be redeemed by His precious blood, and should enter into His glory. Was ever love like this?—Cheyne Brady.

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### A TWICE-BORN FILIPINO

A Methodist missionary, Joshua F. Cottingham, of the Philippine Islands, tells the following story of a life transformed by Christ:

"At forty-four he seemed like an old man. Sin had made fearful inroads upon him. Two women not his wives had gone ahead of him to a better or worse world. He was a gambler, cock-fighter and worse. The Spanish Government had had him in jail. The Aguinaldo Government released him only to find they had made a mistake and soon imprisoned him again. Some American soldiers released him and he immediately showed his gratitude by opening a saloon a la Americana. The saloon and its attending evils became so bad that even the soldiers could not stand it and the old man was imprisoned again. In prison some one gave him some Scripture in Spanish, which he read and by it was converted. When released he sought a missionary and was baptized. Now for seven years this man has preached for us. There is no congregation which does not want him. There are no preachers nor missionaries who do not love him. He has had at least a thousand converted under his preaching. Tithing Bands and preachers called into the ministry are fruits of his work and Victorino Jorda's face, once drawn with sin, has taken on a Christian smile, and his home is a happy one with a wife whom he dearly loves.—Missionary Review of the World.



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### THE LAWYER'S CONVERSION

In the midst of a sermon, a good many years ago, a distinct impression came into my mind that this was the hour for the everlasting decision of a multitude of souls. There was something in the ominous stillness of the assembly, and almost pitiful appeals in some of the upturned faces, which made this conviction irresistible. I remember how inadequate all my well-prepared arguments seemed, when they came to endure this supreme ordeal. That strange colloquy with one's self, of which every preacher is often conscious, got to be something overwhelming toward the close. "I have done my best." "No, you haven't." "I have taken away every excuse for unbelief." "No, some of them are going out in rebellion." "Well, what more can I do?" "Give them Bible promises enough to float upon, if they haven't yet grasped one of the planks in your sermon."

This was my last thought. And then, there I stood and delivered about all the precious promises of the Bible, as it seemed to me. They kept coming to me, in rich and embarrassing confusion; promises to the backslider; promises to the hardened sinner; promises to the chief of sinners; promises to everybody. Then I closed with a brief prayer, and invited those who were ready to begin at once the Christian life to meet me in the prayer room.

About forty were there, among them one of the prominent lawyers of the town. After a few words of personal conversation with each of them, I inquired if any of them would like to say anything to us all, as a first confession of Christ, on the very day of the surrender of their hearts to Him.

"Yes," said the lawyer, instantly, "I shall be very glad of such an opportunity. I want to confess, with the deepest sorrow, that I have kept up this fight against God for twenty years. It is just twenty years this winter since the con-

viction came to me, sharp, clear and urgent, that I ought to be a disciple of Christ. The next thought was that, if I were a Christian at all I must be a minister. At that I rebelled, and there I have stood, in square hostility to the Spirit of God, ever since. This morning, when you reached a certain place in your sermon (he described exactly the moment when the impression already mentioned was made upon my own mind). I was convinced that this was the time, and the only time in my life, for the surrender of my soul to God. I listened for pardon. But in vain. Not a word you said seemed to meet my case. To my consternation, you were coming to a close. I tried to remember your arguments and I could not apply a single word to myself. Then when I thought all was over with me, you began to repeat those wonderful promises of the Bible. I leaned over the pew, as you noticed, determined to catch something I could live on. But even here I was disappointed. Your texts did not apply to me. I was not at all sure that I was "hungry and thirsting after righteousness," that I was "returning from my backslidings," that I was of the "broken and contrite heart." At last you actually closed your sermon without a word for me. The harvest was passed, the last harvest, and my soul was not saved. Then I reached out, as if by main strength, and seized upon a promise broad enough, and strong enough, to hold even me from sinking in despair: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

"That's my promise," said the lawyer. "You didn't mention it. Yours were all too good for me, but here is one I can depend on. In no wise. No matter how I come, no matter when I come, I am not to be cast out. In no wise. Here I am. I ask the Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? I am not to be cast out. In no wise. I depend on that blessed promise."

He was never cast out, and never will be. The Lord has had a good deal for

him to do. And I believe I never have thrown into the close of a sermon, since that day, a double handful of promises, without putting that in among them, Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."—Wolcott Calkins:

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### KEEP AT IT!

Years ago there was, in a certain village, a young physician who seemed to be a confirmed skeptic. At last, to the surprise of good people, he presented himself to the church committee as a candidate for church membership, and when asked what called his attention to the personal claims of Christ, he answered, "For years I have sat by my office window, and each Friday evening, in winter and summer, in storm and fair weather, I have seen good deacons G—— and P—— walk past to the church prayer-meeting, and their constant going made me think." It was not what they said, for he had not heard them say anything, but it was their "keeping at it," which shattered the infidelity of his heart.

Those who have influence in this world for good are not the brilliant, now warm and now cold people, but the steady ones, who "keep at it" year in and year out, whom the pastor and the Master can depend upon. We once asked a friend about a Christian brother whom we had not seen for years, and his quick answer was, "Oh, he's all right; he'll stand without hitching." The silent eloquence of such lives influences men. It is not a question of place, or gifts, or opportunities, but of "keeping at it." Not to keep at it, is to throw away the past, the present and the future.

It is not the first blow upon the drill which opens the rock. It may take one hundred blows, but the first blow, which seems to make no impression, is as important as the last one when the rock opens. Without the first blow the last one would have produced no effect; indeed, without the first, the last would

not have been. It is the continuation of little blows which severs the rock, but the workman must keep at it.

The first stroke of the brush does not bring out the immortal picture, or even an idea of what is in the artist's mind, but the final touch of the brush, which seems to breathe with life, could not have produced its results without that first seemingly idealess stain upon the canvas.

Young people are not in any too much of a hurry to do something, for nothing is more fatal to manhood than contentment to do nothing, but young people are frequently in too much of a hurry to see the results of what they are trying to do. Proceed at once, and keep at it, is the law of success. There is blessing in "keeping at it." — Rev. Smith Baker, D. D.

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### CAN YOU UNDO?

."The evil that men do lives after them."

A visitor in a hospital found a young man near death.

"Can I do anything for you?" he inquired, as he bent over the cot.

"Oh, sir," cried the man, "can you undo?"

In response to a kindly word he opened his heart and unburdened his soul to the visitor. He told how he had led this companion and that one astray; how he had ruined this pure life and that one.

"Oh, sir, can you undo this awful work that I have done? Can God undo it?"

No one, not even God, can undo what sin has done. God will forgive the penitent, but forgiveness can not take away the smart from the soul of a converted man who sees the evil he has done and can not remedy. One reason why the world grows better slowly is that men do more harm in their riotous youth than they can cancel in the days of their sober manhood. — Canadian Epworth Era.



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## IN THE TIGER'S JUNGLE.

The wife of Dr. John Scudder, the pioneer medical missionary to India from America, once passed a night of peril in a tiger jungle that greatly strengthened her faith in God and proved the power of Divine protection.

While undertaking an important journey across India, he contracted jungle fever, and became so ill that his life was despaired of. When Mrs. Scudder learned of his condition she decided to go to him at once, notwithstanding the fact that the journey was a difficult and dangerous one. A tent having been loaned her by a friend and provisions prepared, bearers were engaged, and she started without delay, accompanied only by her little son. In her anxiety to reach her husband before death ensued, she determined to travel by night as well as by day. This greatly enhanced the danger, as much of the way led through dense jungles infested by wild beasts, which as a rule, keep under cover during the daytime, but come out at night to seek their prey.

All went well until one night, in the worst part of the jungle, the bearers became so terrified at the roaring of tigers and other wild animals that they ran away and left the missionary alone with her little child. With none to protect her, she spent that long and lonely night in prayer, pleading again and again the precious promises recorded in the Word. Ever and anon she heard not only the tramp of elephants that could crush out her life in an instant, but also the low, menacing growls of tigers as they prowled around her tent. "All night long," says her biographer, "they seemed to be circling round the little spot, but—ah! wonderful 'but'—God held them back. There was an inner circle. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

Perilous as her position was, no harm came either to her or to her child. Next

morning the journey was resumed, and when at length she reached her destination it was to find the crisis passed and Dr. Scudder out of danger.—Selected.

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## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A lady came to me once when I was preaching some years ago in a western city, and asked me if I wouldn't talk to her husband; that when she spoke to him on religion he paid no attention, and she might as well talk to a post. I told her she had better pray God to convince and convict him.

They used to come to the meetings together, and often as I was speaking I would see her eyes close and her lips move, and I knew she was praying God to convict him. They came about a dozen times during the winter.

One night, after he had taken his seat, I noticed that his eyes looked as if he had been weeping. I gave out one hymn after another, all bearing on the Atonement, as that was the subject for the sermon. When I gave out the text, "The precious blood," I saw him cover his face and bow his head, and he fairly wept aloud. He followed me into the inquiry room after the meeting was over, and said to me:

"Mr. Moody, this has been the most extraordinary day in my life. When I got up this morning the words 'Precious blood' came into my mind. When I went down town to my place of business the words 'Precious blood' were ringing in my mind, and all during the day it was 'Precious blood, precious blood.' They followed me here to-night, and when you gave out your text, 'The precious blood,' I could hardly stay in my seat. I can't understand it."

"Well," I said, "I can"; and after talking with him for a while he accepted Christ then and there.

He is now dead, but when I was passing through that city years after I asked about him, and they told me in all the years he had lived he had never lost his hold on Christ.—D. L. Moody.

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## AUGUST HERMAN FRANCKE.

About the close of the seventeenth century, just about the year 1695, August Herman Francke, in the city of Halle, became impressed with the ignorance, poverty, destitution, and especially the wickedness, of the little children that were playing in the streets, without father or mother, without any domestic ties, and without any of the influences whatever of a home properly organized and administered. He felt deeply impressed that God had a work for him to do. He asked himself, "How can I do that work?" At first he simply set up in his own house a box for voluntary contributions, with these inscriptions: "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

It was three months before any offerings were laid in that box, except of the most trivial character; but at last a benevolent woman put into it what was still a very small sum, only about the equivalent of \$3.48 in American currency, but when Francke took it from the box he said, "This is a glorious capital! With this, with the help of God, I will begin a school for orphans." So with a grand, simple faith in the leadership of God, he went forward, asking no one for any contributions or help in any way. He set apart a room in front of his own study, gathered children, hired a teacher, and went forward. It soon became perfectly obvious to him that as he had not the children under his own control, he could not therefore regulate their conduct and help shape their character; that he must have the sole charge of his orphans. So he undertook this work, depending only on the unseen God. So rapidly did the

work grow upon his hands, that three years after the first thought of it came into his mind, he bought the Golden Eagle Hotel, which was offered for sale, with its grounds, and prepared it for the purpose of an orphan asylum.

It soon became perfectly obvious also that he could not have the girls and boys in the same building, and do justice to their training. Another building must therefore be erected. So he undertook it by simple faith in God, without means, without human following; moreover, he was a man who attracted the animadversion and even hatred of many, by the pungency and pointedness with which he rebuked worldliness and wickedness, even in the church of God. But Francke laid the foundation of his orphan house, and on the very day on which he laid that foundation stone, a workman brought an old Weimar coin to him, which had been picked up in the rubbish. He cleaned it off, and read upon it this inspiring inscription: "Jehovah conditor, condita, coronide coronet!" which may be freely rendered, "Let Jehovah who has laid the foundation stone of the building add the capstone to the building." And in that confidence the building went on.

I add the statistics of the work of Francke at his death, in 1727, thirty-two years after he had entered upon this work—and he entered upon it just as his life had passed its meridian, being 32 years old when he began, and 64 years old when he died. He had in his orphan house 100 boys and 34 girls under his sole charge; he had in his German school, 1,725 children; in his Latin school, 400 children; in the *Pædagogium*, 82; in all 2,200 children, with 175 teachers. He fed 225 students at his free tables, and 148 scholars at noon, 212 scholars at night; yet he had not a dollar in the world. All that colossal work that he began in early life, and matured in the course of thirty-two years, was a work of faith, prayer, and dependence on an unseen God.—Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.



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## WILLIE LEAR THE SUBSTITUTE

Willie Lear lived near Palmyra, Missouri. In 1862 he was a young man of about eighteen years of age. Like most of those who lived in his neighborhood, he sympathized with the south in the civil war, which was at that time in progress. The Union forces occupied Palmyra, and had control of the district. Outrages were committed on both sides, and many indefensible deeds are recorded in the local histories of those sad times. Union men were shot down from behind hedges, and Union men were driven away from their homes and sometimes foully treated.

To avenge these things, and to check them, the Federal commander arrested and imprisoned a large number of the citizens. They were all charged with being "guerillas," and, after trial by courtmartial, were all sentenced to be shot. Willie Lear was among the number.

After this condemnation, the General decided to select ten of the number of those condemned for immediate execution, and reserve the remainder under hope of pardon, if outrages in the neighborhood ceased, or for future punishment if not. These ten were drawn by lot. Willie Lear was not of this number.

And now comes the story told to the writer, first by a native of Missouri, and confirmed by a Union soldier who stated that he was present at the execution.

A neighbor of Lear's, who was among the number to be shot, was terribly cut up by the thought of his situation. He was the father of a large family, a poor man, and the thought of the helpless condition in which he would leave his loved ones was very distressing to him.

Lear saw all this, and it deeply moved him. He stepped forward to the commanding officer and offered to take his neighbor's place. The officer had no objection. The order had been issued that ten men of the number should be shot, and if that number was made up, the law would be satisfied. The neighbor,

undoubtedly with the deepest gratitude, accepted Lear as his substitute, and so, by the acquiescence of the three parties concerned, the representative of the law, the condemned by the law, and the satisfier of the law by substitution, the matter was settled.

Willie Lear took the place of his friend in line with the nine men drawn up before a detachment prepared with loaded rifles, and at the command, "Fire!" he, with the others, fell, riddled with bullets, his blood soaking the earth.

As the man for whom he died looked upon that blood, and beheld that mangled body, what would be his thought, what expression would he be apt to make?

Would he not say, with streaming eyes, "He died for me. I owe my life to him. O! that I could do anything to show my gratitude to one who has done so much for me!" If he were asked, "How is it that you are delivered from the sentence that was hanging over you?"

Would he be apt to ignore the work of his substitute by magnifying the importance of some fancied work of his own in the acceptance of the substitute? Would he say, "Oh, I was saved by my faith, and by my determination to live a better life? It is all by faith and the development of character." Would he have been so ungrateful as to leave out all mention of the death of that noble young man in his stead as the alone cause of his escape? If he would, he was not worth dying for, and it was a curse to his family and the community that he was spared. But no. He never returned such answers: he could not treat the act of his friend with such indifference.

Men for whom Christ died on the cross talk that way; but this man, as the story goes, never did. He never tired of telling of how Willie Lear had saved him, and gladly acknowledged his obligation to him.

Do you believe that Jesus Christ died for your sins? Do you believe that, be-

cause He died for sins, and you have accepted Him, your sins are forgiven? Believing in Him you are confessing Him and striving to show your gratitude by a life consecrated to His service.

Let us who are Christ's never tire of telling the story of redemption by His blood; let us never rob Him of his glory as our only Saviour and Redeemer, by attributing our salvation from sin, and our hope of eternal life, to anything else than His death upon the cross for our sins.

Hold fast to the simple testimony of the Word, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (I Peter iii, 18)—D. W. Whittle.

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#### THE HACKMAN'S VISIT.

The following story is told by Bishop McCabe:

"I am sometimes startled at the ease with which a soul can be won. And I am often humiliated when I think of the many times and the many opportunities in my life which I have wasted and not used for the winning of souls to Christ.

"I want to illustrate the ease with which a soul can be won. Not very long ago, in a strange city, as the hackman got down off his box and opened the door to let me out, I dropped a quarter in his hand, and as I did so I grasped his hand and said to him: 'Good-night! I hope to meet you in glory.' I had often done that, and thought nothing of it. I went into the house, met my host, and retired to my room for the night. About midnight my host knocked at my chamber door and said:

"'Chaplain, that hackman has come back, and says that he has got to see you to-night. I told him that he had better wait until morning, but he said: 'No, sir, I must see him to-night.'"

"When the hackman came up, a broad-shouldered, rough-looking man,

with a great whip in his hand, stood there in my presence with the tears rolling down his cheeks like rain. He said:

"'If I meet you in glory I have got to turn around. Pray with me.'

"What a privilege it was to pray with that man; what a privilege to point him to Jesus! And yet I never saw him before in my life. There are 10,000 men in this country that have not had an invitation to come to God in all their lives."—S. S. Times.

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#### THE TWO CONFESSIONS.

At the beginning of the Reformation there was a monk, Martin of Basle, who came to the knowledge of the truth but was reluctant to confess it. He wrote his confession on a leaf of a parchment: "O most merciful Christ, I know that I can be saved only by the merit of thy blood. Holy Jesus, I acknowledge thy sufferings for me. I love thee! I love thee!" Then he removed a stone from the wall of his chamber and deposited his confession there. It was not discovered for more than a hundred years. In the meanwhile no one knew that Martin of Basle had found the riches of Christ.

About the same time, however, there was another monk, Martin of Wittemberg, who reading an old copy of the Scripture, saw clearly the great truth of justification by faith. He said, "My Lord has confessed me before men. I will not shrink from confessing him before kings." On the door of the royal church he nailed his ninety-five theses. In the Diet of Worms he witnessed a noble confession. The world reveres the memory of Martin of Wittemberg; but as for Martin of Basle, who cares for him? The manly thing is to make confession of one's faith. The manly thing is to speak out. "Who now is on the Lord's side?" "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Selected.



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**A GOVERNOR'S REVENGE.**

A few years ago, while Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri, a steam-boat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and when the governor looked at him, he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally, he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said: "You will commit some other crime, and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes, and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that, when you are mate again, you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steam boat man said that he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

The governor replied: "Because, some day, the boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever, and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

Was not that a noble revenge?—Sel.

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**THE NEED OF WATCHFULNESS.**

A gentleman in India once raised a tiger cub. His kindness seemed to eradicate the ferocity of his nature, and it grew up as a pet. One day its owner, being alone with it in his library, caressed it and gave it his hand to lick. The rough tongue of the animal grazed his skin, and gave it its first taste of blood. Then its ferocious nature awoke. Fury gleamed in its eyes, and crouching itself, it made ready to spring upon its master. Fortunately the gentleman had a loaded pistol on his table and saved his life by shooting his former pet.

Let this fact illustrate a valuable truth. Let the sleeping ferocity of the tiger, waked by the taste of blood, stand for a figure of that slumbering passion in your breast which needs but the taste of strong temptation to rise into a fearful life, and break over the feeble defences which a maltreated conscience and pride of character may have built up in the soul to protect its virtue. One moment of triumphant passion may suffice to undo the work of half a lifetime.—Selected.

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**MORE THAN SKIN DEEP.**

Jeremiah was right (Jer. 13:23). We cannot change the skin, nor can we change the life. Experiments have shown that the color of a person is deeper than the skin.

In treating a negro it was found necessary to replace portions of his skin with pieces taken from two white persons. These pieces darkened and at length became as black as the negro's skin. The experimenters then transferred pieces of black skin to the body of a white subject, and these pieces gradually became as white as the rest of the skin of the patient. It took some weeks to perfect this change in color. The negro's color is therefore internal.—Selected.

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### A HINDU BOY'S FAITH REWARDED.

Well digging under a tropical sun is hard work, and becomes dreadfully discouraging as day after day passes and no sign of water appears.

They had been digging for days, the father and son, with occasional help of other laborers; they had gone down about forty-five feet and there was not a sign of water. A heathen neighbor, well versed in Hindu lore and the practice of bribing the gods (through their agents) to render service to those in need, came to the discouraged diggers at this point and assured them that, by going through certain performances in the name of one of their popular gods, and by giving a certain sum of money, water would surely come into the well.

The son, a boy of seventeen years, one who was opening his heart to the Gospel message and seeking to know the true God, urged his father not to believe the idle tale of the neighbor, but the father believed and determined to try the suggested remedy that water might quickly appear in the well. In vain did the lad plead with his father to ask God to send the water, but the father simply scathed his son for daring to suggest to him that he knew anything about a living and true God.

So, the father had his idolatrous performance over the well. All the points were faithfully carried out, and then, he waited. He looked into the deep hole to see the signs of water trickling in. But alas! there were no signs; the bottom was still as dry as ever. Disgusted with the whole affair the father declared that he would dig in that place no more and that in the morning they would start digging in a new spot.

Right here witness the faith of the young lad, just stepping out of heathen darkness! "Father," said he, "now let me pray to the true God and He will send water into the well."

The unbelieving father bade him pray

on if he wanted to, and the boy did pray. He took his copy of one of the Gospels and went off by himself where he prayed and read God's word for an hour and a half. He asked God to prove to him, a poor, ignorant boy, that He was really the true and living God, by sending water into the well. What happened? Did God deign to hear that boy's prayer and to answer? He did, and when the boy went to look he found sweet water trickling in, water which continues to flow in and makes the well a first-class one for irrigating and all other purposes. When the father saw the water he turned to his son and said, "Now you can be baptized and be a Christian." Yes, the God of Elijah still answers prayer!—Josephine Trumbull, in *India Alliance*.

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### DON'T WORK ON HIS KNEES.

"Hall Caine, the last time he was in Philadelphia spent the evening with me at the University Club," said a Philadelphia journalist. His conversation was very brilliant. It was very striking.

"Hall Caine said that we could learn a lesson from the very lowliest. He said a bishop could learn a lesson from a convict. On that point he told me a true story.

"A bishop riding in his carriage on the Isle of Man, came to a convict in his striped clothes, on his knees, breaking stones on the road.

"The bishop talked to the convict a little while, giving him some advice and encouragement. Then, as he got ready to drive on, he said with a smile and a sigh:

"'Ah, my man, I wish I could break up the stony hearts of my people as you break those rocks on the highway.'

"From his lowly attitude the convict looked up at the proud bishop in magnificent equipage.

"'Perhaps sir,' he said, 'you don't work on your knees.'"—Selected.



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**A DISCOURAGED PREACHER.**

Bishop Simpson, in one of his Yale lectures, uttered the following on the discouragements of a preacher:

"While the young minister should be guarded against self-conceit, he is also to be cautioned against discouragement. Eminence is not gained at once. The orators of today, like the orators of old, struggle with difficulties. The preacher who seems to speak with ease and power, has gained his position by long-continued effort. The work he does today is not of today. Sir Joshua Reynolds was requested, it is said, by a nobleman, to paint for him a picture of his daughter. The picture was completed, and the bill presented, amounting to fifty guineas. The nobleman objected to paying so large a price, saying that it cost the artist the labor of only a few days. Sir Joshua replied that he was mistaken. It had taken him forty years to paint that picture. So the sermon of today or the work of today, though just planned or executed, is really the work of years of thorough culture.

"I presume there are but few young men who have not felt a sense of discouragement when listening to the effort of superior thinkers or orators. They should remember, however, first, that possibly they may equal these orators or thinkers at some future period, and their examples should be a stimulus; secondly, that God gives but few such men to his church, and there is plenty of room for earnest workers, even if not so highly talented.

"Let me again speak of myself. The only severe temptation I ever had to quit the active work of the ministry was during my first year of preaching. A church was finished on the circuit on which I traveled and an eminent minister<sup>a</sup> was called to the dedication. He was a man of great mental power, an acute and original thinker, but of delicate health. For some years he had been troubled with doubts and perplex-

ities, partly owing to his ill health, and partly to some theological works which he had read. But now his health had improved, and he had emerged from his doubts into a clear, strong faith, and he was enjoying the sacred influence of the Holy Spirit. During the services he preached five sermons, full of thought, most forcible in expression, and accompanied with divine unction. I thought then that I had never heard such sermons, and I still think I have heard but few equal to them. The effect upon me was one of humiliation and discouragement. I felt that I had no right to stand in the sacred desk and utter my thoughts, when the service of such men could be secured. I resolved to close my connection with the circuit at the end of the year. I did not dare think of ceasing to preach; but I thought I would be a local preacher, I would support myself by another profession, and preach whenever and wherever I could find a place to do good. I mentioned my purpose to but one friend, who had heard these sermons as well as myself; and he protested most emphatically against my leaving.

"Before the year closed I had a most interesting service, at which I invited a brother minister, one year older than myself, to preach, though I knew nothing of his qualifications. The congregation was unusually large and intelligent. Before he had proceeded far, I discovered that I had made a mistake. His thoughts were crude and disjointed, and he murdered the king's English. I was deeply mortified. I got my head down behind the pulpit, and as he proceeded it got lower and lower. I was chagrined and vexed, and said to myself, 'As long as the church has room for such ministers, I will stay and preach on.' It was the last temptation I ever had. Since I have been bishop it has been my lot to give that minister an appointment. He has never excelled as a preacher. Though I have kept his name strictly

to myself, I never met him without feeling a sense of gratitude to him, for through his stumbling, though without knowing it, he was the cure of my discouragement."

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### OUR SAVIOUR'S PLAN.

A pastor sometime ago in the American Messenger gave an account of a revival in religion that took place in his own parish.

Two young ladies called on him one day to inquire what special work he could give them to do for Christ. He said to them, "Why not try the Saviour's plan of work?" "What is that?" "The united prayer plan as recorded in Matt. xviii: 19, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father, which is in Heaven.'" One of them spoke up and said, "We can do that."

Immediately the pastor and the two young ladies wrote down the names of seven lady friends, who were attendants at church and Sunday-school, but none of whom had made any profession of being Christians. So the three made a prayer union; each one took the list of seven names and promised to work as well as pray that the seven might become out and out Christians.

For several weeks there did not seem to be any apparent success but the two young ladies continued patiently and lovingly their efforts. At last one wrote a note to one of the seven urging her tenderly and earnestly to give her thoughts to her soul's salvation. A few days after this the young lady met the writer of the note and asked, "Will you not try to lead my sister Maggie to Christ? When she comes, I will; I cannot come and leave her." Maggie was one of the seven. As soon as they could, the two young ladies visited Maggie and found her reading a book on the subject of religion. Soon Maggie and her sister gave themselves to Christ as their Saviour; others followed. At the next communion there were more than

thirty that confessed Christ and were received into membership of the church.

Among the number were six of the seven for whom the two young ladies agreed to pray. Before a year passed, the seventh became a hopeful and earnest Christian.

The Lord has promised His blessing upon His plan of prayer union. He expects that every Christian will be interested in the spiritual welfare of those around him. Why should not every Christian put into daily practice the desire of their own hearts for God's salvation to be the portion of all.

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### SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

Doctor Arnot was accustomed to tell a story of a poor woman who was in great distress because she could not pay her landlord his rent. The doctor put some money in his pocket, and went round to her house, intending to help her. When he got there he knocked at the door. He thought he heard some movement inside; but no one came to open the door. He knocked louder and louder still, but yet no one came. Finally he kicked at the door, causing some of the neighbors to look out and see what was going on, but he could get no entrance. At last he went away, thinking his ears must have deceived him, and that there was really no one there.

A day or two afterward he met the woman in the street, and told her what had happened. She held up her hands and exclaimed:

"Was that you? I was in the house all the while; but I thought it was the landlord, and I had the door locked!"

Many people think the grace of God is coming to smite them. My dear friends, it is coming to pay all your debts!—Selected.

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I would rather have a church of five-and-twenty members than a crowd of twenty times that number.—Dr. John Hall.



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## TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

In the town where I was born, a little way of Boston, there was a boy by the name of Henry. When I was twelve years old, my father took me to an academy, more than fifty miles from home. But Henry learned a trade. The prospect was that he would be a mechanic, and I should be a scholar. Henry worked well; he talked well; he read and studied evenings; he went to political meetings. A mutual friend of ours encouraged him to speak at these meetings, but with a sob in his heart, he said, "How can I ever be anything, when my father is a drinking man?" He solemnly signed the pledge of total abstinence; he began to make short speeches; the men said, "Let us send him to the Legislature."

At every step he did his best. Finally Massachusetts sent him with a petition to Congress. John Quincy Adams from Massachusetts invited him to dinner. While at dinner, Mr. Adams filled his glass, and turning to the young mechanic, said, "Will you drink a glass of wine with me?" He hated to refuse; there was the ex-President of the United States; there was a great company of men. All eyes were upon him. And so he hesitated and grew red in the face, and finally stammered out, "Excuse me, sir, I never drink wine."

The next day this anecdote was published in a Washington paper. It was copied all over Massachusetts, and the people said, "Here is a man that stands by his principles. He can be trusted. Let us promote him." And so he went up higher. He was made Congressman, then a Senator, and finally Vice-president of the United States. That boy was Henry Wilson.—Selected.

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## THE EDUCATED MAN AND THE COAL DRIVER.

Christian man, is your religion genuine? There was once a man in my congregation who could talk eloquently,

and seemed to know the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. He could quote the pot<sup>as</sup>, and a stranger would be charmed by his eloquent utterances. And yet when he had talked in a prayer meeting, the life of the meeting had gone. All knew that in his life there was something unsavory, that he would drink before the bar with worldly friends, and that he was not as honest as he might be. His good grammar and fluent utterances did not make amends for the weakness of his character.

There was another man in that congregation who would sometimes come to prayer-meeting with a circle of coal dust around his hair. He was a coal cart driver, and he was now and then so hurried to get to prayer-meeting that he did not make his toilet with as much care as he ought. But the people learned ever to listen when he talked. And why? Because they knew that he lived every day for God. He would pick up a tramp on the road, give him a ride on his cart, that he might talk to him about Jesus. His religion was real. I would rather have good religion in bad grammar than bad religion in good grammar. —A. J. Gordon.

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## CAST ALL UPON CHRIST

"A man carrying a burden was overtaken by a rich man who was driving along and invited to get up behind him in the carriage which he thankfully did. After awhile the rich man looked around and saw the burden still strapped to the traveler's back: he therefore asked him why he did not lay down his pack on the seat behind him. But he answered that he could not think of doing that; it was quite enough that he himself should be allowed to sit behind in the carriage, without putting his burden on the seat also. Thus often do believers fear to lay too much on the Lord who has bidden us "cast all our care upon him," and assures us that "he careth for us." He who carries us will carry our burden also."—Selected.

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## GOD'S OPEN DOOR

A young member of my church once came to me with the following:

"I must either lose my place or break the Sabbath."

"Let your place go," we instantly replied. "If you think that God can't open a door as quickly and widely as any mortal can shut it, then you might hesitate."

He gave up his place for conscience' sake, and flung himself entirely on the Lord to provide for him. That young man at this hour has an "Hon." prefixed to his name, has built a church with his own money, and is worth half a million in property, gained by steady, regular industry.

We note another instance of a door, apart from any supernatural cause, being opened when all hope had died out. A silver smith, after years of apprenticeship, who had established a Christian character, was enabled to buy out his employer, residing in a small village. His credit, not cash, was the basis of the purchase. Among the humble stock was an antique bronze statue that for nearly an age had stood in the front window as a sign. The dust of years had settled on its limbs, and it was likely to descend an heirloom to his grand-children. He had invested all his money, and spent more in ornamenting a purchased cottage. He and his little family had the prospect of losing their little home. The mortgage was due, and must be paid.

Friend after friend was besieged in vain. The day and hour approached for the law's plowshare's turning him and his olive plants out of their nest. The doors, behind and before, were shut and barred. On the morning of the fatal day, at sunrise, a stranger knocked at his office-door. Admitting him, he inquired if \$500 would purchase that antique piece of bronze. He took the money, delivered the useless piece of brass, and paid the debt. Whence the

stranger came, or whither he went, the astonished but grateful young man never knew to this day.

"I have been young, and now am old," writes the inspired Psalmist, "yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken."—Rev. Dr. Van Doren.

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## DRAWING AND HOLDING.

Dr. Henry van Dyke tells about a layman who came to his study, from one of the churches in the Murray Hill neighborhood, to inquire about a pastor to fill the vacant pulpit. He asked Dr. van Dyke if he could recommend someone. The Doctor told him he could recommend a dozen. The gentleman seemed surprised at that, for he could hardly believe there were a dozen ministers in the land fit to minister to so important a congregation. Dr. van Dyke named one after another; to each one the preacher-hunter made some objection. One had a weak voice, another wore a black cravat in the pulpit, and another had a disagreeable delivery.

At last the gentleman said, "What we want in our church is a minister that will draw." "Oh, no, my Christian friend," said the Doctor, "what you want is a church that will hold. You haven't got it. Twenty congregations have passed through your church because you have not had a church that will hold. You want a church that will hold the people when they get into it. The minister cannot hold them. Success depends not half so much upon the minister as upon you, the church."

Every church member should be a drawing card. By the magnetism of his spiritual personality, by the efficacy of his prayers, by the power of his sanctified effort, he should draw the people from all classes to the house of the Lord. "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Then shall the church of God prosper greatly and Mount Zion shall rejoice.—Christian Advocate.



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## HE SAVED SEVENTEEN LIVES.

A most dramatic and thrilling incident occurred at the close of Dr. Torrey's first meeting in Los Angeles. He was preaching upon "Soul Winning," and closed the sermon with an account of the rescue of seventeen persons from Lake Michigan by Edward Spencer, September 8, 1860. He spoke as follows:

"Before I close I wish to relate an incident that I suppose I have told more than a hundred times, yet I never tell it without its doing me good, and if it does the speaker good, it will doubtless help you.

"Twelve miles north of Chicago lies Evanston. At Evanston, the Northwestern University, one of the largest in the Methodist denomination, is located. Years ago, when the University was young, before it had attained to the dignity of a university, but was simply a country college, two strong, husky farmer boys came to the college from Iowa, Will and Ed Spencer. Ed Spencer was a famous swimmer. One morning word came to the college that there was a wreck north of Evanston, near Winnetka. The college boys, with the people of the town, hurried along the shore. When they reached the place they found planks and spars and other pieces of wreckage being driven ashore from the Lady Elgin to which were clinging men and women. Ed Spencer, the famous swimmer, threw off his coat and superfluous garments, tied a rope around his waist, threw an end to his comrades on the shore, jumped into the breakers and swam out. He grasped one who was struggling in the waters, gave the signal and was brought to shore. Again and again and again he swam out, until he had brought a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, a ninth and a tenth safe to shore. He then seemed completely exhausted. His comrades had built a fire of logs on the shore, and he tottered to the fire and

stood by it, trying to get a little warmth into his perishing members. As he stood there, he looked out again over the lake and saw others struggling in the water. He said, 'Boys, I am going in again.' 'No, no, Ed,' they cried, 'Your strength is all gone. You cannot swim out again. You will only throw your own life away.' 'I will try anyway,' he cried.

"Again he sprang into the breakers and swam out and grasped one who was drowning and brought him safely to shore. And again and again and again and again, until he had brought an eleventh, a twelfth, a thirteenth, a fourteenth and a fifteenth safe to shore. Then strength seemed all gone. He tottered once more to the fire and stood there, pale and trembling and cold. It seemed as if the hand of death was already upon him. He could scarcely stand. Looking out again over the water he saw a spar rising and falling upon the waves. Then he saw a man's head above the spar. He said, 'Boys, there is a man trying to save himself,' and he watched the spar as it drifted toward the point to go beyond which meant certain death. He looked again and saw a woman's head beside the man's. He cried, 'Boys, it's a man trying to save his wife. I'll help him.' 'No, no, Ed,' they cried. 'You could never reach him. You could do no good. You would only throw your own life away.' 'I will try,' he cried, and again sprang into the awful breakers.

"Summoning his fast-dying strength, he reached the spar and placed his hands upon it and brought it around the point to a place of safety. He was then pulled through the breakers. Tender hands lifted him from the shore and carried him to his room in the college. They laid him upon his bed and for awhile he seemed to fall asleep. His brother Will went over and sat down by the fire that they had kindled in the grate. Looking up he saw Ed standing, looking down into his face with wistful eyes. 'Will,' he said, 'do you

think I did my best?' 'You saved seventeen,' his brother replied. 'I know it. I know it,' he cried; 'but I was afraid I did not do my very best. Do you think I did my very best?'

"Will took him back and laid him on the bed. Through the night he tossed in semi-delirium. Will held his hand and tried to calm him. He said, 'Ed, you saved seventeen.' 'I know it. I know it. But, oh, if I could only have saved just one more!'

"Men and women of Los Angeles, we are standing beside a stormy sea—the sea of life. There are wrecks everywhere. Men and women are going down, they are going down! They are going down! Let you and me plunge in again, and again and again, until every last ounce of strength is gone, and when at last in sheer exhaustion we sink upon the shore let us cry in the earnestness of our love for lost souls: 'Oh, if I could only have saved just one more!'"

All over the tabernacle people were in tears. Hundreds rose to their feet to consecrate themselves to the work of soul winning. At that point, President Baer stepped up behind Dr. Torrey and whispered: "The man who sat next me says Ed Spencer is in the building at this moment." Dr. Torrey at once stepped to the front of the platform and said, "I am often asked what became of Ed Spencer. He was a physical wreck the rest of his life. He had to give up his preparation for the ministry. He is now a resident of California, and I am told that he is in the building at this moment. If he is, will he please come to the platform?" Rev. Mr. Cleveland, who had pointed him out to Dr. Baer, went to him where he sat near the platform, and he was immediately brought to Dr. Torrey's side. The whole audience sprang to their feet, burst into applause and waved their handkerchiefs. People were overcome, bathed in tears in every part of the building. Dr. Torrey placed his hand around his shoulder and the whole

audience bowed in prayer, as he asked that God would make Ed Spencer's last days his best days. Mr. Spencer whispered, "He has!" From every part of the building they flocked to the front to shake the hero's hand, and hundreds of people were moved as they never had been moved before in their lives.

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### THE GHOST OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

The words, "redeeming the time," are not fairly translated. They mean, "buying up the opportunity." Be on the lookout for opportunities. The saddest part of our record, I fear, is that we have let precious opportunities flow by us, never to be recalled. Think of the opportunities you have had to say a word to an impenitent soul, or some word of comfort to a friend, or to testify for Christ. The specter I most fear is the ghost of lost opportunities. Be on the lookout for opportunities, and you will never know just what blessing is going to burst on you. A poor itinerant Methodist minister went to Colchester to preach. It was a cold day, and he found only fifteen or twenty people in that primitive little chapel. He went up into the pulpit and took for his text, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." The whole sermon was only a repetition of the one thought, look to Christ. "A young lad up in the gallery looks very sad. He will never get any comfort until he looks to Christ." Heaven knows who that boy in the gallery was; the world knows; but from that day Charles H. Spurgeon never saw that preacher again. He went his way. He did his work. Spurgeon has already met him in heaven, I doubt not. Oh, would not life be worth living if a stray shot of ours should bring a Spurgeon to the Saviour? Who knows! Who knows! If you have consecrated yourself to the work of lifting up the Saviour, how do you know who is to look to him and be saved?—Theodore L. Cuyler.



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## LINCOLN AND THE BIBLE

William H. Herndon, his old law partner, somewhere declares that Mr. Lincoln read less and thought more than any other man of his sphere in America. A few books, however, he read and re-read with loving care. The Bible and Shakespeare's works were scarcely ever out of his mind; he was fond of the poems of Burns and Hood, and he found delight in the verses of Bryant and Whittier, and of Holmes, whose "The Last Leaf" he knew by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling. Many of his published writings bear witness to Mr. Lincoln's close and reverent acquaintance with the Bible, and nothing is more certain than that the most vital influence in his life and conduct during his last years, was his belief in and dependence upon a personal God. It was an influence whose force was felt by all who shared or came into close touch with his daily life. Joshua F. Speed, a friend of Mr. Lincoln's youth, being in Washington in the summer of 1864, was invited out to the Soldiers' Home to spend the night. Entering the President's room unannounced, he found him sitting near a window, intently reading his Bible.

"I am glad to see you so profitably engaged."

"Yes," was the reply, "I am profitably engaged."

"When I knew you in early life," continued Speed, "you were a skeptic and so was I. If you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not."

"You are wrong, Speed," said the President, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder, and gazing earnestly into his face. "Take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier man."

Save for an occasional visit to the theatre, there was little recreation in Mr. Lincoln's life in the White House. He

dined at six o'clock, and spent most of his evenings in his office. "There," John Hay writes, "he was not often suffered to be alone. He frequently passed the evening with a few friends, in frank and free conversation."—Galusha A. Grow, Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1861-1863.

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## THE CHILD AND THE QUEEN

How strikingly true it is, from the following incident, that out of the mouths of babes is ordained praise. Befürchte, gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II., had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Shonhausen, and was so much pleased with her that, a week afterward, she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted; and then, folding her hands, she sung with a clear childish voice, these words:

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness

Are all my ornament and dress:

Fearless, with these pure garments on,

I'll view the splendors of Thy throne!

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! How far we are below you!"—American National Preacher.

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## WHY HE TOOK A FLOGGING.

Bronson Olcott, the teacher, had his boys make rules for the conduct of the school, and attach penalties. One little fellow had been guilty of a second offence, punishable by a public flogging. "Now," said his teacher, "the rules compel me to inflict chastisement, but I cannot bear to inflict this punishment upon you: I am going to have you punish me instead." To the astonishment of the boys, and especially of the offender, he put the rod into his hands and said, "Now lay that rod upon my back." The lad of course touched him very lightly. "No," he said, "that won't do. You must hit me as hard as you think you ought to be hit." persisting, until that boy laid stripes upon him with sufficient force to vindicate the law of the school and punish the offence. Meanwhile, the lad was crying and sobbing under the thought that he was punishing his innocent teacher for his own offence. From that time he was never known to violate another rule.—Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

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## A HIDDEN TREASURE.

My employer said to me one day, "What a lucky fellow that L—— is. He recently saw a picture covered with cobwebs and dirt, which he bought for a mere trifle. It did not appear to have any value. When cleaned, it proved to be the work of a master, and of great value, so that he was immediately after offered a large sum for it."

I thought of the time I was in the devil's second-hand shop; I cannot understand what God ever saw in me that was of value, but he bought me, not a low figure—the price of his own Son. He has put me in the hands of an expert cleaner, and I expect to hang in the gallery of heaven one of these days, a wonder for adoring angels.

As some one has uniquely put it, "He took me out of the mire and put me in the choir."—Selected.

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## HARMONIC LIVES

While I was attending school in Illinois our teacher one day, while teaching some of the elements of music or explaining some musical terms, undertook to emphasize her instruction by a practical illustration. To impress upon our minds the nature of a chord, she asked one of the scholars—a young lady of music ability—to step to the organ and to play a chord. Mattie did so. Then, after she had struck several different chords, the teacher said, "Now play a discord." Mattie tried to do so, but it was not so easy for her; and, after several unsuccessful attempts, she colored up and went to her seat in confusion. Some of the scholars naturally tittered, and Mattie herself felt very much embarrassed. But I have often thought since that day how satisfying it would be could we reach such a final harmony with God and goodness that we should actually forget how to strike sin's discord at all.—Rev. E. B. Tre Fethern.

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## LINCOLN'S ADVICE

It became the duty of President Lincoln to send a letter of censure to a young officer accused of quarreling with another. This is what he wrote:

"The advice of a father to his son, 'beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper, and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."—Sel.



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## A CHILD'S SONG.

One day, nearly half a century ago, a Gypsy wagon stopped before a doctor's door in a little Hertfordshire town. There was a sick child inside. The doctor went to the door of the cart and looked at her. His verdict was instant: "Smallpox. Get out of the town at once."

Under the doctor's directions the father drove his wagon to an unfrequented lane, where he set up his tent. He kept the wagon at some distance and used it for the sick-room, and there he, the father, remained to care for the suffering child. In a few days another child became ill. The father took him, too, not allowing his wife to come near. She cooked the food for the sick ones, and wandered up and down the lane almost distracted with grief. In her anxiety she crept closer and closer to the wagon where her sick children lay, and so, probably through her mother-love, exposed herself constantly to contagion.

One morning she knew that the fatal disease had found her, too. The father was desperate. He loved his wife devotedly, and had tried his best to save her. Day and night for a month he had nursed his children alone. Now the wife was dying. From the first there was no hope for her or the baby. Sitting by her bed, the husband asked her if she believed in God. Once, years before, he had been in prison upon some charge or other, and had heard the chaplain preach from the text, "I am the good Shepherd." He could not read, and there had been no one to help him, but the sermon had made a deep impression on him, and through all his subsequent years of wandering he had not forgotten it.

"Do you try to pray?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, but always there comes a black hand before me, and a voice says, "There is no mercy for you." Her husband hurried out-

side that she might not see his face.

He was so utterly alone in his terrible need! His wandering life had left him small opportunity to form any permanent friendships in any of the places he visited, and his race was never regarded with favor. Now, moreover, the terrible disease from which his wife was dying and his children suffering, still further cut him off from human help. Then from the wagon he heard his wife's voice:

"I have a Father in the promised land,

My Father calls me; I must go

To meet Him in the promised land."

The feeble voice sang the words clearly. The man ran back. "Where did you learn that?" he cried.

The dying woman lifted her eyes to his, all the trouble gone from them. One Sunday when she was a child, she told him, her father had pitched his tent upon a village green. The children were going to chapel, and the Gypsy child had followed them and heard them sing those words. Today they had come back to her with a wonderful message.

"I am not afraid to die now," she said. "It will be all right. God will take care of my children." A day or two later she died—quiet and unafraid.

No minister, teacher or missionary had ever come near her life, but through a child's song, heard twenty years before, the mighty Love had met the seeking soul and given it peace. The dying woman was the mother of the famous evangelist, "Gipsy" Smith.—*Youth's Companion*.

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## "GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN TO YOU."

There is a good story told of a certain Christian bishop, who was noted for liberality. One day he was on a journey with his servant. Some poor people applied to them for help. The bishop told his man to give them all the money they had in their purse, which was three silver crowns; but the

servant thought he knew better than his master, so he only gave them two, and kept the other crown, as he told his master, to pay for their lodging at night.

Soon after this a rich nobleman met the bishop, and knowing what a good and charitable man he was, he ordered his steward to give two hundred crowns to the bishop's servant for his master's use. As soon as he received the money he ran with joy to tell his master about it.

"Ah," said the bishop, "you see how wrong you were in not giving the three crowns to those poor people, as I told you. If you had done this, we should have received three hundred crowns from our friend, instead of two hundred."

And no doubt he was right in saying this; for it was God that put it into the heart of the nobleman to give this money to the bishop, and he could as readily have put it into his heart to give three hundred as two.—Rev. Richard Newton, D. D.

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#### FRIGHTENED TOO EASILY

During the Civil War in the United States, General Butler sent a portion of his troops against an earthwork held by the Confederates. It was very early in the war. The troops were raw volunteers, and in a few minutes they came running back into the camp, defeated and badly frightened. One man in the action, who afterward proved his bravery in more than one battle, was asked by General Butler to give some account of the battle, and he reported that it was a very large fort, "I should think about 13 feet high, and they had mounted on it some 15 or 20 guns; there was a ditch in the front, and if we had got up to it, it would have been impossible for us to climb up to it so as to get in." This was the most moderate report given by any of those present at the engagement, and yet the next day after the engagement,

General Butler investigated and found that instead of 15 or 20 guns (some had said 30) there were only 3 six-pounder field pieces, and instead of being 13 feet high, the fort was so low that they had had to dig an excavation to let the wheels down, so as to bring the gun carriages below the top of the parapet to protect them from the fire of the Federal troops. "Afterward," says General Butler, "I rode my horse at full trot over those 13 feet high parapets."

The same evening, General Butler sent an officer to look over the ground around the fort, and this officer after a careful examination approached nearer and nearer, hearing no sound, and at last boldly advanced to the breastwork, looked over it, and walked in to find not a soul there. The enemy had been as badly scared as the attacking party had been, and no one seems to know whether they ran away before the Federal troops did, or afterward.—The Armory.

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#### A DOLLAR AND HALF A WEEK

When a boy, I worked in a grocery store in a country town. One of my customers was an old man who they told me was worth \$100,000, and had no one in the world to care for but himself, and yet he'd buy scrapings from the butter tubs at ten cents a pound, when butter was thirty cents a pounds.

One day he came in and said, "It cost me \$1.55 to live last week, and I can't afford to spend more than \$1.50; haven't you got some scrapings you can sell for eight cents?" And I scraped him up two and a half pounds, putting in a little more of the wood. I used to think he was very foolish, and that if I was worth as much as he was, I'd spend more than \$1.50 a week.

For years I lived on less than \$1.50 per week spiritually! But I have found that my Father is rich, and I have been drawing largely ever since.—J. W. Bothem.



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## AFRAID OF THE WET.

The crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England coast has many times proved itself brave and efficient in time of need, but of late its skill and bravery have been useless, like so much treasure locked in a vault. There has been no wreck. The sea has been kind as a big dog.

Inaction had inevitably bred soft habits of life, and the idle crew had given the summer visitors much to joke about. Their satirical comments were rather ungrateful, for the practice drills of the crew were a part of the entertainment of the seaside resort.

Twice a week the crew pulled out the brass cannon, shot a rope over a dummy mast which is set up on a point of land, and then practiced sliding down in the breeches buoy. The small boys of the place were glad to play the part of the rescued mariners, and altogether this serious drill, required by law, was a pretty holiday sport.

One rainy day at the appointed time the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the hotel veranda waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally, one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason.

"I say, aren't you going to practice today?"

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

Then the brave life saver, hero of many rough seas, made an explanatory gesture toward the weather and said:

"What, in this rain?"—Youth's Companion.

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HOW CARVOSSO PREVAILED  
FOR HIS CHILDREN

Carvosso, noted for the earnestness and faith of his prayers, tells as follows of the conversion of his children:

"I had always prayed for my children,

but now I grasped the promise, with the hand of faith, and retired daily at special seasons to put the Lord to his word. I said nothing of what I felt or did, to any one but the searcher of hearts, with whom I wrestled in an agony of prayer."

About two weeks after he was called from his work, to pray with his daughter, who became a seeker of Christ. His oldest son was converted at the same time.

Regarding his younger son he says: "I laid hold, by faith, on the promise which I had while pleading for my other children. One day while I was wrestling with God, in mighty prayer for him, these words were applied with power to my mind: 'There shall not a hoof be left behind.' Soon after he yielded, and obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins.

"A dull and careless way of praying for our friends will avail nothing. It may conceal hypocrisy, or strengthen deception concerning our own piety, but it will not move God nor convert a single soul. Our friends know that we are not in earnest, and care little for it. But, let us take hold of the matter in a spirit corresponding to the magnitude of the object to be secured, and there will be a movement!" Pre-vailing Prayer, by Wigle.

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SHALL WE RECEIVE GOOD, AND  
NOT EVIL?

The famous Oriental philosopher, Lokman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many favors from you, it is no wonder I should, for once in my life, eat a bitter melon from your hand." The generous answer of the slave struck the master so forcibly that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.—Bishop Horne.

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## WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH TOBACCO?

Dr. E. N. Robinson says: "The medical name for tobacco is nicotin or nicotina, named for Joel Nicot who first introduced it into Europe in the year 1560. A chemical examination of a tobacco leaf shows its surface dotted with minute glands which contain an oil found in no other plant, the proportion being 7 per cent of the whole weight of the leaf. This oil is nicotin, one of the subtlest of poisons.

The nicotin in one cigar if extracted and administered in a pure state would kill two men. Bocarme, of Belgium, was murdered in two and one-half minutes by a little nicotin. The Indians used to poison their arrows by dipping them into nicotin, convulsions and death being the result of these arrow wounds."

Another physician says: "If we wish at any time to prostrate the powers of life in the most sudden and awful manner we have but to administer a dose of tobacco and the object is accomplished."

One drop of the crude oil has been known to almost instantly kill a Newfoundland dog. Many of our most eminent physicians regard much of the invalidism and also the positive ill health of women as due to the poisoned atmosphere created around them by the smoking members of their household. The effect of tobacco on the heart is caused by paralyzing the minute vessels which form the batteries of the nervous system. Smoking causes insanity, epilepsy, chorea, apoplexy, organic diseases of the heart, congestion of the brain, consumption and cancer. It affects the muscles, causing muscular rheumatism and acts on the nerves of the eyes in such a way as to produce amaurosis. (Diminution or complete loss of sight.)

Prof. Laflin says: "Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink, containing as they do five poisons, one in the paper, the oil of nicotin, saltpetre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild and the oil in flavoring." The economy of the human system is such that a per-

son can by beginning with small doses and gradually increasing become accustomed to the rankest poison. Then they are slaves to it, which is proved in an effort to discontinue the habit. You cannot afford to trifle with deadly poisons. Tobacco is a poison weed, a thing. It never shall be said of me again: "There is a man mastered by a thing." "The Son of God came, that he might destroy the works of the Devil."

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## GOD HONORS OUR FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long walk near Freshport, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked into his face and said: "But ye can mend it, can't ye?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl; but the trouble he could mend by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman, who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet someone whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but, finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."—Selected.



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### "HAVE YE BROUGHT THE BREAD?"

This question was put to a visitor who knocked at the door of Mr. Muller's orphanage many years ago. The visitor was at the time an unbeliever and on one occasion had said to a friend when out of work that God does not do anything for him. The friend astonishingly cried out, "Oh, my man, my man, you will talk differently from that one of these days." He, however, repeated the assertion with more emphasis declaring that God does not do a ha'penny worth for him; but since he is out of work anyhow, and no signs of any for weeks, he was going down to Bristol to look up George Muller and his orphans and see if it was really true what they talk about, that God does give them daily bread and money for all their needs. His friend told him that he had better go. So he went, walking the whole distance, 186 miles. He reached the Orphanage in the early morning, footsore and dusty, and knocked at the door. A woman opened it and looked at him as though expecting something.

"Have ye brought the bread?"

"What bread?"

"Why, the bread for the children; it was to come, and it is five minutes of the time."

"I don't understand, woman, what you mean."

"I mean the bread for the children; it is now about time for breakfast and the bread must come, and I thought that you were the man that was to bring it."

"Well, my good woman, I have no bread, I am not in that way. I am a stranger. I came to see Mr. Muller and his Orphanage."

"Oh," she said, "walk in;" so he was introduced to Mr. Muller. He went in and found many children waiting for their breakfast. Mr. Muller seemed to be calm but expecting something, when the woman who had introduced the stranger suddenly came rushing in and said, "The bread has come!" and sure

enough, there was a cart load of bread, plenty and to spare; and at the proper time the children were put down at the tables and enjoyed their meal of bread and milk. The visitor thought this was rather strange, but said nothing.

Mr. Muller afterward took him aside and told him that they absolutely knew nothing of where that bread was to come from, but had been spending the time just before the meal in prayer for it. Then looking up to his visitor he said:

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Not at all," said the man, "but I have come up to see this Orphanage and find out for myself if there is such a thing as God's hearing prayer, anyway."

"Oh, my dear friend," said Mr. Muller, "then you have much to learn, and if you will come with me this forenoon you will be likely to get something to confirm within you a belief in Jesus Christ and the power of prayer. I have to meet to-day a note of £5,000 (about \$25,000) at twelve o'clock. I don't know where a penny of it is coming from, but it is certainly coming." So they went to the post-office. Mr. Muller asked for his mail but got only one letter, and that was from India. He opened it in his visitor's presence; it contained a draft for exactly £5,000.

The man had no more to say. He returned to his home filled with different thoughts, a new life sprang up within him. In relating the story to his friend he said, with tears in his eyes, "And do you know, I found that not only did God care for Mr. Muller's orphans, but he had looked out for my family all the days I was gone."

He is now a member of the Church of England and a servant of God, and believes that God does answer prayer and care for all his children.—John K. Hastings.

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### THE HUNTER'S STORY.

The following anecdote was told to Dr. J. Todd by an old hunter in the forests of America: "I had been out all

winter alone trapping for furs. It was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the farthest, widest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe through the loose ice, one cold day, when just around a point that projected into the lake, I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise, and stepped so regularly, that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready, and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a man, wading in the water—the ice water! He had nothing on his hands or feet, and his clothes were torn almost from his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands, and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him into my canoe, when I landed and made up a fire, and got him some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down, and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty and in a roundabout way I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got him along, around falls, and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape from me in the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived.

I found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found, the bells should be immediately rung and guns fired; and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and their reports echoed again and again in forest and on mountain, till every seeker

knew that the lost one was found. How many times I had to tell the story over. I never saw people so crazy with joy; for the man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterward learned it was. How they feasted me, and, when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for my comfort. It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everything else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said, "Doesn't this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man who lost one sheep left all the rest and sought it, and brought it home rejoicing; and of the teaching of our Saviour, that there is joy in heaven over one repenting, returning sinner?" "Oh, yes; I have often compared the two, and though I don't suppose they ring bells and fire guns in that world, yet I have no doubt they have some way of making their joy known."

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### THE UNUSED UMBRELLA

A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movement, sprang toward him, exclaiming: "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it sha'n't be wetted now."

Some folk's religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article to be looked at, but it must not be dampened in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions. We are suspicious that the twenty-three-year-old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have looked like a sieve.—C. H. Spurgeon.



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### WONDERFUL ANSWER TO PRAYER IN LEYDEN

We could not leave Holland without making a visit to the spot from which our Pilgrim Fathers started on their voyage to the New World. In 1574 Leyden was besieged by the Spanish forces under Vasdez, but for four months the inhabitants resisted these cruel invaders. At last when summoned to surrender, Vanderdoes sent back the answer that when provisions failed they would devour their left hands, and keep their right hands to preserve their liberties with. They were forced to eat all the cats and dogs to keep from starving. Finally a carrier pigeon flew over the heads of their enemies and brought the glad news that the Prince of Orange was coming with two hundred boats loaded with provisions, that he had cut his way through the dykes, and as Leyden was lower than the ocean they would soon be flooded to the city gates. But the water did not rise high enough. Away in the distance beyond the walls of the city, they saw bread and food in abundance, but this only maddened the starving multitude, and some of them begged the Burgomaster to surrender to the Spanish, hoping that though captured, their lives might be spared, and bread given to their starving children, but his answer was this: "I have sworn to defend this city and with God's help I mean to do so." Many cried to the Lord for help, and their prayers were answered. A wind arose, a storm from the ocean drove the water faster through the dykes; on and on they rushed till they reached the haughty Spaniards and drowned them in a watery grave. The flotilla glided over them, and carried food to the hungry people.

It is no wonder that the citizens celebrated each year the day on which God answered their prayers and sent deliverance to them, October 3, 1574. Let

us thank God that our forefathers, not so very long after, emigrated from a place like that to our American shores that they might worship God according to the teachings of his word. May I ask if my young friends have made any real sacrifices for Christ? Have you thought much of the great sacrifice he made for us? Do you love him for it? You may not be called upon to live for days and weeks without any food, as were the people in Leyden, nor to leave your home, as were the Pilgrim Fathers; yet Jesus says to all those who truly love him: "Take my yoke which is easy and my burden which is light." The small burdens he calls upon us to carry are small in comparison with the heavy burden of sin he bore for us on the cross.—Rev. E. P. Hammond.

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### "BUTTON-COAT" CHRISTIANS.

An incident is related which occurred during Mr. Finney's meetings in New York City, and which well illustrates the value of a little tact in the great struggle for souls. The big cutlery firm of Sheffield, England, had a branch house in New York. The manager was a partner of the firm, and very worldly. One of his clerks, who had been converted in the meetings, invited his employer to attend. One evening he was there and sat just across the aisle from Mr. Arthur Tappan. He appeared affected during the sermon, and Mr. Tappan kept his eye on him. After the dismissal, Mr. Tappan stepped quickly across the aisle, introduced himself, and invited him to stay to the after-service. The gentleman tried to excuse himself and get away, but Mr. Tappan caught hold of the button on his coat and said, "Now, do stay; I know you will enjoy it!" and he was so kind and gentlemanly that the cutlery man could not well refuse. He stayed and was converted. Afterward he said, "An ounce of weight upon my coat-button saved my soul!"

We need more button-coat Christians.—Selected.

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## THE LORD'S FISH.

While spending a few days recently at the Catharine Mission in New York an instance of the Lord's dealing with his children was narrated which we chronicle for the encouragement of our readers.

A New York clergyman had received on one occasion a ten-dollar gold piece, and as he had not often had a gold piece in his pocket it felt good there. He started for home with the money, and on reaching the corner of the street where he lived put his hand into his pocket to get his keys, and went to his house, passed inside and turned on a light.

The thought occurred to him to look at the gold piece again, but on putting his hand inside his pocket he found it gone. He immediately returned to the corner where he had taken out his keys and searched for several minutes for the piece that was lost, but in vain, although it was an unfrequented locality, and there was no one in sight who might have picked it up.

"I thought," said the clergyman, "of the fish that the Master had told the disciple to catch and to take from his mouth the tax money 'for thee and me,' and I said to the Lord, 'Lord, if thou hast a fish that needs that money more than I do, grant that he may get it.'"

Some months later a poor woman who had been attending the clergyman's preaching desired to unite with the church, and in telling her pastor some of her experiences, she said:

"God has revealed himself to me in such a marvelous way in the last few months that I feel I must tell you about it. We were strangers in the city, my husband had been sick and out of work for several weeks, although a good mechanic and sober and industrious. At last he became so discouraged that he left the house one morning resolving not to return until he had found something. He went away without breakfast in order that the children might have what little there was, and he did not return to dinner or supper.

"I was much alarmed, and finally near ten o'clock at night I started out, with the few cents I had left, to go to a nearby grocery store, to see if I could not get something suitable for a supper for husband in case he should come home weary and hungry.

"Just as I reached the corner of the street I looked down, and there in the glare of the street light I saw a ten-dollar gold piece and it looked as large as the moon! I picked it up; and as there was no one in sight to whom it might belong, I took it with me to the grocery and gave it to the grocer for some things for supper, and when he gave me the change, I knew it was good."

Returning home, the woman prepared supper and had it on the table for her husband when he returned at about eleven o'clock with twenty-five cents as the price of his day's effort at finding work. She told him what she had found, and they both got down on their knees and gave thanks to God for what seemed to them the miraculous provision he had made for them and their little ones.

"We had never given much attention to matters of religion up to that time," said the woman, "although brought up to believe in God; but from that day my husband began to attend church."

A little inquiry as to the time of finding and the location where the money was found, convinced the clergyman that it was his own lost gold piece that had been the source of so much happiness to this poor family.

"I did not tell the woman that it was my gold piece," said the clergyman, "but I thanked God for sending along the right fish."—H. B. H.

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## ✓ HIS GREATEST DISCOVERY.

Sir James Simpson, the great Edinburgh physician, who first discovered and used chloroform as an anaesthetic, was once asked this question: "What would you consider the greatest discovery you ever made?" He replied: "That I have a Saviour."



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## A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"I have long felt," says the Earl of Shaftesbury, "that until the fathers and mothers are better men and women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the mothers, more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done."

An obscure and pious woman lived in a city in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her place of birth, or her education. She had an only son, whom, in his infancy, she made it her great business to instruct and train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At seven years of age his mother died, and a few years after he went to sea, and became at length a common sailor in the African slave trade. He soon became a great adept in vice—a most horribly profane swearer; and though younger than many of his companions in years, he was one of the oldest in guilt.

But he could not shake off the remembrance of his pious mother's instructions. Though dead and in her grave, she seemed to be speaking to him still. After many alarms of conscience, and many pungent convictions, he became a Christian, and subsequently a devoted minister of the gospel.

In addition to his great ministerial labors, few writers have done more to promote the truths of religion. He was eminently useful in religious conversation; and John Newton's hymns are of a truly elevated and Scriptural character.

Let us follow that mother's influence still farther. Her son was the instrumental means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who subsequently became a minister of the gospel, and went to the East Indies. Here he occupied a responsible station; and his labors in behalf of the English population, and for the improvement of the moral and spiritual condition of the natives, are deservedly ranked among the noblest achievements of Christian philanthropy. His little work entitled, "The Star in the

East," was the first thing that attracted the attention of Adoniram Judson to a mission in the East Indies. Hence, had it not been for that mother's faithfulness, Dr. Buchanan might not have been converted, nor that train of causes put in operation which are now shedding so much light on Burmah and the surrounding regions.—Selected.

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## PRESERVED FROM BULLETS.

In the Civil War the rebels made an attack upon one of our regiments doing picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac. There were three houses, standing upon the Virginia shore, which afforded shelter to the enemy, and it became necessary to have them removed. The colonel tried the effect of shelling them; but, owing to the short range of his guns, and the great distance, could not demolish them. The only thing accomplished by this was driving the enemy out of them, to the shelter of the woods beyond. The colonel asked for volunteers to cross the river and burn the buildings. Only two men came forward, one a private, the other an orderly sergeant. The colonel gave the command to the sergeant, and told him to select as many men as he needed, and go. Selecting three men from his own company to manage the boat and assist him, the brave fellows departed on their perilous mission. Before they reached the middle of the stream they were greeted with a shower of bullets; volley followed volley, each passing over their heads without touching a man.

As they neared the shore, the house immediately in front of them, which was a large brick one, offered them shelter for landing; and it was not many minutes after before the smoke issuing from the roof showed their work was accomplished there. The next house was soon in flames also; but the third stood some distance from the river; to get to it they must cross a ploughed field directly under the fire of the musketry. Here, as in crossing the river, they were made the target for the enemy's bullets.

Strange to say, this forlorn hope returned uninjured, and were received with enthusiastic cheers from their brave comrades. The young sergeant, on being complimented upon his courage, and interrogated as to the source of it, replied: "It is not in me; give God the glory. When I started, I committed my beloved wife and child to his fatherly care should I never return. I breathed a prayer for myself and the little band with me. I went further: I entreated that we might all return in safety; and as I stepped from that boat, these words of the ninety-first Psalm came forcibly to my mind: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall be no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." I received it as an answer to my prayer; and though we could hear the bullets whizzing by, almost touching us, I felt no more fear of them than if they had been hailstones.—A. C. Thompson, D. D.

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### BLIND JOAN WASTE

Among many who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, Joan Waste, a poor woman, deserves never to be forgotten. Though blind from her birth, she learned at an early age to knit stockings and sleeves, and to assist her father in the business of rope-making and always discovered the greatest aversion to idleness and sloth. After the death of her parents, she lived with her brother; and, by daily attending the church, and hearing divine service read in the vulgar tongue, during the reign of King Edward, became deeply impressed with religious principles. This rendered her desirous of possessing the word of God; so that at length, having by her labor earned and saved as much money as would purchase a New Testament, she procured one, and as she could

not read it herself, got others to read it to her, especially an old man seventy years of age, the clerk of a parish in Derby, who would read a chapter to her almost every day. She would also, sometimes, give a penny or two (as she could spare) to those who would not read to her without pay. By these means she became well acquainted with the New Testament, and she could repeat many chapters without book; and daily increasing in sacred knowledge, she exhibited its influence in her life, till, when she was about twenty-two years of age, she was condemned for not believing the doctrines of transubstantiation, and burned at Derby, August 1, 1556.—Selected.

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### HOW TO COME TO CHRIST.

The Rev. David Nelson relates that after attending a brilliant party at the house of a young man of wealth, when the crowd had dispersed, he sat down with him for the purpose of religious conversation. His young friend acknowledged that he would gladly become a Christian if he knew what to do.

"Suppose," said Dr. Nelson, "the Lord Jesus stood in this room, and you knew it was the Lord Jesus, and he should look kindly on you, and stretch out his hands toward you, and should say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' what would you do?" "I would go to him, and fall down before him, and ask him to save me," was the reply. "But what if your gay young companions were in the room, and they should point and laugh at you?" "I should not care for that. I should go to the Lord Jesus." "Well, the Lord Jesus is really in this room, though you cannot see him; and he stretches out his hand to you, and says, 'Come unto me'; and you should believe what he says in his letter, the Bible, as much as though you heard the words." Soon after the conversation, Dr. Nelson had the pleasure of meeting this young man at the table of our Lord.



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## THE BOY AND THE MAN

John Newton, who ran away to sea, and then to Africa, so that, as he said, "I might be free to sin," was sold at last to a negress, herself a slave. He sank so low that he lived only on the crumbs that fell from her table and on the raw yams that he dug by stealth at night. His clothing was reduced to a single shirt, which he washed in the ocean, hiding among the trees while it dried. Yet he never thought of the better life. When he escaped from his drudgery he went with the natives, accepting their horrid superstitions and living their base life. It does not seem possible for a civilized man to have sunk so low. But the power of Jesus laid hold of him, and he became a sea captain. Afterward he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England.

If we think his life meant nothing to us, we are mistaken, for it was he who wrote the hymn that we have often sung, "Safely Through Another Week." He was also the author of "Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare," "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken, Zion City of Our God," "One There is Above All Others Well Deserves the Name of Friend," "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds on a Believer's Ear," and this other one, which I suspect must have been his own favorite, "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound, That Saved a Wretch Like Me."

In the church in London of which he was rector, you can still read the epitaph he wrote for himself: "Sacred to the memory of John Newton, once a libertine and blasphemer, and slave of slaves in Africa, but renewed, purified, pardoned, and appointed to preach that gospel which he labored to destroy."—Exchange.

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## PREACHING FOR A CROWN

Two clergymen happened to meet, one Sabbath morning, in a certain dis-

trict of Wales. For a time they travelled the same road, the one on foot, the other on horseback. Though strangers to each other, they entered into conversation, and it appeared that both were on their way to preach. "Our profession," said the one on horseback, "is one of great drudgery, and by no means profitable. I never get more than half a guinea for preaching a sermon."

"You preach for half a guinea?" said the one on foot; "I preach for a crown." "Preach for a crown! You are a disgrace to your cloth." "Perhaps so; and you may think I am a still greater disgrace, when I tell you that I am now walking nine miles to preach, and have but seven pence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in, and I do not expect to receive even that amount from those I go to serve. But I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will bestow upon me when he makes his appearance before an assembled world."

The horseman, it may be well supposed, did not care to continue the conversation with one who was ready to disgrace his cloth by preaching for a crown. The foot-soldier was the Rev. Howell Davies, a man whose labors were greatly blessed to the revival of religion in Wales. He had four stated places for preaching, besides often preaching in barns and on commons and hill sides. He had more than two thousand communicants in his church. On communion days the church was frequently emptied twice, to make room for a third congregation to partake of the Supper.—Selected.

— 583 —

## HONORING HIS MOTHER.

"When General Garfield became President of the United States, he insisted upon having his dear old mother beside him while he gave his first address. When he had made his speech, he turned round before all the people and kissed his mother. All the best men and women have been dutiful, obedient, willing, loving children."

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**BROWN WAS WANTED.**

I will tell you a little anecdote which I have often told before; it brings to your mind more clearly than any other means your right to believe in Christ. I am speaking to those who say, "I have no right to trust Christ." But if Christ commands you to do it, and if, moreover, He tells you, "you are condemned already because you do not believe," you certainly have a right to believe. Sitting one day in court with a judge interesting myself with some trials that were going on, there was wanted a witness. I am not clear about his name, but I think it was Brown. So it was said from the bench that Brown was wanted next. The usher down in the court cried out, "Brown!" Someone near the door cried, "Brown!" and I could hear them calling out in the street two or three times, "Brown! Brown! Brown!" The court was very crowded. By-and-by there came in at the court door, with a great deal of difficulty, a little, ugly, mean-looking creature. He came pushing and elbowing his way. There was a fine, tall gentleman standing in the court looking on. He did not like to be pushed about, and he said in a very peremptory manner, "Who are you?" "Brown," said the man, "I am Brown." "Well, but," said the other, "who is Brown?" "Nobody," said he, "only I was told to come." It was wonderful how everybody made way for Brown, because he was told to come. They just cleared a lane for him, and I do not suppose for my lord and duke they would have made room, they were so tightly packed; but Brown must come in anyhow, because he was wanted. It did not matter how poor he looked, how ragged, how greasy, how dirty, Brown was wanted and he had a right to come. So now, God commands you to trust Christ. But you say, "There is a big sin standing up." And He says, "Who are you?" You say, "A poor sinner." "And what is a poor sinner?" says He. "Nothing at all," you say; "but Jesus Christ told me to

trust in Him. If He is wrong I leave the blame with Him, I will not keep back from Him."—Spurgeon.

— 585 —

**WHY HE WAS PARDONED.**

In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI a German prince, traveling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley-slave whom he should choose to select.

The prince, willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another as the causes of their being there. In fact, they were all injured and ill-treated persons.

At last he came to one, who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your highness, I have no reason to complain; I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, and said: "You wicked wretch! It is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men. By your own confession, you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer, he said: "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

Was not this a wise decision? Must not all who hear the story allow that the man who was sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was, in all probability, the most worthy of pardon, and the most likely not to abuse it?

Sense of sin is the first step toward forgiveness. There is hope for a man who confesses his guilt, and feels that punishment is his desert. And the deeper the conviction of sin, the more hopeful often is the condition.

—Selected.



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### TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

I have a story which I think will interest you if you will try to listen to it, of a man in London, fifty years or more ago, at a time when there used to be not £5 notes only, but £1 notes. Well, there were two gentlemen who had met each other walking about in the streets. One was a minister of some chapel, and he did not know the other when he came up and spoke to him, but the gentleman knew him very well. They walked along and began to talk, and at last the gentleman introduced the minister into his house. The minister hardly knew what to make of it. He was very friendly with him, but he did not quite understand him. He took him up into the upper rooms and then he sat down with him in the parlor, and he said, "You wonder why I am showing you these things. Now, you don't remember me, but I remember you." He said, "Many years ago I came to this town of London as a workman"— (an iron workman, I think he was)— and then he went on to say that he had come all the way from Scotland, and brought his wife with him, and they had lived in London. He had been ill and out of work for some months. He had pawned his things; nobody had befriended him, and he had been reduced from a state of being comparatively well-off as a working man till he had got lower and lower, and did not know what to do. He had no bread in the house—nothing at all—and he did not know where to get anything. It was a Sunday morning, and he set off with the intention of going and drowning himself.

He got up early in the morning, and went on till he passed a chapel where this minister was preaching. He went past it, and he saw people going in. In some places they preached early in the morning. And he said, "Well, I will just go and sit down there before I drown myself;" and he went in and sat down, and the sermon of that minister went home to his heart. The minister told him of God's loving-kindness

and tender mercy to the poor sinner, until the thought of that love entered into the heart of that poor man. And he said at the close of the sermon, "Now, my dear friends, put the God of Israel to the test, and see if it is not as I have said. I have been telling you of His love, and now I ask you to come to Him now, and put Him to the test, and see whether it is not as I have said." And this poor man said to himself, "Well, I will go home, and I will put my trust in Him. He says that He will listen to the voice of those who come to Him. Well, I will put Him to the test." He went straight to his wife and he said, "Let us have a little reading of the Bible." She was touched to the heart, for they had come from Scotland and used to read the Bible, but for many years they had forgotten it entirely. The wife agreed directly, and she wondered what it was that had induced him. And then he read a chapter, and knelt down and earnestly besought God to forgive him his sin, and also that He would give him food and show him how to go on.

Well, there was no food to eat on that day. They prayed again and again that God would send them a deliverance from their trouble; that He would, in some way, help them out of their trouble, and earnestly begged God to forgive them their sin. Next day, in the morning, there came a letter in the house. It was a long time since they had had a letter from anybody. They opened it and found it came from a man who knew them years back, and knew that they were in trouble, and he said, "I have heard of such and such a place where they are seeking a workman. If you go there you will find, I think, that the master of the place will give you employment, and here is a one-pound note to help you in the meantime." The man felt he had put the God of Israel to the test, and God had answered his prayer. He went to the place indicated; and as he was really a good workman, he was employed, and soon got on. After a few years he became foreman; after that, partner in the business; and af-

ter that, I believe, he was pretty much the sole manager of it; and when he met the minister, he was a rich man. And he said to the minister, "All this is owing to your sermon that day. It was, through Jesus Christ, blessed to my soul. Now I have left off my wicked ways; I have come and trusted in God, and I have not only blessings around me, but I have a hope of blessedness hereafter in the world to come."

—Sewell.

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### THE UNGROUND GRIST.

My father was a man of prayer, and in our home the family altar was never permitted to fall down, nor its fires to expire or grow dim. Around that altar our dependence on God was constantly acknowledged, and the Divine blessing continually invoked. Nor was that blessing sought in vain, but mercies new and fresh, from day to day, were granted in answer to a father's prayers.

One bright morning in the spring of 1850, after commending us to the Divine protection, my father put two bushels of rye into his wagon and started for the grist-mill, a few miles distant from our home. When more than half-way there he had to cross a bridge, along the sides of which there were no railings, but only some logs laid upon the end of the planks.

When on the middle of this bridge the horse stopped and began to back. My father leaped from the wagon, and the horse continued backing till the hind wheels went over the logs and off the edge of the bridge, and the wagon seat and grain bag tumbled out and fell into the stream. At this moment the horse stopped, the forward wheels caught on the logs, and the hinder part of the wagon hung over the edge of the bridge, being held by the horse and by the forward wheels.

Four or five men soon came to the rescue, the wagon was lifted back, the grist fished up from the water, and in half an hour my father was on his way back home to dry his grist and get it

ready for grinding again.

There was a mystery about this whole transaction. We could not imagine what had made the horse back when upon the bridge. He showed no signs of fright, and had never acted so before. My father was troubled. He had earnestly prayed that morning that the angel of the Lord might encamp around about us that day, and now to be subjected to such an accident and so much inconvenience, was something of a trial to his faith, though it did not shake his confidence in God.

He returned home, and we went to work to dry our grain and prepare it for grinding; but when we spread out the rye upon a cloth to the sun to dry, we noticed, scattered all through it, fragments of a fine glittering substance, which on examination proved to be glass! Thousands and thousands of little fragments and splinters of broken glass were mingled with those two bushels of rye—enough to have caused the death of all our family, and a hundred others, if the grain had been ground, and baked and eaten.

We were amazed at this revelation; and with what grateful hearts we knelt around the family altar and thanked God for His wonderful providence which had so strangely preserved our lives!

But how came the glass thus mingled with the grain? It was all explained very soon. The rye had been kept in an open barrel, and over this barrel our neighbors had smoothed axe-handles, using pieces of glass to scrape and polish them. These pieces of glass were thus broken and splintered, and the fragments dropped unnoticed into the grain, and were measured up and placed in the bag to be carried to the mill.

No one suspected the danger, and if that grist had been ground no human power could have averted the calamity, or saved our family from the terrible influence of a poison so deadly as powdered glass. God, in His providence, interposed and preserved our lives—truly it is but right that they should be consecrated to His service.—Selected.



## — 588 —

## HE GOT IN.

Gipsy Smith tells this incident of the early life and ministry of the late Rev. Charles A. Berry, one of England's greatest preachers of the past generation. Dr. Berry received a call to become the successor of Henry Ward Beecher soon after his death, but declined the call. When Dr. Berry was a young minister just out of the divinity hall where he had been taught and imbued all the modern ideas about culture as a substitute for Calvary, he set out to revolutionize everything in sight.

He proposed to throw down everything he found standing and to build up everything that was new.

One night as the town clock was tolling the midnight hour, for he was eminently a student and loved to burn the midnight oil, he heard a ring at the door. Answering the call in person, he found a young girl with an old Lancashire shawl thrown over her head, standing at the door.

"Be you the preacher?" she asked.

He replied that he was a minister.

"I want you to come and get my mother in."

"Why, you need a policeman for that."

"Oh, I don't mean that, sir; my mother is dying and I want you to come and get her into heaven."

"Where do you live?"

When she gave the street and number, he knew that it was about a mile and a half away.

"Is there no minister who lives nearer to your home than that?"

"My mother wants to see you, and said that she could not rest until she could see you."

The young minister did not like the thought of walking the streets of the city at midnight with a girl with a shawl over her head. It was a risky thing to do; but she was persistent, and there seemed nothing else to do.

He went and found the poor mother tossing and groaning upon a comfortless bed in a house of shame. She told

him that she knew she was dying, and that she wanted to know what she must do to be saved. He began to give her some of the beautiful ideas about Christian culture which he had learned about Jesus as the perfect example, etc.

"That's not for the likes of me," she said. "I'm a sinful woman and I'm dying, and I want to know what I must do to be saved, for my guilty conscience tells me I am lost."

The minister told at the first how he was puzzled; then his faith leaped over the years of scholastic training, back to the simple faith of his childhood, which he had heard from his mother's lips--the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, and the blood that cleanseth from all sin.

"That's what I need, that's what I need!" said the dying woman. "Tell me some more." And he went on and told her more.

"And so," he confided to a brother minister, "I got her in, and—I got in myself."

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## NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

As an illustration of the ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir Ralph Abarcrombrie, of whom it is related that, when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the Foudroyant, and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief.

He asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Whose blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up.

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is."

"It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph."

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

Even to ease his dying agony, the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blankets for one night.

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**A BLESSING AND A PENNY.**

The heart of a child stores up experiences that are to be the memories of after years, and happy is he who counts among them as kind an act as that recorded by Dwight L. Moody. He said:

"There were nine of us children, and my widowed mother had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. My next older brother had found a place for me to work during the winter months in a neighboring village about thirteen miles away, and early one November morning we started out together on our dismal journey. That was the longest journey I ever took; for thirteen miles was more for me at ten than the world's circumference has ever been since.

"When at last we arrived in the town I had hard work to keep back my tears, and my brother had to do his best to cheer me. Suddenly he pointed to some one and said: 'There's a man that'll give you a cent; he gives one to every new boy that comes to town.'

"I was so afraid that he would pass me that I planted myself directly in his path. He was a feeble, old, white-haired man. As he came up to us my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me. 'Why, I have never seen you before. You must be a new boy,' he said. He asked me about my home, and then laying his trembling hand upon my head, he told me that although I had no earthly father, my heavenly Father loved me, and then he gave me a bright, new cent. I do not remember what became of that cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head."

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**GRATITUDE HOW EXPRESSED.**

A rich youth in Rome was suffering from a dangerous illness; at length he recovered, and regained his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, feeling, as it were, born again; and he was full of joy, and praised God

with a loud voice. He turned his face to heaven and said: "O Thou all-sufficient Creator, could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions!"

Hermas, who was called the herdsman, heard this, and said to the rich youth: "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me."

The youth followed the pious old man, who took him to a dark hut, where was nothing but misery and wretchedness. The father was stretched on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing, and crying for bread.

The youth was deeply touched. Hermas said: "See here an altar for thy sacrifice. See here the Lord's brethren and representatives."

Then the rich youth assisted them bountifully, and provided for the sick man's wants. And the poor people blessed him, and called him an angel of God.

Hermas smiled, and said: "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."—F. A. Krummacher.

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**"MY BOAT IS SO SMALL"**

The fishermen of Brittany are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! How wise and appropriate the prayer!

Might not the same petition well be uttered with the same directness by us every day of our lives: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so easily carried by the winds and tossed by the waves?

"And Thy ocean is so wide"—the perils are so many, the rocks are so frequent, the currents of temptation are so resistless, the tides of evil are so treacherous, the icy mountains of disaster are so threatening, that except thou, the Lord, dost keep me, I must utterly perish.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.



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## HOW CONVICTED OF SIN.

Let us illustrate my way of convicting persons of sin. How would I attempt to convict a person of ignorance? If a little sprig of a fellow comes where I am, thinking that he knows everything, and that he is going to teach me everything, it is not necessary for me to say to him, "You are a popinjay, sir; you are a conceited fool!" One of the best ways to deal with him is to assume that he knows everything. I introduce one subject, and assume that he is familiar with it, and question him upon it till he begins to say to himself, "I do not know quite as much as I thought I did." I at once pass from that to another subject, and assume that he knows something on that, and push him along till he begins to boggle, and feel that he is not half so wise as he thought he was. And by the time I have swamped him on half-a-dozen subjects, he will be quite crestfallen, and have some idea of his ignorance.

And if a man comes to me and says, "I cannot see that I am a sinner," I say, "Then you do not need any change nor repentance. But you ought to act like a Christian, if you cannot see that you are a sinner. Do you pray?" "Well, I—yes." "Do you enjoy prayer?" "I cannot say that I do." "But why not?" "Well, my thoughts wander, and I do not seem to be speaking to anybody, and nobody seems to hear me." "Ha! you do not think that you are sinful; but the moment you attempt to speak to God He is nothing to you, and you are nothing to Him. You are from Him; and your breath is from Him; the bounties that every day shower upon you are from Him; and yet, according to your own admission, nothing is so foreign to your nature as communion with Him; and when you address a few words to Him, your thoughts are roving from one end of the earth to the other!" "And how is it," I say, "in respect to Christ, His sacrifice, His resurrection and His ascension? What are your feelings to-

ward Him?" "Well, I want to love the Saviour." "Do you love the Saviour?" "I cannot say that I do." "You profess to have no sense of sinfulness, and yet you admit that you have no love toward the Saviour who died for you, and who, having ascended to heaven, there intercedes in your behalf!" But I say still further, "Take the idea of a Christian life as the rule of your conduct, and attempt to govern yourself by the law of gentleness, meekness, and love for one day." The moment he does this he finds himself in difficulty; and at the end of the day he comes back and says, "Oh, I broke it here, and I broke it there. I found myself unequal to the task." I do not care which one of the fundamental precepts of Christ a man undertakes to follow, he needs undertake to follow it but one day to have revealed to him the barrenness of his spiritual life and the sinfulness of his nature.—Beecher.

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## AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

One morning about twenty years ago a lawyer on the way to his office stopped outside a barber's shop door to get a "shine."

The little bootblack who plied his trade there was no stranger to him, although he knew him only by his street name. This morning the boy was unusually silent. The lawyer missed his bright remarks, and began to rally him a little, when suddenly the boy looked up in his face and said:

"Mr. Bartlett, do you love God?"

The lawyer was an upright, self-respecting man, but neither a church attendant nor much given to religious thought, and he took the question at first as an attempt at a joke on the part of the boy; but he soon found that it was meant in all seriousness. No one had ever asked him the question before the same way, and it staggered him.

"Why do you ask me that, Bat?" he said, after a rather awkward pause, "What difference does it make to you?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. Me mother an' me's got to get out; for the place

we live in 'll be tore down pretty soon, an' a feller like me can't pay much rent. Mother does all she can, but you see there's three of us, an' me grandmother's lame. I dunno what to do. Yesterday I heard two men talkin', an' one of 'em said God would help anybody that loved Him, if they'd tell Him they was in the hole. I thought about it 'most all night, an' this mornin' I made up my mind I'd lay for somebody that knew Him well enough to ask Him."

The lawyer was embarrassed. All he could say to the threadbare little bootblack was that he had better ask someone else. He had better keep inquiring, he told him, for in a city of so many churches he would surely find the sort of person he wanted. He thrust a dollar into the boy's hand and hurried away.

But all that day he found his thoughts reverting to the bootblack and his strange question. "A fine position for an educated man in a Christian country!" he said to himself. "Struck dumb by an ignorant street arab! I could not answer his question. Why not?"

The lawyer was an honest man, and his self examination ended in a resolution to find out the reason why. That evening he went, for the first time in many years, to prayer-meeting, and frankly told the whole story, without sparing himself. From that day life had a new meaning for him, and a higher purpose.

A few days later, at a conference of ministers of different denominations in the same city, the lawyer's strange experience was mentioned by the pastor who gave him his first Christian welcome. Immediately another minister told of a young man of his congregation who had been awakened to a religious life by the same question put to him by the same little bootblack. The interest culminated when a third declared that he had a call from the bootblack himself, who had been brought to his study by a man who had appreciated his unexpected question, and knew how to befriend him.

Such an incident could not be allowed

to end there. The boy was helped to good lodgings, and to patronage which enabled him to provide better for his "family." At last he had found somebody who loved God; and in time he had learned to love Him himself, and "know Him well enough to ask Him." Opportunities for a decent education were opened to him, and he showed so much promise that his lawyer friend took him in, first as an office-boy, and finally as a student.

Many would recognize the bootblack today if his name were given, not only as a member of the bar in successful practice, but as a church member and a worker in Sunday Schools. He loves boys, and the few who knew that he was once a bootblack understand his interest in little fellows who need a friend. Helping them is for him loving God in the most effectual way.—Youth's Companion.

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### AN ARTIST'S FIND

Do you remember the story of the portrait of Dante which is painted on the walls of the Bargello, at Florence? For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the place where tradition said that it had been painted. The room was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away, and patiently and carefully removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

"That was wonderful," you say; "that was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the divine image to the light.—Van Dyke.



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### AGASSIZ AND OKEN DINING ON POTATOES

An interesting fact, not without its moral, is told by Agassiz, of his visit, when a young man, to the great German naturalist, Professor Lorenz Oken. The professor received his guest with warm enthusiasm, but with apparent embarrassment. He showed his visitor the laboratory, and the students at work; also his cabinet; and lastly, his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science, a collection worth some seven thousand dollars, and well worthy the glow of pride which the owner manifested as he expatiated on its excellence. The dreaded dinner-hour came, and now the embarrassment of the great German reached its maximum point. "M. Agassiz," said he, with evident perturbation, "to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this, I allow myself no luxury whatever; hence my table is restricted to the plainest fare. Thrice a week our diners boast of meat; the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred on a potato day." And so the splendid Switzer and the great German, with his students, dined together on potatoes and salt.—New York Independent.

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### THE SPOILED PICTURE.

Sir James Thornhill was the person who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back gradually to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eye intently fixed on the painting), that he got almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it; but he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have completed his destruction, and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present, who saw

the danger the great artist was in, had the happy presence of mind to suddenly snatch up one of the brushes, and spoil his painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was soon turned into thanks, when the person told him, "Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You had advanced to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called out to you to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you, and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had, therefore, no other method of retrieving you but by acting as I did." Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with His people. We are all naturally fond of our own legal performances. We admire them to our ruin, unless the Holy Spirit retrieve us from our folly. This He does by marring, as it were, our best works; by showing us their insufficiency to justify us before God. When we are truly taught of Him, we thank Him for His grace, instead of being angry at having our idols defaced. The only way by which we are saved from everlasting destruction, is by being made to see that "by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified."—Salter.

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### THE NEGRO'S ADVICE.

A young minister received a call from two different societies at once, to become their pastor. One was rich, and able to give him a large salary, and was well united; the other was poor, and so divided that they had driven away their minister. In this condition he applied to his father for advice. An aged negro servant who overheard what they said, made this reply: "Massa, go where there is the least money and the most devil." He took the advice, and was made the happy instrument of uniting a distracted church, and converting many souls to Christ.—Selected.

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## THE WORTH OF IMPRESSIONS.

An old reader of *The Christian* living in Newburyport, Mass., recently told us the following incidents in his experience. He said:

Some three or four years ago I was riding on my bicycle down the street on which my factory is located, when I saw a man with bent head walking slowly in front of me. He was a stranger, but I somehow felt the impression that he was in trouble, and so I jumped off my bicycle at once, stepped up behind him, and putting my hand on his shoulder, said:

"Is there anything the matter with you?"

He turned around with a white face and said:

"Yes, there is."

"Well," said I, "come right into my office and tell me about it."

I took him into the office, and he told me he was a stranger in town, having just come there on the previous day; that his wife was sick, and they had no money and nothing to eat in the house. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. I gave him four dollars myself, and afterwards telephoned to friends of mine so that we were able to make up about eighteen dollars for him; but after I had given him the four dollars he said to me:

"Do you believe in prayer?"

I told him yes, and he said:

"Well, I want to tell you something. This morning about four o'clock my wife and I got out of bed and got down on our knees and asked God to send us some help to-day."

The other incident related by our friend was of a somewhat different character.

He had occasion to borrow large sums of money during the year, and on one of these occasions he tried to get a thousand dollars from the bank, but they talked the matter over with him and said, "We think you are in too many things, and unless you can get out of some of them we do not feel like

increasing your loans. We know you are all right, but we doubt your ability to carry so much as you are trying to do."

"Well, it was a pretty serious situation for me, and I went down to my factory, and as I always took the Lord into my partnership, I got down on my knees and said, 'Now, Lord, I have got to have this money, and they won't give it to me at the bank, and you'll have to furnish it.'"

"It wasn't very long before I saw a man coming down the street, and he came into my office and said, 'Is your name B—?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'I am a stranger in this town, but everyone I have talked with speaks well of you, and I have a little money that I want to place in good hands, and I want to know if you can use it.' I asked him how much he had, and he said a thousand dollars. I took it and it has been paying him interest ever since."

A successful business man used to give to every boy in his employ a pocket copy of the book of Proverbs, saying that it was the best collection of business maxims he knew. The wise author of that collection tells us, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," and that "All" applies to business methods as well as other "Ways."—*The Christian*.

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## "MOVED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT."

Over the door of a church in Hamburg is a piece of statuary. In a marble chair sits a man upon whose knee rests a parchment. On this parchment his eyes are fixed, and in his right hand he holds a pen with which he seems to be writing. It is John, the evangelist. He thinks himself alone. Yet he is not. An angel stands behind him gazing intently over his shoulder upon the parchment, and with his right hand he guides the pen. Without the Holy Spirit's guidance man's work is but as the morning cloud and the early dew. — G. Frederick.



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## THINGS WROUGHT BY PRAYER.

James has a most remarkable passage on prayer, and the Revised version gives an excellent rendering. It reads: "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." Elijah, a man of like passions, is cited in illustration of a man who "prayed fervently," and who obtained an answer to his prayers.

God works mysteriously, and prayer is answered in unanticipated ways. Chaplain McCabe was taken from Libby Prison to the hospital, being ill with typhoid fever. After he had been made as comfortable as possible, Major General Powell, a dear friend, said: "Chaplain, there is a letter for you; would you like to hear it read?" The letter was written by Dr. Isaac Cook, a member of the same Conference as the Chaplain. The writer said that a session of the Conference had just been held, and that when McCabe's name was called someone answered, "He is in Libby Prison." The bishop who was presiding spoke of the time when Paul and Barnabas were prayed out of prison, and suggested that prayer be offered for Chaplain McCabe. Two hundred and fifty preachers then went down on their knees and asked for the release of their brother. Chaplain McCabe said: "I was used to suffering; I could endure loneliness without tears, but I was not used to tenderness, and that tender letter broke me down. The tears rolled down my cheeks like rain. As soon as I could control myself, I began to sing. I broke out into a profuse perspiration and the tide was turned. In the evening the doctor came and felt my pulse and started back in surprise. 'Why,' said he, 'there's a big change in you. That last medicine has helped you wonderfully.'" The recovery was rapid. Twelve days later he was informed that he had been exchanged, and was able to leave the hospital.

Henry M. Stanley has said: "When oft-repeated instances of the efficacy of prayer were remembered, I have mar-

veled at the mysterious subtleness with which the answer has been delivered." Then there is an illustration from his own experience: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. A silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. . . . Nine hours later we were exulting with rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

Abraham Lincoln, in the dark hour of the Nation's history, said to Bishop Simpson, who had called upon him: "Bishop, I feel the need of prayer; will you pray with me?" The two men fell on their knees before God, and implored His help in that time of peril. Audible "Amen's" were uttered by Lincoln repeatedly while the bishop was praying. The great President also said that he felt confident that things would go all right at Gettysburg. Said he to General Sickles: "I told God if we were to win the battle He must do it, for I had done all I could. I told Him that this was His war, and our cause was His cause." Then, having laid the matter before God, he admits that confidence and peace came to him.

D. L. Moody went to England in 1872, and was determined, his son said, not to get into work, if he could help it. But at the close of a service in the Old Bailey prayer meeting, the Rev. Mr. Lessey, pastor of the church in the north of London, asked him to preach the next Sunday. He consented, and preached twice. At the close of the evening service he asked those who would like to become Christians to rise. It looked as if the whole congregation rose to its feet. Mr. Moody was staggered, and thought he was not under-

stood. The pastor of the church could afford no explanation, for never before had he seen it in this wise. Then Mr. Moody invited all who wanted to become Christians to step into the inquiry room. The people went in, and crowded the room, so that extra chairs had to be taken in to seat them. Neither Mr. Moody nor the pastor had expected such a blessing. "They had not realized that God can save by hundreds and thousands as well as by ones and twos." Meetings were held for ten days and four hundred persons were received into the membership of that church.

Later the secret of this phenomenal success was discovered. There was a woman belonging to that church who was bedridden, but she had been earnestly praying that God would revive her church. When her sister told her, at the close of the morning service, that Mr. Moody, of America, had preached, the sick woman said: "I know what that means; God has heard my prayers!" Great was her faith, and many were blessed. Truly, in ways unnumbered and in such a manner as He sees best, God answers prayer.—New York Observer.

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### THE PEDDLER'S WINDOW.

It was a long time ago, some centuries in fact, that a peddler, with his pack and dog, sought shelter from the rain, at the close of a summer day, in an angle of St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, England.

"Come in out of the rain," said the hospitable curate. "Stay for vespers, and I will talk with you." The invitation was as thankfully accepted as it had been kindly given.

"How are you getting on?" asked the minister, when the service was over.

"Not at all well. I am having a hard time of it, and am ready to give up."

"Well, but do you ask God to help you in your business?"

When the "outdoor merchant" answered "No," the minister said: "Try doing that and see what it will accom-

plish for you. Each morning, before you start out, ask God's blessing on your work."

Years afterwards the same peddler returned to St. Mary's to thank the curate for having so hospitably entertained him, and even more, for the good advice with which he had sent him on his way. He had followed the advice, and had been successful; and as an expression of his gratitude for what had been done for him, he gave to the church a parcel of land, not far away and on the same shore of the Thames, accompanying the gift with the condition that there should be placed in the church a window of stained glass representing a peddler with his pack and dog.

The "Peddler's Acre," now a closely built part of the city of London, is still owned by the church, to which it yields a handsome annual revenue; and the token of the peddler's devout thankfulness for his prosperity, the quaint portrait of peddler and dog, still glows in colored glass above the south aisle of old St. Mary's Church.—The Youth's Companion.

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### HOW DO YOU FIND YOUR SOUL?

One day as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him:

"What is the state of your soul, my friend?"

The stranger turned. Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years afterward, a person came to Neff and accosted him, saying that he was indebted to him for inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man and begged he would explain. The stranger replied,

"Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I; your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." —Selected.



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### SCRATCHING THE SCALES OFF THE DRAGON'S BACK.

Nestling in a valley of western China is the glorious village of Tai-wan. Just over the hills, which crowd about the green valley, flow the wide, muddy waters of the Yangtse. Every morning the inhabitants of the village pour down from the heights to the river banks, to fill their water buckets. Then back again, each trudges, toiling up over the ascent, and down again into the valley.

For one thousand years this weary, climbing route has marked the path of Tai-wan's water system.

One autumn a boy went out from the mission primary school in the village to enter advanced institutions further down the river. When he returned to his village, schooled in the science and learning of the West, he was given a civic reception.

Chen, the young scholar, regarded his home village with new eyes. The mayor of the town was present at the reception, and it was to him that Chen spoke.

"Do you see that long line of water bearers climbing the hills from the river?" he asked.

"I see," answered the mayor, "but what of it?"

"They work too long and too hard," Chen announced. "Their backs are bent with toil. The long, tiresome walk keeps them so worn that they are fit for nothing but to carry their buckets of water twice each day."

"But what would you do?" asked the mayor. "They must have water."

"I would cut a road straight through the hill from the village to the river," said Chen. "Then the work of the carriers would be light, and they could give extra time to other tasks. The whole village would benefit by the saving of toil and labor."

"A wonderful idea! Wonderful!" gasped the mayor. "I'll order the road cut at once."

And he did.

For months the coolies dug that path

through the hill, carrying away the earth in their little shoulder baskets. Finally the road was completed, and all the village flocked through the cut to the river's edge. Beside the easy journey, they had now an open outlet to communication with the rest of the people who lived along the mighty Yangtse.

For two months the village of Tai-wan light-heartedly made the shortened trip for water.

Then one day the mayor woke up with a boil on his nose.

"Aha!" cried the old native doctor. "You have a boil on your nose!"

"Yes," admitted the mayor, "I have a boil on my nose."

"And it is a deadly boil," announced the old doctor. "It is the kind the Dragon sends when he is angry."

"What have I done to arouse the Dragon?" asked the trembling mayor.

"You dug a road through the hill," answered the doctor. "You dug deep, and you scraped some of the scales from the Dragon's back as he lay buried beneath the earth."

"But what can I do to put back the scales?"

"There is but one thing," replied the doctor. "Order the road filled up, or you will not only have a boil on your nose, but you will be covered with boils."

The earth was carried back in the little shoulder baskets by the coolies. And to-day if you go to the village of Tai-wan you will see a line of men and women trudging up and over the hill to fill their two buckets with river water, and toiling wearily back up again, and down the slope into the village.—James Lewis, in *World Outlook*.

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You do not need to defend the Bible any more than a poodle dog need defend a lion. Unchain the lion and he will defend himself. So give the Bible freely to the people, and let them read it, and it will impress upon their minds the great truth: it is the "word of the Lord, which liveth and abideth forever."

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## CAREY AND MISSIONS IN INDIA.

Few biographers are more crowded with instruction for us than the life of William Carey, the greatest pioneer of modern missions. When it is studied, how it dwarfs into insignificance the petty lives of the world's Napoleons and Alexanders.

One of the first things worth imitating in it is the fact that he was a shoemaker; but he was a shoemaker in the same way that Jesus was a carpenter. He kept on cobbling shoes even after he became a preacher, for his preacher's salary was only \$50 a year; but he said, "My business is preaching the gospel. I cobble shoes to pay expenses."

The next fact to notice is that he did not confine his thoughts to a narrow village round, but he was a world-brooder. He hung a map of the world by the side of his cobbler's bench, and filled it with information of foreign lands. In those days, when British foreign missions lived only in his own mind, he became a missionary enthusiast.

Then, he knew how to make his own great idea the thought of others. His chance came to preach before his association of preachers at Nottingham, and he chose the text which is our scripture lesson for the day, developing it under the two famous heads, "Attempt Great Things for God," "Expect Great Things from God." Carey knew how to set men to thinking, and the result of that sermon was the first British foreign missionary society, with Carey and a ship's surgeon, John Thomas, as its first missionaries. They set sail for India on June 13th, 1793—a historic date.

For more than four decades Carey's life was given heroically and successfully for India. Like Paul, his "one thing I do" included many things. His mission was self-supporting. For a time he managed an Indigo factory. The greater part of his life, however, he was professor of Indian languages in the government college. His salary

was \$7,500; but he and his family lived on \$200, and he gave all the rest to the various missionary enterprises in which he was engaged.

Dr. Carey or the "consecrated cobbler" (as Sydney Smith derisively dubbed him) was deservedly given the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Brown University and was one of the world's greatest linguists. His first notable achievement was the translation of the entire Bible into Bengali, and he translated the Bible, in whole or part, into twenty-four Indian languages or dialects. In addition, he established many schools, and a college. His natural history studies were extensive, and were very beneficial to Indian agriculture.

Among Dr. Carey's noblest accomplishments was the ending of the sacrifice of children, and of the infamous "suttee," the burning of widows upon the funeral pyres of their husbands. It was during his life also that freedom to do missionary work was granted throughout India.—Amos R. Wells.

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## LIBERAL TO THE DEVIL, STINGY WITH GOD

A man once said to Sam Jones: "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high." Jones asked, "How much do you pay?" "Five dollars a year," was the reply. "Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?" "About four years," was the answer. "Well, what did you do before you were converted?" "I was a drunkard." "How much did you spend for drink?" "About \$250 a year." "How much were you worth?" "I rented land and plowed a steer." "What have you got now?" "I have a good plantation and a pair of horses." "Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil \$250 a year for the privilege of plowing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give God who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."—Selected.



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## GENUINE REPENTANCE.

An instructive example in the records of genuine repentance was that of a Kaffir soldier who came to missionary Clarke some time ago to inquire how he could obtain peace of mind. He was a young man, a strong young man, a hero in South African wars, and his body was marked with many scars. His abundant woolly hair was built up in an enormous cone like a helmet on the top of his head. Great heavy rings hung in his ears, and around his neck, and on his breast and arms and ankles were fantastic chains and bracelets and rings and gree-gree charms, carved by himself with superstitious labor and pains, out of metal and bone.

He was a thoughtful idolater, conscious of wrong-doing and the need of every way he knew to appease the dark deities whom he supposed he offended. He told the missionary so, and that all he had done only made him more dissatisfied and wretched.

"My soul is empty," he said. "There is nothing in the old religion that can fill it."

"Come to the great God who made heaven and earth. His pardon will give you peace," said Mr. Clarke.

"Tell me about Him, I want to know."

"He sent His Son into the world to give His life for you and me, because all are sinners and must have a Savior. Jesus Christ is that Savior, the only One who can help you."

"What does He want me to do?"

"He wants you to believe that He is your Savior, and give yourself up to Him, and throw all your old gods away."

The missionary spoke solemnly and tenderly, and the Kaffir sat in deep thought. A struggle was going on within him, and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"It is not your oxen," continued Mr. Clarke, "nor costly presents, nor great deeds, that can bring you the forgiveness of God. All your sins, all your old life, must be put away, and you must

begin anew. It is your heart that Christ wants. It has been bound by a slave of Satan, the father of sin, and until you get loose from him and give yourself to Christ, you can have no peace."

The poor African prayed, in a voice broken by sobs, "O God help me to break the bonds of Satan!"

"And now, if you wish to be the devil's servant no longer, are you willing to be Christ's? Can you say, 'Lord, take me, take me all.'" After a moment of silence the Kaffir raised his head, and showed an altered face. The look of trouble was gone.

"I do," he said. "I give myself up to God, give Him all."

"Then you are a new man?"

"Yes."

"A Christian, you are not a heathen any more?"

"No."

"Then you give up everything that is heathen, the wild dances, the fighting, and the beer drinking, and the gree-grees?"

The Kaffir looked at his barbarous ornaments.

"Yes, master, I now throw them all away," and forthwith he began to tug at his bracelets. The chains from his neck, and the rings from his ears. His mind, enlightened by grace, had traveled faster than the missionary led him. He saw the cords of Satan, not only in his vices but in his decorations. They meant idolatry, and he hated them now. One thing more remained—his tall head-dress. It was so packed and woven that it could not easily be pulled down. The converted Kaffir drew his knife from his belt to cut it off. Mr. Clarke told him that if the head-dress seemed to him to be really a part of his old pagan life and habit, it was right to sacrifice it, and he would help him. Nothing short of this would satisfy the young man, and a pair of scissors was brought, by the aid of which he was very soon eased of what was no longer a pride but a burden. There could be no greater proof of sincerity. Almost the last thing a South African heathen will part with is his

braided pyramid of hair.

And now the man was free. He felt free. Shorn of all his former pride and trust, he said, "I am only a little child."

"The very words of your heavenly Master," replied the missionary. "You have them in your heart, though you have never heard them. 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

It was the true experience of transforming grace. The wild Kaffir warrior was a new-born Christian.—Theron Brown.

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### "CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS".

From the Raleigh (N. C.) "News and Observer" we clip the following:

"Rev. Charles Jones Soong, of Shanghai, China, died of Bright's disease in Shanghai on May 4, 1918, so Gen. Julian S. Carr has just learned from a letter received from the daughter of Rev. Mr. Soong, Mrs. Rosamonde Sen, the wife of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who was the President of the first Republic of China.

"This announcement carries more than ordinary interest to the people of this community by reason of the fact that the gentleman whose death is mentioned, known here as Charlie Soong, was educated by Trinity Sunday School in conjunction with Gen. Julian S. Carr and returned to China more than thirty years ago.

"Charlie Soong was a friendless Chinese boy taken from aboard a revenue cutter in the port of Wilmington and brought to Durham and installed in the home of General Carr. After six years of training and education, he returned to China to achieve great success and became one of the influential and leading men of the community in which he lived, Shanghai.

"On his return to China he married the daughter of a native missionary and reared five children, three girls and two boys. Four of the children have already been educated in this country, and the fifth was prepared to enter Harvard

University and was to have come to the United States in September. The three girls received diplomas from Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. The two eldest, Virginia Lee and Rosamonde, returned to China after graduation; the youngest, Mayling, chose to go to Wellesley College and take a post graduate course, from which institution she graduated just a year ago. General Carr, on his return from China, brought in his baggage a white silk gown that was sent by Mayling's parents for her graduating exercises.

"This young girl came to America when she was nine years old and entered Wesleyan Female College, returning to China at the age of nineteen, taking with her two diplomas, one from Wesleyan Female College and the other from Wellesley College, Massachusetts. The oldest son graduated from Harvard and then took a post-graduate course at Columbia University returning home at the same time with his sister, carrying with him two diplomas, one from Harvard and the other from Columbia.

"The youngest boy was graduated from the University of Shanghai and expects to enter Harvard at the fall term.

"When General Carr was in the Orient, some eighteen months ago, it was a great pleasure to him to visit the home and family of his former protege, Charlie Soong. His second daughter, Rosamonde, was the wife of the first President of the Republic of China, and General Carr believes she was the handsomest young woman he saw in China. The oldest daughter, Virginia Lee, had married Dr. Kuhn, who is president of a college of high grade and of more than four hundred students up near Peking, the capital of China. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the husband of Rosamonde, was, perhaps, the first man in China. In fact, the former Consul General of the United States Hon. Thomas J. Jernigan, appointed under the Cleveland administration, in a conversation with General Carr, pronounced Dr. Sen the first citizen of China.

"Certainly this was an instance of 'casting bread upon the waters.'"



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## THE SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

The last Sabbath of August, 1911, it was the writer's privilege to attend a camp meeting at Alton, N. Y. In the audience, which gathered at the morning service, it was good to see the faces of many whom he had known for thirty or forty years. At the close of the service he accepted the cordial invitation of Mrs. Gardner Barrett, to go home with herself and husband and take dinner. In the course of the meal mention was made of an experience connected with Mrs. B.'s conversion, which occurred more than thirty years ago and which illustrates how the free Spirit of God may sometimes be pleased to work.

In the winter of 1879 religious meetings were being held at York Settlement. The services continued night after night. Much prayer had been offered for the salvation of sinners, and a feeling of seriousness pervaded the meetings, and the impenitent were interested, but none of them had yet yielded to Christ. Mrs. B., then a young woman and not long married, had not attended the services. But one afternoon she felt strangely drawn to go to the meeting that evening, and after a little persuasion her husband accompanied her.

At the beginning of the service that evening several prayers were offered, and the writer prayed that God would in that meeting bring some soul to repentance. After he arose from his knees he felt a persuasion, amounting to certainty, that some one would come to Christ before the meeting closed. And furthermore he felt impelled to stand up and declare it. A natural disinclination to do a thing so strange caused him to hesitate. And then the thought came, "If you, a Christian, hesitate to stand up and make yourself conspicuous by declaring that some one will come to Christ before this meeting closes, how can you expect that person to have the courage to publicly take such a stand for Christ?" With that thought, up he got and declared that

some one would come to Christ before the meeting closed.

Having done this he had not the least anxiety regarding the outcome, that he would be found a false prophet, although he had no idea who the repentant person would be. In fact what he had done seemed to have passed out of his mind, so interested was he in the services of the evening which followed.

When the opportunity was given for any who would come to Christ to manifest it by coming forward, Mrs. B. arose and went across the room to where her husband sat, and urged him to come with her. When he declined, she exclaimed aloud, "I must die alone, and I will seek the Lord alone!" She went forward, kneeled down, yielded herself to Christ, and was soon rejoicing in Him as her Saviour. And during all these years since she has lived a consistent Christian life.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## JUDGE CRANE'S OPINION.

Something has got to be done in regard to curbing the evil that is menacing the very manhood of the race—the cigarette. If it is not taken hold of and checked we shall no longer rear a race of men, and when the generation that is growing up comes to take charge of the government of this country they will be found incapable of doing so.

I believe that the cigarette question should be made a national one, and the fathers and mothers of the land should be aroused to the danger and join together to stamp out the evil.

There is no one so capable of realizing an existing condition of this sort as a magistrate, and I shall only say that of three hundred boys that have recently appeared before me charged with every crime, from the most petty to murder, two hundred and ninety-five were cigarette smokers. At least, this means that the boys who do not smoke cigarettes do not fall into ways that lead to the criminal courts.—Leroy Crane.

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## WON BY LOVE.

I used to have a friend in Chicago—he is in heaven now—Colonel Clarke, a man who lived entirely for others, and especially for the poor and outcast—a rich man, who gave up all his money for the poor. He lived very plainly. He literally worked himself to death. He worked at his business six days every week, and he preached the Gospel seven nights every week. He worked at his business to make money to run his mission and feed the poor. And the poor loved him, and the outcast loved him, and everybody that had any sense and knew him loved him—one of the loveliest men that ever walked God's earth.

One night there came into the Pacific Garden Mission—his mission—a man who had for fourteen years been a hopeless slave to whiskey and alcohol in all its forms, and opium and morphine. The man had been crippled in early childhood. He had been in a railroad accident, was all smashed up, and lost the use of both legs. He dragged himself along as best he could on his crutches. He was not able to stand on his feet. He sort of balanced himself as he dragged himself along on his crutches.

This night, when he came into the mission, Colonel Clarke saw him. I suppose he was the most miserable-looking man in the mission and Colonel Clarke went up to him, and tried to persuade him to take Christ and to believe on the Lord Jesus. But he would not. The next day Colonel Clarke was going down La Salle Street, one of our busiest business streets, and right ahead of him he saw this poor opium fiend dragging himself along on his crutches. Colonel Clarke hurried up, put his hand on his shoulder, and took him into an alleyway, where he told him about Jesus. Then he said, "Let us kneel down." And the strong man put his arm around that poor wretch of a cripple, helped him down on his knees and prayed for him. This poor man in rags,

a wretch, a cripple, an opium fiend, a whiskey fiend, an alcohol fiend, knelt there in the alleyway, put his confidence in Jesus Christ, and when Colonel Clarke helped him on his crutches he was a child of God, and to-day he is a preacher of the Gospel.—Rev. R. A. Torrey, D. D.

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## HIS NAME LIVES.

There are about 150,000 George Washingtons living at the present time. The Bible speaks truly when it says that the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. It says, too, that the name of the wicked shall rot. Benedict Arnold lived at the same time that Washington did, but we have no cities or children named in his honor. Aaron Burr is a well known historic figure, but there are no sons named in his honor.

We find Davids, Solomons and Hezekiahs, but we travel a long ways before discovering an Ahab, an Annaias or Judas. People are attracted to that which is good. They honor patriotic and upright men by using their names over from generation to generation. "The name of the wicked shall rot," is a part of the scripture which is being fulfilled every day. Long live the name of George Washington! It is a proof that we esteem his life and the principles for which he stood.—Selected.

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## WORDLY LOSS.

A bankrupt merchant returning home one night said to his noble wife, "I am ruined, everything I have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few minutes of silence his wife looked into his face and said, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no." "Will he sell me and the children?" "Oh, No." "Then do not say that we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood and childhood. We have lost but the result of our skill and industry. Hope on, and look up."—Selected.



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### PERSONAL TESTIMONY AS TO ANSWERED PRAYER.

A letter recently received from a clergyman of this city says: "Your answers to prayer interest me much. Why should you object to my request that you proceed to do as George Muller did—namely: Give 'an account of the Lord's dealings' with your own soul, and with the souls of others in your mission work. It would be strengthening to others who lack your simple-hearted faith."

I would consider myself unfaithful to God and ungrateful, were I unwilling to comply with such a request as the above, especially when I remember how I have been helped by the experiences narrated by others. And in the future I mean to tell more freely of God's gracious dealings with me personally than I have done in the past.

Many persons have spoken of my well-preserved eyesight. I use no glasses and in good light am still able, without difficulty, to read diamond type. My sight has been excellent all my life, but only in the last twelve or fifteen years, when ordinarily I would have been using spectacles, have I taken particular note of it. Many times in these years have I spoken of a special blessing which I once received in answer to prayer, which in my opinion helps to account for my unimpaired sight. And now for the glory of God and to encourage His people to make all their requests known to Him, I give our readers an account of this experience.

On the fourth day of January, 1880, about three years after my conversion, I definitely sought and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. (Of this I mean to speak more fully at some future time). Immediately after this experience a revival broke out in the "Spunk" school house, two miles west of Rose Valley, N. Y., where I had been holding meetings. Instead of teaching school, as I had formerly done for several winters, I devoted myself without

reserve to the carrying on of these meetings.

During the day I visited from house to house among the people and preached as best I could every evening of the week excepting Saturday. It was a farming community, and the people were so aroused that some came a distance of several miles to attend the meetings. The small school house was crowded night after night, and sometimes there was hardly room for the speaker to stand. Christians were re-consecrating themselves to the Lord's work, and sinners were coming to Christ.

The meeting seldom closed before ten o'clock, and at times continued later than that. I was devoting myself with such earnestness to the work that after several weeks certain ones cautioned me to look out for my health or I would break down. I thought there was no fear of that, and so did not relax my efforts. But after the meetings had continued about six weeks, and some thirty-five had professed conversion, I began to feel seriously the mental and physical strain of this night and day work. I was fatigued in body, and my eyes began to distress me.

The room in which the meetings were held was lighted with kerosene oil lamps, and I suppose the unshaded, glaring lights, reflected by the white walls, had affected my eyes. The ordinary light of day pained them, and I was so tired in body that I knew that I could not continue much longer as I had done. But the interest of the meetings was at its height, and I did not believe that it was God's will for them to stop.

One way of promoting the work was the holding of prayer meetings in the homes of the people in which earnest Christians would gather to pray for the continued outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Finally a day came when I was so wearied that it occurred to me that I better not go to that afternoon meeting, but stay home and try to rest up for the evening service, and then the thought came: "I could not rest enough to do

much good were I to try, and the Lord is able if He pleases to bless me physically, and so fit me for His service."

So I determined to go to the prayer meeting which was held that afternoon in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Glen, a godly couple who lived a short distance west of the school house. Up to that time the burden of my prayer had been for others, but now I felt that God must help me in a special manner, or the work so far as I was concerned would have to stop. So I prayed God to strengthen me in body, and take away that pain from my eyes. I knew the Lord was able to do what I asked, and it was not hard for me to believe that it was reasonable to expect Him to do it.

The meeting closed, and the people dispersed to their homes, and I lay down on a sofa in the parlor in which the meeting was held, and fell asleep. I slept an hour or so, and when I awoke I discovered that God had answered my prayer. The pain was entirely gone from my eyes, and I felt so different in body! That tired feeling was all gone! I praised God for His goodness, and that night told the people what the Lord had done for me.

As further evidence to any who may doubt the reality of the change wrought, and who may attribute the result to imagination, I would say that the meetings continued for five weeks longer under the same conditions, making eleven weeks in all, and I had no recurrence of trouble with my eyes, and I felt as well when the meetings closed as I did when they began. During their continuance about seventy persons professed conversion, and soon after their close I went to another school house, and held meetings for two weeks longer.

What the Lord does is well done, and I have often thought perhaps He at that time made my eyes better than what they were naturally. Certain it is that that experience showed me what God may be willing to do for one physically, and it has been of life-long benefit to me.

To the above, first published in the "Little Evangelist" in 1911, I may now add: By continuing to seek the blessing of God, my eyesight has continued remarkably good to the present.

My friend, Dr. W. H. Bates, the eminent oculist of this city, had asked me a number of times to come to his office that he might look into what he called my "wonderful eyes." I did so, December 7th, 1917. After various tests, including both distant and close reading, he said that in his more than thirty years practice, I was the first person he had found having normal vision at my age.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### EASE-LOVING PROFESSORS.

Years ago a Christian woman not connected with any church said to me: "I would not like to join your church now, but when you get a church building then I will join."

There are many persons who are willing to pluck and eat the luscious stems of grapes who are not so willing to assist in vine-planting. They are willing that others should bear alone the burden and heat of the day, but they want their names on the pay roll at night.

They are willing that the toil and sacrifice of others should build a church, and then they will consent to come in and recline upon a soft cushion, and listen to a comfortable sermon.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

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### THE UMBRELLA WAS NEEDED.

In a time of great drought in Scotland, Dr. Guthrie had in his Sabbath morning service prayed for rain. As they went to church in the afternoon, little Mary, his daughter, said: "Here is the umbrella, papa." "What do we need it for?" he asked. "You prayed for rain this morning, and don't you expect God will send it?" They carried the umbrella, and when they came home they were glad to take shelter under it from the drenching storm.

—Selected.



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**"NO THOROUGHFARE HERE."**

For many years the winding road along the little tumbling river had run through Farmer Grant's land. People who were more interested in having a pretty view than in getting somewhere at a particular time were very likely to choose this route. At length travel grew so common that Farmer Grant became tired of the continued passing and re-passing, and resolved to close the road.

All at once a locked gate barred out those who wished to take the way by the stream, and a placard in big letters announced that it was not a thoroughfare. But the public was not disposed to submit quietly to the loss of this privilege, and in the discussion that followed Farmer Grant made a discovery. In allowing the townpeople the right of way through his land year after year, he had lost his right to shut them out. The public which had traveled this road so long had come to have a claim upon it. The putting up of the gate was declared illegal, the placards were taken down, and again carriages followed the winding road of the river.

Farmer Grant is not the only one who has made such a mistake. A great many times when young people give wrong thoughts the right of way through their hearts they flatter themselves that it will only be temporary. They give way to fits of impatience. They speak unkindly and irritably, they allow gloomy fancies to linger in their minds. And all the time they make themselves believe that when they get ready to turn the intruders out, they have only to set up a barrier at the entrance of their hearts, and the trouble is ended.

Nature's law is very much like that which surprised the New England farmer. The habits which year after year are given the right of way in the heart, grow in time to have certain claim upon the road. They are not frightened at the sight of a good resolution warning them away. It is very difficult to set up

a barrier that will keep them out. They have made a highway of the heart so long that in a sense it has become theirs. They, as well as the owner, have rights there.—Selected.

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**NOBLE UNSELFISHNESS.**

On the 27th of December, 1885, one of the American line of steamers, the Lord Gough, while on its way from Liverpool to Philadelphia, sighted a Gloucester fishing schooner in distress. The wind was blowing a gale, and the schooner, almost disabled, and with three or four of her crew already washed into the ocean, was flying the signal for help. Captain Hughes, of the steamship, saw the fearful peril which a rescuing party must encounter, but his call for a volunteer was promptly answered by the mate and a crew of brave men, and preparations were made for the desperate trip.

To the astonishment of all, while the boat was being lowered, the flag of distress on the schooner's mast was hauled down. Perplexed at this movement, the hardy rescuers hesitated; but it was finally decided that the boat should go. With great difficulty the schooner was reached, and on her deck were found twelve men utterly without hope except from outside aid. It was necessary to make two trips, and the bold sailors of the Lord Gough took half the suffering men and toiled through the wild waters to their own ship, and returned as soon as possible for the others.

When all were safe on the steamer, Captain Hughes asked the schooner's master, Captain George W. Pendleton, why he had lowered the distress flag. The reply was: "We saw that you were preparing to make an attempt to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said, then, to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they answered, 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."—Selected.

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## HOW RUSSELL SAGE HELPED.

A prosperous New York merchant narrated in the University Club the other day an interesting anecdote about himself and Russell Sage.

"My first years in New York were not successful ones," he said. "I came down from the upper part of the State determined to get along; but somehow, after a brief experience of city life, I became discouraged and lax. There were no positions but clerkships to be gotten, and to work my way up to the top from an army of young clerks, all as efficient as myself, seemed hopeless.

"I changed my job now and then. Sometimes I bettered myself; sometimes I didn't. So the years passed. I had come to New York at twenty, and now, at twenty-five, I was making only four dollars a week more than when I started, and I hadn't a cent to my credit in the bank.

"One day, scared and desperate about my future, I called to see Russell Sage. Sage came from my part of the country, and he had known my father well.

"He was glad to see me. He listened to my narrative with kindly interest. At the end, tilting back in his chair, he put his finger-tips together and pursed up his lips, nodding to himself thoughtfully.

"In a minute he came briskly out of that spell of meditation.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; moderately," said I.

"Well, stop it. Stop it for a year. Then come see me again," said Mr. Sage.

"I stopped drinking for a year, and at the end I paid my second visit to the millionaire. He remembered all about me. He chatted a little while. Then he said: 'Do you gamble?'

"Yes," I said, 'I sometimes gamble.'

"Well, give up gambling for a year, and then come and see me.'

"So I stopped gambling, and the year went by, and for the third time I appeared in Mr. Sage's office.

"Do you smoke?" he said, after we had had a third discussion of my affairs.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Stop smoking," said he. 'Come back after you have stopped smoking for a year.'

The speaker laughed. One of his auditors said impatiently: "Well, when you went back what happened?"

"I never went back," was the reply.

"You never went back? Why?"

"Because, if I had, Mr. Sage would only have told me that now that I had given up drinking and gambling and smoking I must have saved enough money to start myself in business. It was true; I had saved enough money to start myself in business. That shrewd, wise man had set me, almost without my knowing it, on the road to success."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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## BENJ. FRANKLIN'S OPINION IN CONVENTION, 1789.

I have lived for a long time (eighty-one years), and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, it is not probable that an empire can rise without his aid. We have been assured in the sacred writings, that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our prospects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war or conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business.



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## THE NINE OUTSIDE.

While I was conducting a mission in the city in which I lived for fourteen years, which is Manchester, where I hold my church connection today (and, by the way, I belong to a church that has never known a Sunday in twenty-one years without a conversion), and one night had just finished with a great midnight meeting, a little, frail woman, who had been brought up in a lovely home in the west of England, and who had just become a sister, giving her life to the work of soul-saving, came up to me, and said, "I'll try to hold a midnight meeting tonight of my own." She engaged a little chapel or small church building just on the suburbs of Manchester, and gathered the people to her, and they filled that little place.

Among them was a prize-fighter. He came, he said, to take care of the little woman, for he did not know what those drunken fellows would do to her. He watched her as she moved around, and said, "I did not know what would happen." In the middle of the meeting he said, "Don't be afraid, I'm here." But she did not need his help. Those drunkards in that midnight service were quieted as she told the story of Jesus and His love, and when she invited them to kneel to seek Jesus, the place was crowded. Among them was a woman, a drunkard, who came forward. When she got on her knees she was sober enough to say to the sister: "Sister, my husband is in jail, and he is there through me. I helped to make him drunk." And then she said, "We got to fighting, and he is in jail because he thrashed me. He is coming out on Tuesday, and I wish you would meet him, and oh, if we could only get hold of him and make him sober! I have given my heart to God, and I would like him to do the same." (One of the surest evidences of the new birth is a desire for someone else to come to Him.) Sister Marion said, "I'll go and see him." The woman told her that nine of his companions said they were going to meet him and make him drunk be-

fore they get home. Sister Marion was at the prison gates at six o'clock on Tuesday morning. She happened to know the governor, and so got through the little gate. She found the nine men outside and as she went through the little door within the big door, the governor said, "Whom are you waiting to see?" She said, "I have come to meet So-and-so." "Well," he said, "there are nine men out there waiting for him." She said, "Yes, I know it; but those who are with me are more than all that can be against me." He said, "You are only one, visibly, and I am just wondering what you are going to do with those nine men." He advised her to go away for a while, and he would do what he could with the men. She went away, and came again to the gates. Those nine men said, "Let's hand out the beer, sister. We have given up a day's work to come and get him." She said, "Well, that was very kind of you, but you declare he shall go home drunk, and I declare he shall go home sober." They stared at her. The thought came to Sister Marion, "Why not try to save these nine as well as the one inside?" and so she said, "Men, if I go and get him out will you come, all of you, and have breakfast with me?"

They looked at one another. Breakfast on a cold morning for nine fellows who had been sleeping as they had, meant a great deal. They said they would come. She got the man out of jail and away they marched, and when they had their breakfast she said, "Now, men, come; may I read to you?" They could not say no. So she opened to that wonderful story, the Prodigal Son, and she read to them, and they listened with bowed heads. Then she asked if they might not sing, and they said, "Well, Miss, we are not much at singing." She said she would sing if they would join her. And she sang:

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but dross,  
And pour contempt on all my pride."  
At the end of the song every man was

on his knees, and every man signed the pledge before she left them. Every man, in less than three weeks, was brought to Jesus Christ by the act of that one frail little woman.

That's the way to fish, and that's the way to catch. That's angling.—Gypsy Smith.

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## PERSECUTORS SILENCED AND CONVERTED.

The following is from the Autobiography of that wonderful revivalist, Charles G. Finney. The circumstances as related occurred early in his ministry, at Gouverneur, N. Y.:

I have said that there was a Baptist church, and a Presbyterian, each having a meeting-house standing upon the green, not far apart; and that the Baptist Church had a pastor, but the Presbyterian had none. As soon as the revival broke out, and attracted general attention, the Baptist brethren began to oppose it. They spoke against it, and used very objectionable means indeed to arrest its progress. This encouraged a set of young men to join hand in hand, to strengthen each other in opposition to the work. The Baptist church was quite influential; and the stand that they took greatly emboldened the opposition, and seemed to give it a peculiar bitterness and strength, as might be expected. Those young men seemed to stand like a bulwark in the way of the progress of the work.

In this state of things, Brother Nash and myself, after consultation, made up our minds that that thing must be overcome by prayer, and that it could not be reached in any other way. We therefore retired to a grove, and gave ourselves up to prayer until we prevailed; and we felt confident that no power which earth or hell could interpose, would be allowed permanently to stop the revival.

The next Sabbath, after preaching morning and afternoon myself—for I did the preaching altogether, and Brother Nash gave himself up almost con-

tinually to prayer—we met at five o'clock in the church, for a prayer-meeting. The meeting house was filled. Near the close of the meeting, Brother Nash arose, and addressed that company of young men who had joined hand in hand to resist the revival. I believe they were all there, and they sat braced up against the Spirit of God. It was too solemn for them really to make ridicule of what they heard and saw; and yet their brazen-facedness and stiff-neckedness were apparent to everybody.

Brother Nash addressed them very earnestly, and pointed out the guilt and danger of the course they were taking. Toward the close of his address, he waxed exceedingly warm, and said to them: "Now, mark me, young men! God will break your ranks in less than one week, either by converting some of you, or by sending some of you to hell. He will do this as certainly as the Lord is my God!" He was standing where he brought his hand down on the top of the pew before him, so as to make it thoroughly jar. He sat immediately down, dropped his head, and groaned with pain.

The house was as still as death, and most of the people held down their heads. I could see that the young men were agitated. For myself, I regretted that Brother Nash had gone so far. He had committed himself, that God would either take the life of some of them, and send them to hell, or convert some of them, within a week. However, on Tuesday morning of the same week, the leader of these young men came to me, in the greatest distress of mind. He was all prepared to submit; and as soon as I came to press him, he broke down like a child, confessed, and manifestly gave himself to Christ. Then he said: "What shall I do, Mr. Finney?" I replied: "Go immediately to all your young companions, and pray with them, and exhort them, at once to turn to the Lord." He did so; and before the week was out, nearly if not all of that class of young men, were hoping in Christ.



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## A GOOD AUDIENCE.

Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach, by way of exchange, for a country minister, and the day proved to be very cold and stormy. It was midwinter and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the doctor urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed and went in.

As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened and a single individual walked up the aisle and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap benefit, and accordingly he went through all the service, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with one hearer. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with his service. Dr. Beecher was traveling in Ohio, and on alighting from a stage in a pleasant village a gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Dr. Beecher.

"I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray, where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago in such a place to a single person?"

"Yes, I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir, and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

In telling the story Dr. Beecher would add: "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."—*Youth's Companion*.

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## THE NARROW PASSAGE.

In one of the coal-pits of the north, while a considerable number of the miners were down below, the top of the pit fell in, and the shaft was completely blocked up. Those who were in the mine gathered to a spot where the last remains of air could be breathed. There they sat and sang and prayed after the lights had gone out because the air was unable to support the flame. They were in total darkness, but a gleam of hope cheered them when one of them said he had heard that there was a connection between that pit and an old pit which had been worked years ago. He said it was a long passage through which a man might get by crawling all the way, lying flat upon the ground; he would go and see if it were possible. The passage was very long, but they crept through it, and at last they came out to light at the bottom of the other shaft, and their lives were saved.

If my present way of access to Christ as a saint is blocked up by doubts and fears, if I cannot go straight up the shaft and see the light of my Father's face, there is an old working, the old-fashioned way by which sinners have gone of old, by which poor thieves go, by which harlots go. I will creep along it, lowly and humbly; I will go flat upon the ground. I will humble myself till I see my Lord, and cry, "Father, I am not worthy to be called Thy son, make me as one of Thy hired servants, so long as I may but dwell in Thy house." In our very worst case of despondency we may still come to Jesus as sinners. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Call this to mind and you may have hope.—*Spurgeon*.

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## SEED SOWN IN GOOD GROUND.

A young man came into the service in one of our churches and heard a message that interested him so that he continued to return. Then he brought another young man with him. After a little this second one was sick and in the hospital. When his friend visited him they talked of the services, and the sick man said: "I suppose the preacher thought that what he said did not do much good; that we went away and forgot all about it. But it has changed my life." He died giving evidence that he was a Christian.

The young man asked another of his acquaintances to go with him to church, and he, too, became interested. He had led a life far away from Christ, but a short time since from another State he wrote his friend, asking him to come and see him. "You took me to your church; come out here, and I will take you to mine."

In the meantime the young man himself went away from the city for a time without having made known to the minister anything about himself. Now he has returned, and has made the minister his pastor, and on last Sabbath he confessed his faith in Christ in the presence of the congregation. He first led others, and now follows those whom he led. And all the time the preacher, whose words were life, did not know the history of any of those who were being brought into the kingdom by his ministry.—The United Presbyterian.

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## THE NEEDED WOOD CAME.

I recollect hearing my father say that once, when he came home from a journey on a Saturday night in the dead of winter, mother met him at the door, and said, "We have just enough fuel for this evening, but none for tomorrow." Anybody that ever lived on Litchfield Hill in winter knows that a Sunday there and then would not suggest summer. Father used to be run very close

for money in those days, and in this instance he had none, and did not know where to get any. And, in telling of it, he said, "I felt like a child, and I inwardly prayed God to help me." And he said he had hardly finished praying before an old farmer, who had never been particularly friendly, and who did not come to church very often, drove up to the door with a load of wood, which he said he "took it into his head he would like to give to the parson."

Do you ask me if that was an answer to prayer? Well, although I would not attempt a philosophical explanation of it, it is so pleasant to think it was an answer to prayer, and the circumstances point so strongly in that direction that I prefer to think it was. I do not believe it will do anybody any hurt to believe that God loves us, that His ear is ever open to our cry, and that, while we use all lawful and known means in our own behalf, He stands ready to succor us in the day of trouble. I would not for anything have my mouth stopped so that I could not go to Him in my extremity, and say, "I am poor and wretched; oh, help, help!"—

—Beecher.

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## SHE WORKED AT CHRISTIANITY

A faithful Bible woman in Korea was ill and went to a Japanese hospital for treatment and stayed the entire summer. The Japanese physician in charge was a man of high rank, decorated by the emperor for bravery in the Russo-Japanese War. When the Korean woman was cured, she asked for her bill. The doctor said, "I am a Buddhist, but you are a Christian, but I see that you are working at your religion, so there is no bill." The Korean woman wondered how she ever could repay his kindness. She resolved to pray for him and pray that he might become a Christian. The doctor had been deeply impressed by the little woman's religion. He began to read the New Testament, to learn English, and soon was an earnest enquirer as to the way to Christ.—The Wellspring.



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## GIVE GOD THE BEST.

Speaking of the sacrifices that the heathen of India are willing to make for the sake of their religion, some years ago at Northfield, Massachusetts, I heard a returned missionary from that land relate the following incident:

In the course of her visits the missionary called at the humble home of a poor woman, and observing twin babies, beautiful in form and feature as she thought, she exclaimed to the mother, "What two beautiful babes God has given you!" "Do you think so?" said the sad mother. "You better look closer!"

The visitor drew nearer, and then she discovered that one of the children was blind. After a few words of sympathy for the mother she went on her way.

Some time later the missionary called again on the same woman and seeing but one child she asked the mother about the absent babe and the sorrowful woman replied, "I have given him to Junger."

Supposing of course that it would be the blind baby that would be cast into the Ganges if any was, the missionary was surprised, as she stepped over to where the child lay, to discover that the blind baby was left, and she exclaimed, "Why, you did not give your baby that could see to Junger, did you!"

"Yes," replied the sad-hearted mother, "Junger must have the best."

That mother's intention was right, but her method was all wrong. God is indeed entitled to the best we have, and nothing is dearer to us, nor to Him, than our children. But He wants not the sacrifice of their bodies, but the yielding up of our and their hearts to Him in loving service, as living sacrifices.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## A BOY'S FUTURE IN DANGER.

John Willis Baer tells the Christian Endeavor World of an impressive little incident which occurred on one of his journeys, and which forcibly illustrates

how many parents endanger the future moral character of their children:

Sitting back of me in a train the other day were a mother and her promising boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket, and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor, looking at the boy, politely said, "Is your boy under five, madam?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mamma, I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face, and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said:

"Don't you ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that, he would have made me pay half-fare for you. Don't ever say again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home."

The boy was still and thoughtful for a moment. Then I heard him say, "But, mamma, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother looked like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It is just an incident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be more harmful to a boy morally than an ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sins. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused her child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother.—Selected.

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## EACH TO HIS OWN PLACE.

It is related of Casper Hauser that, having been born in a dungeon and confined there without light from the outer world until his seventeenth year, he was then released only to find that the light smote upon his eyes with an

insufferable pain, and the sounds of the streets fell like a crash of thunder in his ears; so that he begged to be taken back to prison, because the dismal silence and solitude were more tolerable than the comforts of freedom and normal life.

The reason why the thought of death is terrible to many is not because it ushers us into the unknown, but because it ends probation by crystallizing character and so "fixes us in an eternal state." As the tree falleth, so also must it lie. Eternity finds us as death leaves us. The soul must needs, therefore, go to its own place. The gates of Heaven are always open; but those who wander in outer darkness would only find an added misery were they to enter in. To such as are confirmed in sin there must, of necessity, be one place more insufferable than Hell, that is Heaven, where truth and righteousness prevail and all are engaged in the pure worship of God.—Rev. David James Burrell, D. D.

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#### GIVE WHILE YOU CAN.

"After the Chicago fire three friends met, two of whom had been burned out of house and home, and the immense accumulations of successful lives. One of the unfortunates said to the other two, 'Well, thank God, there was some of my money placed where it could not burn,' saying which, he turned upon his heel cheerfully and went to work at his new life. His brother in misfortune turned to his companion and said, 'That man gave away last year nearly a million of dollars, and if I had not been a fool I should have done the same thing.'"

That man called himself a fool for hoarding up wealth that might have been devoted to the service of the Lord. A higher authority confirms the justice of the title; for to the man who had much goods laid up for many years God said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"—Dr. J. G. Holland.

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#### CATCHING MONKEYS.

It is said one way that the natives in Africa catch monkeys is to take a large pumpkin and cut a hole in it large enough for a monkey to get his hand in and after taking out the seeds they partly fill it with corn. The monkey then puts his hand in and takes as much corn in it as he can possibly hold. He then cannot get it out. The native who is somewhere close in hiding then comes with his club and kills it. In spite of death staring him in the face, the monkey will not let go of his corn, but will fight and scold and chatter until a blow from the native's club put him beyond the need of corn.

How truly this can be compared to some people. They are as greedy after the things of this world as the monkey is after corn. They will grab and hold fast in spite of all the warning in God's Word and faithful ministers give them. They hold fast in spite of eternal damnation staring them in the face. The devil who uses this for a trap is in hiding and when the time comes he claims them and they are left without God and without hope. We ought to give heed to the Scripture, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth," and that in time while there is room for escape.—F. C. Rosentrater.

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#### THE ART OF LIVING LONG.

Thomas A. Edison's great-grandfather once happened to read the book, "The Art of Living Long," by Cornaro, an Italian nobleman. He adopted the rules regarding eating, drinking and fresh air laid down in that book and lived to the age of 102 years. Edison's grandfather also following the same rules, attained to the age of 103 years; and all of his seven sons, pursuing the same course of abstemious living, rounded out the goodly age of more than ninety years each. One of them, Edison's father, reached the age of ninety-four, and passed away without apparent illness.—Rev. Henry M. Tyn-dall.



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### SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

Will you let me give an incident that I heard from a friend whom some of you perhaps know. He was an officer in the Swedish army. Away over in India I heard him tell this story of his own experience, tell how he had run the whole gamut of vices, how, wealthy and popular, he had gone into every form of sin, until he had gotten down to the deepest dregs. Tasting of its bitterness and having no hope of anything beyond, he determined to put an end to his life. He had a cousin who was a Christian. He went to say good-bye to him, and as he started to leave him, his cousin got between him and the door, and plead with him, "For God's sake turn to Jesus Christ." He laughed at him and said: "Your Jesus can't save me. There is no Jesus. There is no God. There is no hereafter. I have tasted all that the world has to give, and it is worse than nothing. This life is a bitter sham, and I am going to be done with it." His cousin plead with him still. "Try Jesus; put Him to the test to-night; see if He can save you." The officer hesitated a moment and then turned to his cousin and said very earnestly: "Well, old fellow, for your sake I will do it; and if I do it at all, I am going to do it honestly." He dropped on his knees and said: "Lord Jesus, if thou canst save sinners, save me; for if ever a man needed saving, I do." For an instant he paused, and then a wonderful smile broke over his face as he turned to his cousin and said: "It is true! It is true! He has saved me! He has forgiven my sins!" And the years of his life since have proved the truth of that experience.

O my brethren, if there be one here who is yet in sin and under condemnation, going down inevitably to everlasting death, put Jesus to the test now! He will answer. He never has failed anyone who ever came to Him. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—Rev. C. A. R. Janvier.

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### FRANKLIN'S ILLUSTRATION.

It is recorded of Franklin, that when a young man expressed his surprise that a gentleman well known to them, of unbounded wealth, should appear more anxious after business than the most assiduous clerk in a counting-house, the doctor took an apple from the fruit-basket and presented it to a little child who could just totter about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand; he then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three, dropped the last on the carpet and burst into tears. "See there," said Franklin, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy." The increase of painful care, anxiety and trouble, generally bears at least an equal proportion to the increase of riches. The peace of the child was not broken until the attempt was made to obtain the grasp of the third apple; had but two been thought of, its happiness would have been great.—Selected.

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### EARNESTNESS.

Rev. Rowland Hill, once addressing the people of Wotton, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in doing so: and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel."

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## STORIES OF INDULGENCES.

The dealers in indulgences had established themselves at Hagenau in 1517. The wife of a shoemaker, profiting by the permission given in the instruction of the commissary-general, had gotten against her husband's will a letter of indulgence, and had paid for it a golden florin. Shortly after she died; and the widower omitting to have mass said for the repose of her soul, was charged by the curate with contempt of religion, and the judge of Hagenau summoned him to appear before him. The shoemaker put in his pocket his wife's indulgence, and repaired to the place of summons. "Is your wife dead?" asked the judge. "Yes," answered the shoemaker. "What have you done with her?" "I buried her, and commended her soul to God." "But have you had a mass said for the salvation of her soul?" "I have not; it was not necessary; she went to heaven at the moment of her death." "How do you know that?" "Here is the evidence of it."

The widower drew from his pocket the indulgence and the judge, in the presence of the curate, read, in so many words, that in the moment of death the woman who had received it would go, not into purgatory, but straight into heaven. "If the curate pretends that a mass is necessary after that," said the shoemaker, "my wife has been cheated by our holy father the Pope; but if she has not been cheated, then the curate is deceiving me." There was no reply to this defence, and the accused was acquitted. It was thus that the good sense of the people disposed of the impostures.

A Saxon gentleman had heard Tetzel at Leipsic, and was much shocked by his impostures. He went to the monk and asked if he was authorized to pardon sins in intention, of such as the applicant intended to commit. "Assuredly," answered Tetzel, "I have full power from the Pope to do so." "Well," replied the gentleman, "I want to take some slight revenge on one of my enemies, without attempting his life. I

will pay you ten crowns if you will give me a letter of indulgence that shall bear me harmless." Tetzel made some scruples; they struck their bargain for thirty crowns. Shortly after, the monk set out from Leipsic. The gentleman, attended by his servant, lay wait for him in a wood between Jutterboch and Treblin; they fell upon him, gave him a beating, and carried off the rich chest of indulgence-money the inquisitor had with him. Tetzel clamoured against this act of violence, and brought an action before the judges. But the gentleman showed the letter signed by Tetzel himself, which exempted him beforehand from all responsibility. Duke George, who had first been much incensed at the action, upon seeing this writing, ordered that the accused should be acquitted.—D'Aubigne's History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.

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## JEWELS FROM MUD.

John Ruskin was one day walking along the streets of London. The weather had been very wet, and the mud was most plentiful. The thought occurred to him that he would have the mud analyzed to find out exactly the inorganic elements in it. This was accordingly done, and the London mud was found to consist of sand, clay, soot, and water. Musing upon that fact, it struck him that these are the very substances from which our precious jewels and gems are formed. From the sand or silica come the onyx, chrysolite, agate, beryl, cornelian, chalcedony, jasper, sardius, amethyst; from the clay come the sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz; and from the soot is formed the diamond. London mud composed of priceless jewels! Man cannot transform the mud into those glittering points of light, but God transforms and recreates the mud—poor, sinful, wayward humanity into the glory of redeemed and beautiful souls that sing the new song, and carry with them glad tidings of great joy.—Selected.



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**MYRON P. TYNDALL'S HEALING.**

In 1883 I was a member of the graduating class at the Normal School at Albany, N. Y., and my brother, Charles H. Tyndall, was a student in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y. Near the close of April the shocking intelligence was received from him that father had been seriously injured. He had been kicked on the back of the head by a young horse which he had led to water. Father lived two miles east of Alton, near Great Sodus Bay, N. Y., and my brother could easily go there and keep me informed as to his condition.

But I knew that such an injury at the back of the head was especially dangerous, and my heart sank within me at the sad news received. The burden on my heart was inexpressibly heavy all that day. But at family worship that evening I laid the matter before God in earnest prayer, and entreated him for Christ's sake to spare father's life if possible. It pleased God to give me the assurance that my prayer was answered, and that father should recover. After we arose from our knees I told my wife and a cousin, who was boarding with us, that father was going to get well; and I felt to thank God and rejoice.

Had I been asked how I knew this I could not have told. But it was enough for my comfort that I knew it beyond all question.

He was hurt April 27th, and with the passing of the days the information received was not encouraging.

In spite of the lack of good news from father, I had not the slightest doubt but that he would finally get well; but as time went on I began to feel that I ought to go to him. My presence I thought would at least be a comfort to him, and perhaps the Lord might be pleased to use me to encourage father's faith in God, and so help to his restoration.

My brother had preached at Rose, N. Y., on Sunday, and had driven on from there to see father, and on Mon-

day he ventured to return to Auburn. But on Tuesday night he received a message, saying, "Come home at once." When he reached there on Wednesday he saw at a glance that a change for the worse had taken place; and Dr. York said to him, "Your father can live but a little while!"

About that time, May 4th, I also started for home, two hundred miles away, to see father. I reached the residence of my wife's mother in Rose that evening, and stayed over night. The next morning I set out for the home of my father, which was five or six miles farther north.

At the home of an aunt at York Settlement I stopped and took dinner. And there I learned the particulars of father's injury, and of his condition. A cousin said to me, "Your father cannot get well." I told her I knew he would get well. She said I was mistaken, and thought he would recover because I wanted it so. But I did not know how dreadfully he was hurt, and furthermore both doctors had said there was no hope for him. I told her that God had given me the assurance that He would restore father, and I was as confident of his recovery as though it had already occurred.

Some may read these lines to whom this seems very strange and unreasonable, but there are many others who will understand it, for they too have prayed until made to know that they should have the blessing desired.

My brother, who for twenty-two years has been pastor of the Reformed Church at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., speaking of this matter, said that he met me at the door of father's home on my arrival that afternoon, and he remarked to me, "Father is alive!" When I replied, "Yes, and he is going to live!" he was surprised, and thought I did not know how bad his condition really was.

Entering the sick chamber, father recognized me. His sufferings were most intense. Every few moments a pain would start at the place of injury and traverse his whole spinal column, and his distress was so terrible that the doctors had to keep him under the in-

fluence of opiates continually.

I assured him of my great sympathy for him, and told him that God was going to raise him up to health again. And to encourage his faith I directed his attention to many precious promises of the word of God.

Although he believed the Bible, yet he was not able to claim these promises for himself. His condition continued just the same the remainder of that day, and also all the next day. While I had no doubt of his ultimate recovery, the delay was a trial of my faith and I wondered why God did not interpose. For I was expecting that his recovery would be gradual, and perhaps it might be due in part to the curative properties of the medicines used.

But there was no sign of improvement. Father's sufferings continued as intense as ever. Someone had to sit at his bedside continually to prevent his getting into so profound a slumber from the effect of the morphine administered that he could not be awakened. Arousing him when he began to breathe too heavily at one time, he said to me, "What a horrible dream I had! I thought I was a saw-log, and men were cutting me up with cross-cut saws!"

It was the second night after my arrival, and I was sitting up with father and the other members of the family were in bed. About midnight I had left his room to go to the kitchen to get a hot flatiron to put to his feet. I was gone probably five minutes. When I entered his room, father exclaimed, "Henry, I have not had one of those pains since you left the room. And I am not going to have them any more either! I asked Jesus to take them away, and he has! Bless his name!" Of course we rejoiced, and praised God together.

In a few minutes I awakened the other members of the family. My brother has told me that when aroused his first thought was, "Father is dying." He came down stairs, and seeing father sitting up in bed, he exclaimed, "Father, what is the matter?" "Matter," he replied, "Jesus has just healed me! Bless

his name!" And then he said, "I would not have suffered what I have for the whole state of New York, but I am now glad this happened to me. I now see that it is not for the sake of the righteousness of any man. It is for Christ's sake that God will help us."

He said he had felt too unworthy to believe that the Lord would hear him. But in a moment the thought came, "What did Christ come into the world for, if not to save sinners?" And he asked in faith and at once received. He said he was perfectly well, and wanted to get up and dress. We told him it was only about two o'clock and persuaded him to remain in bed.

That morning he arose and dressed, ate breakfast and led the family worship. When Dr. York, now of Newark, N. Y., called to see him he was astonished to see the change which had taken place, and when father testified that God had healed him, the doctor could not but admit that there was something wonderful about it.

A little later in the day my brother went to Alton, and calling to see Dr. Ostrom he said to him, "Doctor, what do you think of father's condition?" The old physician replied, "My boy, your father will die of acute congestion of the brain in spite of all we can do." But when my brother said, "Doctor, father is sitting up, and says he is well!" the physician was amazed and could not understand it.

Father had no relapse, and lived for eighteen years longer, and as a farmer did some of the hardest work of his life. He fell asleep in Jesus, May 6th, 1901, lacking eight days of 71 years. Spiritually his last days were the best of his life. And he was greatly enriched in faith and love because of this experience of God's grace and power.

It is needless to say that his three sons, now preaching the gospel, all of whom participated in a measure in this experience of God's healing grace, have been blessed by it, and while not despising the use of any other remedies, they earnestly recommend the sick to pray that they may be healed.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



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**THE LEFT-HANDED LETTER.**

A student in a college one day took a letter from the office, and as he glanced at the post mark and the handwriting, there was suddenly suggested to his mind a question that startled him. He had been expecting a letter from his mother, but the one he received, although it bore the post mark of home, was certainly not directed in his mother's familiar hand. Had anything happened to his dearly beloved parent? In that moment of suspense it seemed as if all her incessant love and many admonitions rushed to his mind. Through his whole life he had been surrounded by her influence and prayers.

His mother had with deep earnestness told him when he was leaving home that she believed that the crisis in his life had come, and she implored him to choose Christ for his portion. But his heart was full of worldly ambition. His studies engrossed his whole attention, and he turned a deaf ear to the most important of all subjects. The second week of school he received a letter from her, urging him, with all the intensity of her love, not to make the fatal delay; but the letter was put carelessly aside, and he turned to his absorbing studies. Weeks and months had passed, and letter had followed letter, but the young man had read each without heeding the faithful pleadings of the mother whom he dearly loved. There was a revival in the school, but he did not attend the meetings. His classmates went, and were saved; but he had no time to spare, so completely was he immersed in his books. Would nothing arouse him? It would seem as if everything had failed.

But God's ways are not our ways. That letter did the work. The question, "Has anything happened to mother? Is she dead and all her fearful prayers unanswered?" the inquiry so full of fear—prepared his heart for what was to follow.

With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope. No, his mother was not

dead; but a serious accident had deprived her of her right hand. The hardest thing for the mother was the thought that she could not write to her absent son, and still entreat him to be wise in time. Nay, but she must.

Immediately she began a letter with her untaught left hand. Slow and painful as the process was, she did not falter until it was completed. But when the awkward hand had finished its unaccustomed task, it was so different from the fair writing of former days, that the poor mother could not restrain her tears over the crooked, miserable-looking letter. But it was the best that the faithful mother could do, and weeping, she knelt and implored God to accept her offering, and "make the crooked straight."

How little she thought that even the address that she penned with her trembling hand was to awaken conscience. Slowly and thoughtfully her son deciphered the contents of the scarcely legible letter. It was full of the one theme—his salvation; and as he read the earnest appeal that had been written with such difficulty, every word touched the chords of his heart. He said: "If my salvation makes my dear mother so anxious, I will attend to it now."

That night he was found in the revival meeting; and among those who were converted at that time, he became one of the brightest lights of the Christian church. He always attributed his conversion, through God, to his mother's left-handed letter.—*Tales of Trust.*

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**GIVING AS TO THE LORD.**

It is told of Andrew Fuller that he once asked a friend for a contribution to foreign missions and received the reply, "I will give five pounds, Andrew, seeing it is you." But the preacher refused the proffered gift, and his friend, studying his face for a moment, amended his offer. "Well then, seeing it is the Lord, I will give ten pounds." Not a few of our gifts would change in amount and spirit if they were really offered to the Lord.

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## GOD'S CHASTENING.

Some years ago there was found in an African mine the most magnificent diamond in the world's history. It was presented to the King of England to blaze in his crown of state. The king sent it to Amsterdam to be cut. It was put in the hands of an expert lapidary. And what do you suppose he did with it? He took this gem of priceless value. He cut a notch in it. Then he struck it a sharp blow with his instrument, and lo! the superb jewel lay in his hand, cleft in twain. What recklessness! what wastefulness! what criminal carelessness! Not so. For days and weeks that blow had been studied and planned. Drawings and models had been made of the gem. Its quality, its defects, its lines of cleavage had all been studied with minutest care. The man to whom it was committed was one of the most skilful lapidaries in the world. Do you say that blow was a mistake? Nay. It was the climax of the lapidary's skill. When he struck that blow he did the one thing to bring the gem to its most perfect shapeliness, radiance, and jewelled splendor. That blow which seemed to ruin the superb precious stone was in fact its perfect redemption. For from these two halves were wrought the two magnificent gems which the skilled eye of the lapidary saw hidden in the rough, uncut stone as it came from the mines.

So, sometimes, God allows a stinging blow to fall upon your life. The blood spurts. The nerves wince. The soul cries out in an agony of wondering protest. The blow seems to you an appalling mistake. But it is not. For you are the most precious jewel in the world to God. And He is the most skilled lapidary in the universe. Some day you are to blaze in the diadem of the King. As you lie in His hand now He knows just how to deal with you. Not a blow will be permitted to fall upon your shrinking soul but that the love of God ever rules it, and works out from it, depths of blessing and spiritual

enrichment unseen and unthought-of by you.—James H. McConkey.

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## THE DRAGON OF THE ABYSS.

Important and striking truth is often conveyed to the mind by fable, and enforced on the attention with great power, as in the following eastern story. A man was traveling in Syria, leading his camel by the bridle. Suddenly, the animal is seized with a panic of fear; he raises himself with impetuosity, foams and bounds in a manner so horrible that his master abandons him in anguish, and tries to save himself. He perceives at a distance from the road a deep stream; and as he still heard the frightful neighings of the camel, he sought a refuge there, and fell over a precipice. But a shrub held him up. He clung to it with both hands, and cast on every side his anxious eyes. Above him is the terrible camel, of which he does not lose sight for a moment. In the abyss below is a dragon who opens his monstrous jaws, and seems waiting to devour him. At the side of him he sees two mice, one white and the other black, who gnaw in turn at the foot of the shrub which serves him for support. The unfortunate man remains there frozen with terror, and seeing no retreat, no means of safety.

Suddenly on a little branch of a shrub, he sees some fruit. At that moment he ceases to observe the rage of the camel, the jaws of the dragon, and the frightful activity of the mice. He reaches out his hand toward the fruit, he gathers it, and in the sweet taste forgets his dangers. Do you ask who is this madman, who can forget so quickly a mortal peril? That man is thyself. The dragon of the stream is the ever-open abyss of death. The camel represents the sorrows of life. The two mice who are gnawing at the roots of the shrub are day and night. And in this situation the fruit of pleasure attracts you. You forget the anxieties of life, the threatenings of death, the rapid succession of day and night, to seek the plant of voluptuousness on the borders of the tomb.—Selected.



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## A STRIKING INCIDENT.

The following, taken from the "Pioneer Preacher," by Rev. Sherlock Bristol, recounts an experience of his student days at Oberlin. He was formerly a home missionary in the Northwest, and resided the last we knew at Saticoy, Cal. We most emphatically believe that God often thus influences the minds of men to provide for those who trust in Him. But for this faith we should be burdened with anxiety from which we are now happily free:

"Nothing special occurred during my Junior year, save that I was wonderfully provided for financially. Strange it was, but true, that when I came to need money or books, or clothing, somehow they came. And I noticed, too, that God held them back just long enough to enable me to appreciate their value, and thus properly estimate the love of the giver. And I used often to wonder if the commandment to pray and to pray often did not arise in part from the yearnings of the great paternal heart for converse with his children.

"I ought not here to omit the mention of a special providence, supplying special need of so marked a character that I was compelled to say, 'This is the finger of God.'

"I had borrowed five dollars of a Mr. Penfield, a student. One day he came to me in haste and said, 'My people are sick and I must start for home this noon, and shall need that five dollars to pay my fare.' I went at once to get it, but I could neither get it where it was due me nor borrow it. Just then money had become very scarce in Oberlin. The bell rang for twelve o'clock, the stage threw off its mails at the post-office and was rushing to the hotel to change horses, then to rush back, take its mails and go on. I was returning to Tappan Hall and saw Mr. Penfield standing in the south door waiting for his money. What should I say to him? That the Lord had failed me this time? What a disappointment to him, and what influence

and his? But I saw a man running toward the hall, who reached it simultaneously with myself. Before I had time to speak to Penfield the stranger cried out, 'Is there a man by the name of Bristol here?' 'That is my name,' I said, 'and I am the only one of that name in college.' 'Well,' said he, handing me five dollars, 'I suppose this belongs to you.' 'Who gave it to you?' 'Don't know. Just as I left Cleveland a gentleman handed me this and said to give it to a man in Oberlin by name of Bristol. That is all I know about it,' and he turned and ran back to the post-office. I handed it over to Penfield, and went to my room to thank God for the gift, and also for this helper of my faith.

"Years after, in passing through Cleveland, I met a lawyer by the name of Sterling, and he asked, 'Did you, some two years ago, receive five dollars from me?' I said I had no recollection of it, but told him of receiving five dollars of a stranger as narrated above. 'Do tell!' said he, 'I sent that five dollars and it has troubled me more than any five I ever lost or thought I lost. Thus it was: I was standing by the Weddle House as the stage was starting off one morning, gazing upon the passengers filling up the coach. As the driver was gathering up his lines a passenger thrust his head out of the window and asked, 'Does this coach pass through Oberlin?' 'Yes,' said the driver. At once I drew out my purse, and handing the stranger five dollars said, 'Give this to a student by the name of Bristol there; they all know him.' The driver cracked his whip and the stage was off. I was confounded at what I had done, and said to myself, 'What a fool I was to give that five dollars to a total stranger! He will forget the name, and if he don't he will have no time to look up Mr. Bristol; the stage only stops to change horses. Ten to one he will keep it. Surely I am a fool. A hundred times I said this of my action, and wondered at its precipitancy. It seemed as if for an instant another will had control of my hand and my purse. So you received it after all, and just when you

needed it, too,' and he went away in deep meditation. Of course such singular interpositions are rare, but do not some such occur in every life, enough to startle us out of our materialism, with the conviction, 'Thou God seest me'?"

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### RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

A settler in South Africa who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking about his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was going home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kaffir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an ax, his right hand was severed from his wrist.

It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from his home. He came to a Kaffir hut and asked admission. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning when he arose to depart, his host confronted him, and holding up his arm asked the white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale—the hand was gone! He knew he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly.

The Kaffir continued: "You were in my power, I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has maimed you for life,' but I replied, 'No, I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'" —Selected.

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### SECRETS OF STRENGTH.

It is noted that George Muller, though a man always of delicate constitution physically, began evangelistic tours at the age of 70 involving a period of seventeen years, and of travel aggregating a distance of eight times around the world, and he continued to carry much of the responsibilities of the Orphanages besides, until beyond the age of 90. As a young man his frequent and serious illnesses and general debility had apparently disqualified him from

all military duty and many prophesied early death or hopeless succumbing to disease; yet at the age of 92 he is quoted as saying, "I have been able, every day and all the day, to work, and that with ease, as seventy years since." He ascribed his marvelous preservation to three causes: (1) The exercising himself to have always a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men. (2) To the love he felt for the Scriptures, and the constant recuperative power they exercised upon his whole being. (Prov. iv:20); and, (3) To the happiness he felt in God and His work, which relieved him of all anxiety and needless wear and tear in his labors. —Selected.

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### WHY THEY COULD NOT SLEEP.

Two missionaries went to a village in Korea in which the gospel had never been preached. It was noised abroad that they had come, and practically the whole population gathered. The interest of the people was so great that the meeting continued until a late hour. Finally, the missionaries, weary after the day's journey, closed the meeting and were shown into an adjoining room for the night. But the people did not go away, and the murmuring of their voices kept the missionaries from sleeping. Along about two o'clock, one of them went back and said to the people: "Why don't you go home and go to sleep? It is very late and we are tired." The head man of the village answered in substance: "How can we sleep? You have told us that the Supreme Power is not an evil spirit trying to injure us, but a loving God Who gave His only begotten Son for our salvation, and that if we will turn away from our sins and trust in Him, we may have deliverance from fear, guidance in our perplexities, comfort in our sorrows. How can we sleep after a message like this?" How could they indeed? And the missionaries forgetting their weariness, sat down by those poor people and communed with them until the morning dawned.—Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D. D.



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## A SOLITARY CHRISTIAN.

In one of my early journeys I came with my companions to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied, "I love Him whose servants you are; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul, in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm, when in his school, some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn!" I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the reader may con-

ceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our heavenly father.—Robert Moffat.

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## THE GREATER FOOL.

In a sermon preached by Bishop Hall, upon his eightieth birthday, he relates the following story:

There was a certain lord who kept a fool in his house; as many a great man did in those days for their pleasure; to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he met with such a one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years later, his lord fell sick; and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him; and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him.

"And wither wilt thou go?" said the fool.

"Into another world," said the lord.

"And when wilt thou come again?—within a month?"

"No."

"Within a year?"

"No."

"When then?"

"Never."

"Never! And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"No!" said the fool, "none at all? Here, take my staff, then. Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order, whence thou shalt never return? Take my staff for I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

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## GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

Too many people have a microscopic idea of the Creator. If they would only study his wonderful works, as shown in nature herself and the natural laws of the universe, they would have a much broader idea of the Great Engineer. Indeed I can almost prove his existence by chemistry.—Thomas A. Edison.

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## CHRIST SEEN IN A CHRISTIAN.

Some years ago I was preaching in one of the hospitals in East Arabia, and spoke of the love of Christ—its length and breadth and depth and height—using the words of the Apostle as the basis of my talk. I endeavored to present the subject simply so that it could be understood by the uneducated people who had gathered in the waiting room. At the close of the address a Moslem, unprepossessing in appearance, who had evidently not been to the hospital before, stepped forward and with Bedouin bluntness exclaimed, "I understand all you told us, because I have seen that sort of man myself."

In the conversation that followed, this Arab, who came from a city about five hundred miles distant, began to describe, in response to inquiries, a stranger who had come to his city and taken up his residence there. "Why," he said, "he was a strange man. When people did wrong to him, he did good to them. He looked after sick folks and prisoners, and everybody who was in trouble. He even treated negro slave boys and sick Arabs kindly. He was always good to other people. Many of them never had such a friend as he was. He used to take long journeys in the broiling sun to help them. He seemed to think one man was as good as another. He was a friend to all kinds of people. He was just what you said."

To my surprise, this rude, uneducated man had recognized, in the description which I had given of the love of Christ, a Christian missionary, and greater was my surprise later to find that it was my brother, Peter J. Zwemer, who in 1893 opened work in Muscat, and died in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, in 1898. That Mohammedan had not only heard the word of the missionary, but had seen it exemplified in the missionary's life. What higher tribute could be paid to the daily life of one of God's servants than the fact that an ignorant Mohammedan, studying him day by day, recognized Christ?"—Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S.

— 653 —

## WEAK THINGS.

On the shore of the harbor of New York one autumn day, the hand of a little two year old pressed upon an electric key. It was a light thing to do; it required not half the strength of that infant's finger; but that touch closed an electric current and drove a fiery spark down under the deep waters, and along the radiating wires, and, sudden as a lightning flash, whole acres of solid rock leaped from their eternal foundations, and thus opened the way for the tides of commerce and travel to pour through those dangerous narrows which had so long been the terror of the sailor.

What power had that infant? What was there in that tiny hand that could produce such great results? Nothing. But down beneath those waves for months and years men had been laboring and excavating and storing their dynamite and other explosive compounds, and it needed but the touch of little Mary Newton's finger to make the connection which linked together the mightiest forces of nature, and heaved from their base those rocks that had stood since the world was made.

So he who does the work of God may be but a child. He may be one of the weak things, the base things, the foolish things of this world; but his faith takes hold upon eternal realities; his confidence grasps the everlasting arm; it is no power of his that does the work, but his touch; his word, his testimony may close the circuit between a soul and God, and bring the accumulated forces of omnipotence to bear upon a human heart.—H. L. Hastings.

— 654 —

"John McNeill tells how, lying awake in the early morning, he used to hear his father opening the door to go to his humble, difficult work, saying in a firm voice, 'I go forth today in the name of God.' So may we all live. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things will find their places."



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## THE STORY OF MARTIN BOOS.

Among the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be soon forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world apparently by mistake. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer—a “Christmas child,” yet born in so cold a night that the water in the room froze. An orphan at four, his eldest sister’s first thought was to dispose of him with due regard to economy. Being a sturdy girl, she set him on her shoulders, and started for Ausburg; but getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he soon cried himself asleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle’s door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle’s house, saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where, a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off the first honors. Sailer’s teaching had more influence than he knew; and when his uncle had celebrated his first mass by giving a three days’ shooting party, he thankfully subsided into a quiet parish priest, cultivating, in thorough Romish fashion, holy affections, and yearning after that calm mystic relation to Christ that had been pointed out in the lectures.

“I lay,” he says, “for years upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me; I scourged myself until the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair shirt; I hungered, and gave my bread to the poor; I spent every leisure moment in the precincts of the church; I confessed and communicated every week.” He “gave himself an immense deal of trouble to lead a holy life,” and was unanimously elected a saint; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?”

Going to see a pious old woman on her death-bed, he said wistfully, “Ah, you may well die in peace!” “Why?” “You have lived such a godly life.” “What a miserable comforter!” she

said, and smiled; “if Christ had not died for me, I should have perished forever, with all my good works and piety. Trusting in Him, I die in peace.” And from this time the light fell in upon his soul; the dying woman had answered his miserable cry.

He stayed some months with Feneberg, at Seeg, as voluntary chaplain, with Sailer; was one of those who accompanied the good man on the first Sunday he went out with his wooden leg; then received a curacy at Wiggensbach near Kempen, and began preaching Christ. “Flames of fire darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw.” He declared their sins, and when they cried, “What shall we do?” he gave them no answer. “Repent?” no answer. “Confess?” no answer. “Good works?” no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls, and then they knew how vain was any answer but one—Christ.

Moreover, he had a terse, original way of putting things, and a power of homely—some may think too homely—illustration. One or two examples may be given at hazard:—“They are dearer to God who seek something from Him than those who seek to bring something to Him.” “He that says he is pious is certainly not.” “The most read their Bibles like cows that stand in the thick grass, and trample the finest flowers and herbs.” “People think it a weakness to forgive an insult. Then God would be the weakest in heaven and on earth, for no one in heaven or on earth forgives so much as He.” “Death strips us of this world’s glory, as a boot-jack draws off your boots. Another wears my boots when I am dead, and another wears my glory. It is of very little value.”

A preacher of this stamp would make himself heard anywhere; and it is little wonder that great excitement gathered about the little country chapel in Bavaria. Many found the Saviour when he preached; persons came long journeys to hear so strange and blessed a doctrine; and the chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone

about anxious, heavy laden, and hopeless for years. Feneberg heard of it, longed for more than he had yet found, and wrote that he was like Zaccheus waiting in the tree till Christ should pass by. "Then wait quietly in the tree," Boos wrote back; "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart."—Stevenson's *Praying and Working*.

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#### THE BIBLE WORKS WONDERS.

About the year 1905 a political refugee, named Manoel Bispo, was wandering on the frontier of the State of Sao Paulo in Brazil. He was afraid to go into the towns, and kept to the woods and fields. Among the peasants he heard talk of a wonderful book, the Word of God, which certain men from Rio de Janeiro had distributed in the district. There were only a few scattered copies of it, but many men were studying it, and following its wonderful precepts.

Manoel, hiding in the forest, lonely and anxious, was greatly helped and comforted by certain words that he was told were in the book. He made up his mind that he must have one for himself. So he made the journey to Rio de Janeiro, a thousand miles, as best he could, and sure enough the book was to be had. With his precious copy he made his way back to the remote interior village from which he had come, and where he felt safe at last.

Four years later, so the American Bible Society records show, a colporteur reached this village for the first time. No missionary had ever set foot there. The colporteur hardly expected anyone to listen to him. But he found not only that the villagers had heard of the Bible, but that they had adopted it as the guide of their lives. Manoel, on his arrival, had read his book to his neighbors, and they had received its teachings gladly. So the colporteur was able to organize a little church, and now, in this remote place, the gospel is preached and lived in sincerity and faithfulness. The refugee's Bible was worth journeying a thousand miles for—was it not?

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#### PRAYER FOUND THE REMEDY.

A correspondent of *The Illustrated Christian Weekly* states that a mother of her acquaintance had a child taken alarmingly ill. She sent for the physician. The child was in convulsions. The doctor began at once vigorously to apply the customary remedies—cold water to the head, warm applications to the feet, chafing of the hands and limbs. All was in vain. The body lost nothing of its dreadful rigidity. Death seemed close at hand, and absolutely inevitable. At length he left the child, and sat down by the window, looking out. He seemed, to the agonized mother, to have abandoned her darling. For herself, she could do nothing but pray; and even her prayer was but an inarticulate and unvoiced cry for help. Suddenly the physician started from his seat. "Send and see if there be any jimson weed in the yard," he cried. His order was obeyed; the poisonous weed was found. The remedies were instantly changed. Enough of the seeds of this deadly weed were brought away by the medicine to have killed a man. The physician subsequently said that he thought that in that five minutes every kindred case he had ever known in a quarter century's practice passed before his mind. Among them was the one case which suggested the real, but before hidden, cause of the protracted and dreadful convulsions. And the child was saved.

Now is there anything inconsistent or unphilosophical in the belief that at that critical moment, a loving God, answering the mother's helpless cry, flashed on the mind of the physician the thought that saved the child? Is it any objection to that faith to say, the age of miracles is past? If the mother may call in a second physician, to suggest the cause and the cure, may she not call on God? What the doctor can do for a fellow-practitioner, cannot the Great Physician do? Though the doctor had often tried and thought, yet it was not till the last prayer and call on God that the remedy was brought to his mind.



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### THE INDIANS AND THE GREAT BOOK.

"At Norway House, on a certain occasion," says Rev. Egerton Young, "a number of Indians came into my room, noiselessly, after a fashion, so that the room was filled with them before I knew it. When I became aware of their presence I asked whence they were. 'From a journey of fourteen nights,' they replied. For they reckon distance by the number of nights they are delayed to sleep. 'We have got the Kessenaychen—the Great Book—but we don't understand it, although we can read it.' I thought they were joking for the Indians cannot read unless someone has taught them; and I knew from their account they must live far away from any missionary; but I asked them, 'From what missionary did you learn?' 'We never saw a missionary nor a teacher.'

"I took down from my shelf our Bible, printed in the beautiful syllabic character for the Cree language, and opened to Genesis; they read it with ease and correctness. I turned the pages and they read in many places. I was amazed, and asked them again where they lived. They described it to me; it was far away, north of Hudson's Bay, hundreds of miles from any missionary. Their hunting grounds, it seems, adjoin those of some Christian Indians—they cover great distances in hunting—'and,' continued my visitors, 'we visited your Indians and found that they had the Kessenaychen. We got them to read it and then to teach it to us, and we were so pleased with it that we all learned to read it during the winter.'

"Every soul in a village of three hundred population had thus actually learned to read the Bible without ever having seen any white teacher; and having providentially come into possession of some copies that happened to be in the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's agent, these heathen Indians had journeyed through the snows fourteen nights distance that to them might

be given instruction in the Book they had thus learned to love."

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### INFLUENCE OF GOOD BOOKS.

Next to reading the Bible, the reading of good books, that tell of the lives of great and noble men and women, are helpful in building Christian character. "Give attention to reading," was Paul's admonition to Timothy. In these days when there is so much trashy literature afloat, we need to pay special attention to selecting our reading. More than one life has been fashioned by thoughts imbibed in reading a good book. It is said of the Scotchman, Alexander Mackay who established a native Christian state in Uganda, that when a little boy he read of David Livingstone, and with his father looked over the maps of Africa and traced the travels of the explorer. One night while his father was away preaching and his mother was telling him stories of the heathen lands, he said to her, "Would you like me to go to Africa, mother?" "Not unless God prepares you for it, my boy, but if the call comes, see that you do not reject it," was the answer.

When he grew up a call did come, and he went, and God did use him to do a great deal of work in His name.

Mr. Arnot, who has been named little Livingstone by the natives beyond the Zambesi, through whose labors and prayers a number of mission stations have been established in central Africa, also received his missionary inspiration by hearing and reading of David Livingstone, and it was he who in after years had the honor of nailing a brass plate to the tree where the heart of Livingstone was buried.

These two lives were both used in gathering many heathen souls into the kingdom, and both found inspiration in reading the life of a great and good man. There are many others who have likewise been influenced for good and usefulness. Reading of good and noble men is like making them our companions and has a tendency to make our spirits like unto theirs.—Ida Worcester.

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## THE DEBASEMENT OF SIN.

There is no contact that leaves its mark more distinctly upon the human features than the disfiguring touch of sin. It can mar the fairest countenance, quench the light from the brightest eyes, steal the freshness and bloom from the sweetest cheek, and so mar and distort every lineament as to make the whole unrecognizable even to the mother, whose eyes are the last to be deceived. There is no incident that could more forcibly illustrate this than that connected with the painting of Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." It is familiar to many, but may be new to some. Long and in vain had the artist sought for a model for his Christ. "I must find a young man of pure life," he declared, "before I can get that look on the face I want." At length his attention was called to a young man who sang in the choir of one of the old churches, Pietro Bandinelli by name. He was not only a young man of beautiful countenance, but his life was as beautiful as his face. The moment he looked upon this pure, sweet countenance the artist cried to himself in his joy: "At last I have the face I wanted." So Pietro Bandinelli sat as the model for the picture of Christ.

Years passed on and still the great painting of "The Last Supper" was not finished. The artist was hunting for a model for his Judas. "I must find a man whose face sin has hardened and distorted," he said; "a debased man, his features stamped with ravages only wicked living and a wicked heart can show." Thus he wandered in search of his Judas, until one day in the streets of Rome he came upon a wretched creature—a beggar in rags, with a face of such hard, villainous stamp that even the artist was repulsed; but he knew that at last he had found his Judas.

And so it came about that the beggar sat as the model for the face of Judas.

As he was dismissing him, da Vinci said: "I have not asked your name yet, but I will now."

"Pietro Bandinelli," replied the man, looking at him unflinchingly, "I also sat for your model of Christ."

The artist was so overcome by this startling declaration that he would not at first believe it, but had at last to do so, through incontrovertible proof. The young man had fallen into evil ways, at first only a little so. Time after time he yielded, and at last had become the debased creature the artist had found.

O young reader, beware of the first disfiguring touch!—Selected.

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## A SERVANT GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

I believe it was John Wesley, who, when told that his congregation consisted largely of servant girls, replied that he was glad of it, as they had the care of the children, and if the servant girls were converted they would train the children in the fear of the Lord.

A most notable illustration of this truth is found in a case of one of England's most honored noblemen. A half a century or more ago his mother had a servant maid and housekeeper, named Mary Millas. She had the care of this child, and trained him up until he was seven years of age, when she died. But the seed which she had sown was not lost. She had set an indelible mark upon the tender mind of the young nobleman, and her example, precepts, and prayers, remembered by him, fixed and formed his character for good at that early age. Today that little child is known and honored throughout England, by every class from the beggar to the prince, and his name is graven upon the hearts of the poor throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Let those who deem their position lowly and their work obscure, take courage and be faithful; and if at any time their hearts despond or repine, let the name of Lord Shaftesbury, with all the nobility of his consecrated and generous life, encourage them to toil on, as Mary Millas did, assured that God shall give the increase, and that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.—Selected.



— 662 —

## AWAITING AN INHERITANCE.

It was at Field, British Columbia, that we made a pleasant acquaintance in a lady who, like ourselves, was traveling through this wonderful land of majestic beauty. In the course of a ramble to the Natural Bridge, she told us a little of her life history, which was so interesting that we repeat it here to prove that truth is often as interesting as fiction, and that her life is a prototype of that of every true Christian.

"Early in life," she said, "I was married to a young man who had few near relatives, save a wealthy uncle, whom he seldom saw. Of course, we sent him an invitation to our quiet little wedding, but he neither came to the wedding nor noticed, in any way, the invitation.

"A year or so after this, our baby boy came, and my husband said, 'I am going to name this boy after Uncle George; it is a good name, and it may please Uncle George to have me do it. He has never married, and some day he may take a notion to do something for the boy.'

"So the child was named after the uncle, and my husband wrote and told him of it. No notice, in any way, was taken of the letter, and I said, 'I am sorry you named the child after him. I wish you had not done so.'

"Several years rolled by, and again a little child came into our home, this time a girl; but when she was only six weeks old, my husband was taken ill of small-pox, and the boy, too, and in a few days they were both dead, and the baby girl lay ill with the same disease.

"I was so stunned with grief that when the physician told me that the infant would live, I felt utterly indifferent. Word had been sent to Uncle George of the double funeral, but no message of sympathy was received from him. I did not know how, in my weak condition, to face the world and make a living for myself and child. By and by, however, I rallied, and found a way in which I could do so.

"Years rolled by, and my daughter

grew to young womanhood. About seven years ago she married, making a very wise choice. When arranging for her wedding, she suggested sending an invitation to Uncle George. I objected; I said, 'You do not know how he has treated all the letters that have been sent him in the past. He has ignored them all.'

"'Well, mother, I want to send it. We might as well let him know that he has some relatives in the world.' So the invitation was sent.

"To our great surprise, he acknowledged the invitation, and enclosed a check as a wedding gift. It proved to be for one hundred dollars, and my daughter was delighted at the response to her invitation.

"About two years ago, I received a letter from an attorney, stating that George S. Stevenson had died, and his last will and testament directed that his entire estate should be equally divided between his only sister and the widow of his nephew. No mention was made of my daughter, who, of course, is of his blood, but the fortune was left absolutely to me.

"My first act on coming into possession of the money was to buy a home, and then a burial lot, two things I had always longed to have. I established my daughter in the home, and I live with her. She has a dear little boy, who is the sunshine of the home, and we are a happy family. I am spending some of my income in travel, which is something I never before had an opportunity to do. I have just been through Colorado, the Yellowstone Park, California, Portland, Seattle, and am now returning home by way of these grand Canadian Rockies."

This is a true story, and its lessons are not hard to find. There is One whose name we bear, who "is rich in houses and lands, he holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands," and to whom we turn in our time of sorrow and joy. Often it seems as though he paid no heed to our prayers; at other times, the answer comes, and we are thankful but surprised, for our faith is small. Some day, however, we shall be summoned

by the great Advocate of souls, and we shall find that during all these years of trial, he has been watching us and proving us, and in the meanwhile preparing us for a mansion that shall be ours forever, and in which we shall gather together with our loved one, and go no more out forever.—Mary Ella Cornell.

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### A PICTURE'S INFLUENCE.

Some years ago I read a story of a widowed mother in England who had seven sons. These boys had grown up under her care, and one after another, as fast as they had reached the age of maturity, left home and went to sea. When the last boy had gone she called in her pastor, who was a common-sense man, and she told him the story of how all her boys, one after another, had gone as sailors, how she had never taught them along this line, and that they had never even seen the sea. As she was talking the old pastor's eyes rested upon a beautiful painting that hung above the mantelpiece. It was the picture of a ship in full sail. The merry passengers were standing upon the deck, waving their handkerchiefs in glad rejoicing and great glee to friends who had come to greet them from the shore. It was a beautiful sight, and the old pastor said, "How long have you had that picture in the room?" "Oh," she said, "it was given to us as a bridal present when we were married." "And you have raised up every one of your children in this room?" "Yes. This was the nursery." "And they have had their eyes on that picture all along through the years?" "Yes." "Well, that's the explanation." And I do not at all doubt that it had a great deal to do with it.

Nor do I doubt that the conduct of people today in the great round world is to a large extent to be traced back to some simple thing like that, perhaps to some picture, or book, or person, that they came in contact with in the formative period of their life, and that stamped their character forever. And if that be true, how careful Christian

people should be about the kind of pictures that adorn their walls! How careful we should be about what is in the boy's room. In order to be perfectly practical, let me say, How careful we should be to see to it that the boy does not carry about in his pocket those abominable pictures they give with cigarette packages in this country. We talk a great deal about the evil effects of the cigarette. I do not believe that cigarettes, harmful as they are and much as I hate them, have done any more harm than have the pictures that go with them.—Rev. Len G. Broughton, D. D.

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### "ALWAYS BEFORE GOD."

In some personal recollections of a minister's life, recently published in *The Christian Endeavor World*, F. D. Power, of Washington, gives this experience.

"Riding one day on a train, I was half asleep in the seat, having been up all the night before, when I overheard the conductor talking to someone just behind me, and using every little while an oath.

"Turning about, I faced him, and said, 'Captain, are there any regulations on this road with respect to the use of profanity on the part of its employees?'

"'How is that, sir?' he asked.

"I repeated.

"'Yes sir,' he slowly answered.

"I resumed my silence, and there was silence everywhere.

"Presently the conductor approached me and said: 'I hope you will excuse me for using profanity in your presence. I did not know you were a minister.'

"'You do not know I am a minister,' I said, 'nor does that make any difference. Do you talk that way before your wife and children, or your mother?'

"'No, sir, I do not.'

"'Well, remember, you are always before God.'

"I never saw a word have greater effect."

If Christian men would bear similar witness much might be accomplished toward the lessening of this present evil.



— 665 —

## GOD SENT A FUR CAP.

A widow once told the writer of the turning point in her Christian life, when God's love was so shed abroad in her heart that she had been enabled to go on through all her trials rejoicingly conscious of God's presence, and casting all her burdens upon Him. She was driven to seek God by great need. Her husband's death left her destitute, with little children to provide for, and few friends to whom to look for continuous aid.

Winter drew on, and, one day, her little boy came in shivering with cold and asked if he could not have a fur cap, as his straw hat was very cold and none of the boys at school wore straw hats. She was without a cent in the world. She gave a hopeful answer to the boy and sent him out to play, and then went to the bedroom and knelt and wept in utter desolation of heart before God, praying most earnestly that God would give her a token that He was her God and was caring for her by sending her a cap for her boy. While she prayed the peace of God filled her soul. She was made to feel the presence of her Saviour in such a way that all doubts as to his love for her and his fulfillment of all his promises to care for her vanished away, and she went out of her room, rejoicing in the Lord and singing his praise.

She had no burden about the cap, and was quite content for God to send it or not as it pleased Him; and, in the afternoon, when a neighbor called, occupied with the Lord and His wonderful love, the thought of the cap had gone from her mind. When the neighbor rose to depart, she said, "You know my little boy died last fall. Just before he died I bought him a fur cap; he only wore it two or three times. After his death I put away all his things and thought I could never part with any of them. But, this morning, as I went to the drawer to look them over, I felt that I should give you this cap for your little boy. Will you take it of me?" As she took the cap and told her neigh-

bor of the morning trial, prayer and blessing, two souls were filled with the sense of the reality of prayer and the love of God for his children. "My little boy," said the widow, "wore that cap for three winters. And often, when sorely tried by my circumstances, has God lifted the burden from my heart, by my just looking at it, and remembering the blessing that came with it." —Major W. D. Whittle.

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## A BRAVE CHINESE BOY.

Dr. Griffith John, the eminent English missionary who has labored long in China, sends to a mission band of children in England the following story from Hankow:

"It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been in a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this and were determined to force him to worship them again. They beat him, but it was of no use; he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but, he stoutly refused.

"At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. 'Throw me,' said he, 'if you like; but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship Him only.' They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, 'you have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols; I only prayed to Jesus.' A brave little boy, that! May you all be as brave—brave for God; brave for Jesus; brave for righteousness; brave for the missionary cause; brave for the salvation of the world. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

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## THE TOBACCO EVIL.

As we stood talking with a man a few days ago, we observed smoke coming from the region of one of his pockets. He noticed it at the same instant, and hastily withdrawing from the pocket a lighted pipe proceeded to beat out the fire it had started. This was quickly extinguished, but a hole in his blouse testified that it had been afire. This incident brought to the remembrance of the writer a few lines, taught him many years ago, by his aged grandmother. He recited the verse to the man, and will pass it on to the boys and girls who may read these lines, in the hope that they too will memorize it and then pass it on to others:

"Tobacco is a nasty weed;  
From the devil it doth proceed;  
It picks your pockets, burns your  
clothes;  
And makes a chimney of your nose."

There may be more truth than poetry in this verse. Tobacco is indeed a pick-pocket. The tobacco users of our country spend more money for it every year than all the people of the land pay for bread. Tobacco weakens the heart and helps to shorten the life of all who use it; and yet the people of the United States burn up and spit out annually more than \$600,000,000 worth of this vile weed.

The accumulative effect of poison taken in small doses becomes great enough at last to weaken the constitution even if it does not destroy the life. That tobacco is a poison no one of intelligence will deny. It is said that there is sufficient nicotine poison in one cigar if extracted and administered to a man to kill him. Two or three years ago a little child living within a block of the Tabernacle was taken strangely ill. A doctor was called to treat the sufferer, but he was unable to determine the cause or the character of the complaint. At last in what was thrown off the child's stomach shreds of tobacco were found; and then the physician

knew it was a case of nicotine poisoning, and treated the child accordingly. But in spite of all he could do the child died from the poison of the tobacco swallowed. It seems that the little boy had found the remains of a cigar left by his father in the parlor, and had nibbled and swallowed a very little of it, but enough to cause his death.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## THE BOOK THAT MAKES THINGS SAFE.

A young infidel years ago was traveling in the West with his uncle, a banker. They were not a little anxious for their safety when they were forced to stop for a night in a rough wayside cabin. There were two rooms in the house; and when they retired for the night they agreed that the young man should sit up with his pistols, and watch until midnight, and then awaken his uncle, who should watch until morning. Presently they peeped through the crack and saw their host, a rough-looking old man, in his bear-skin suit, reach up and take down a book—a Bible. After reading it awhile, he knelt down and began to pray. Then the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for bed. The uncle said, "I thought you were going to sit up and watch." But the young man knew there was no need of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night long in a cabin that was hallowed by the Word of God, and consecrated by the voice of prayer. Would a pack of cards, a rum bottle, or a copy of the "Age of Reason" have thus quieted this young infidel's fears?

All countries without the Bible are good countries to move away from. Countries where the Bible is read and obeyed are good countries to move into. Those who study and love the Bible will know the reason why. Those who hate the Bible can easily find some countries where it is not read. Why do they not move there and see how they like it?—Selected.



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## SOME REMINISCENCES.

The work of the People's Tabernacle was begun the first Sunday of October, 1892, and in January following we published the first issue of the little paper now known as the "Little Evangelist." For the first three years it made its appearance every two months; but since the 18th of January, 1896, twenty-three years, the paper has been published weekly. We have nine neatly bound volumes containing all the issues of the paper for the first twenty-two years after the starting of the work; and if we wish to be humbled before God, and made deeply sensible of His goodness, we have only to take one of those volumes and review some of the experiences of past years.

Our readers may be interested in some extracts from the first issue of the paper. In the Financial Report we see that the receipts from all sources totaled \$103.16. This was for the maintenance of the work for the first three months of its existence. Of this sum \$47.56 was from the offerings of the Sunday School and religious meetings. Donations amounting to \$48.50 had been received from five persons, the pastor's brother contributing more than half of the amount. Through the kindness of our landlord, Mr. John H. Haar, banker and broker of 100 Broadway, we had no rent to pay for those three months, but the other expenses amounted to \$85.37. We quote: "From the above it will be seen that there was a balance of \$17.79 as the Pastor's salary for the three months. It will be apparent how inadequate this was for family support when it is known that \$69 was paid during the same time for house rent alone."

Regarding the religious destitution of this part of the city previous to our venture it is said: "There were swarms of children on the streets, and no Sabbath School to which they could be invited. One Christian lady who was anxious for me to do what I could to start a Sunday School told me she had taken one of her children to the nearest school, and the superintendent said to

her he was sorry to say so, but the fact was that the Sunday School was already so full that not another child could be received. In half of the block in which I lived I knew of five practicing physicians looking after the bodily needs of the people, but on all these seventeen streets I did not know of more than one minister attending to their spiritual needs."

"I tried in vain to get other parties sufficiently interested in this uptown field, so that they would go to the expense of opening a place where a Sunday School could be started. The only hindrance seemed to be the lack of money. From my salary of \$1,500, by economy, I had been able to save several hundred dollars the previous year; and believing that God often wants us to do all we can, after much prayer, I decided to resign my field downtown and start the work myself."

As to the support of the work this item occurs in that first paper: "I mean to trust God and the public for help to carry on this work. And before I will incur debt to continue it I shall believe it is God's will for me to give it up. Furthermore, while I mean to let our readers know of our needs, it is my intention to solicit aid from no one. I trust that He who made me willing to sacrifice to start the work will, in answer to prayer, make others willing to help it on. 'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.'"

In that first paper, it is said, "We hope to see a church erected here. A suitable site can be bought for \$10,000. I judge a corrugated iron church, which might answer our purpose, could be put up for \$1,500."

How much better was God to us than our highest expectations! Eventually \$27,000 was paid for the site, and here we have not a temporary iron church, but three substantial brick and stone buildings, without a dollar of indebtedness. When the Jews have tried to buy this property, as they have sought to do a number of times, the only encouragement they received was to be told that the price was five hundred thousand dollars. And all this came from voluntary

offerings in answer to prayer. Surely, "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### FISHING, NOT ACCOUNTING.

There is a story of an old physician whose recreation, when he found himself worn with duties and overburdened with cares, was to escape from them all for a day of fishing. There was rest in the silence and calm of the wood, healing in the voice of the wind through the trees and the murmur of the mountain brook, and he came back fit for life and its work again. Once he took with him an eager-hearted young student who he thought would be benefited by his own remedy. But the younger man, though enjoying his surroundings, was inclined to make them a study.

"Doctor, where does this stream come from? You say you have known it a long time, and its volume of water seems unaffected by heavy rains or long droughts. How do you account for it?"

"I don't," answered the doctor, with twinkling eyes; "I just fish in it."

There was wisdom in the reply. Life holds many a blessing, many a truth that is ours for rest and comforting, if we will simply appropriate and use it, but which eludes us and becomes only a vexing puzzle if we insist upon analysis. We are surrounded by mysteries. Love and faith can never be wholly understood or explained; the divine and the human alike baffle us. The very life we live will not reveal to us whence it comes or whither it goes, but it is ours for our using.—Forward.

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### ALLSTON'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

Washington Allston, the famous poet and artist, was once in financial straits in London, where he had gone to practice his profession. Almost in desperation he meditated on his deplorable condition, when the hope was suddenly forced upon him that God could and would help him if he would ask. He

locked the door, fell upon his knees and cried to the Lord for help, and while he was praying he was aroused by a knock at the door. He opened it and met a stranger who announced himself by name as a British nobleman. He had come to inquire about the artist's painting of the angel Uriel, which he purchased for \$2,000. He was so well pleased with it that he introduced the young man to many nobles and men of wealth, and to fame and fortune. He had all the success he desired after that. Mr. Allston regarded this as a direct interposition of God in behalf of needy, suffering man, and ever after he was a devout and earnest Christian. There are multitudes of cases like this. Nothing is too small for God to notice, and nothing is too hard for him to manage.—Selected.

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### WHY CHRIST DIED.

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady recently, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go to a place of amusement where the admission was a dollar. You have half a dollar and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither."

"Just so; and therefore the moral man stands no better chance than the out-breaking sinner. But now, suppose a kind and rich person, who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then, we should both go in alike. That is clear."

"Thus, then, the Saviour saw our perplexity; he came, he died, and thus 'obtained eternal redemption for us,' and now he offers you and me a free ticket. Only take care that your half-dollar does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket and be refused admittance at last."—Selected.



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## A BLANKET STORY.

It is hard to make some people believe that anyone wishes to do them good. They suspect all offers, they repel all advances. Their hearts are so closed and soured and chilled that they are closed against all comers.

Mark Guy Pearse tells a story which a Newcastle gentleman told him on the railway train.

A friend of his, living some few miles from Newcastle, was walking along a railroad siding going from the main line to a colliery, when he looked down upon a roughly built cottage, and noticed that the daylight showed through the loose tiles on the roof. He wondered if anybody could be living in a place that looked so cheerless, and coming round to the front he found an old woman and her grown up daughter. At once he said within himself that he would see the place was made more comfortable before the winter came, and then he hurried on his way.

But the good purpose was forgotten, and he never thought of the place again until one morning, some weeks after, he drew up his blinds and looked out to find some two or three inches of snow on the ground. At once his heart smote him for his forgetfulness. He had that day to go to Newcastle, and it occurred to him that at any rate a pair of blankets would do something towards adding to the comfort of the couple.

He reached his house with the big brown paper parcel, and thought he would have the pleasure of taking them himself. As he passed the window the old woman was looking out, and he held up the parcel, thinking that she would understand that he was bringing something for her. However, she only frowned angrily and shook her head. He opened the door, when the old woman bade him angrily begone; she did not want to buy any of his goods, she said, and slammed the door against him.

"Why," he said, "she thinks that I want to sell them! No wonder she is

so vexed, needing them so badly. I must make her understand that it is a gift." He opened the door again and got in.

More fiercely than ever she bade him begone! He saw that she was stone-deaf, and that her daughter was not at home. What could he do? To leave the parcel would only be to have it flung after him in the snow.

"I will show her what it is," he said to himself, "perhaps she will understand then;" and he untied the parcel. But the sight of the warm blankets only made her more conscious of her need and poverty, and she turned away indignantly.

"Why don't you go away? I have told you I don't want them."

What could he do? He took up one and held it up full length and breadth, and smiled, and nodded his head, but it seemed only like the wiles of some resolute peddler, and aggravated her the more.

"Why don't you go away when I tell you?" she cried.

Then yet another effort suggested itself. Taking the blanket, he threw it right around her, and burst into a hearty laugh.

Then the meaning of it all flashed upon her. Looking up, almost afraid to ask the question, she said: "For me!"

He nodded his head and smiled.

"A gift?" she asked again, her hope growing bolder.

Again he nodded his head.

"A gift for me!" she repeated to herself. She stroked it with her hands and felt the warmth of it, then laughed and cried for very joy, and grasped his hands and thanked him with all her heart, while the tears streamed down her wrinkled cheeks.

Alas, that our blessed Master should have such trouble to force his gifts upon us! Alas, that we are so deaf, so blind to His great love. "I will give you rest," said He. Take it. Wrap it about you. Rest in it with adoring gratitude. "A gift—a gift for me."—Selected.

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### WHAT A HELPLESS CRIPPLE DID.

The New York Christian Advocate tells of a little old German shoemaker at Brillion, Wisconsin, who died last month. In babyhood he had lost the use of his lower limbs, and never was able to walk. His parents had him learn the shoemaker's trade, that he might earn his daily bread. He did this, and something more, as appears in the sequel, for the Advocate says:

"This crippled Wilhelm Persohn did not allow physical misfortune to shrivel and destroy his life. A German Methodist preacher traveling through that region placed Christ's hand in his and lifted him out of the shadow of his infirmity. He joined the German Methodist Episcopal Church, and by his earnestness and intelligence won a license as local preacher. As time went on, he found places of usefulness as trustee, organist, and choir leader. Shoemaking was his handicraft, but his observant mind did not stop with shoe-pegs and waxed ends, and he developed unusual business judgment, buying and selling land until he acquired a considerable fortune.

The idea that he was only a steward of these riches took strong hold upon him, and he would often say, "It belongs to the Lord, and I shall return it." He chose to do this by helping a great many of the benevolent Boards of the Church, devoting fully \$65,000 to their interests, upon the annuity plan, which secured to him comfortable support without risk of loss during his declining years, and insured the ultimate reversion of his property to the societies. The largest of his gifts was \$25,000 to the Endowment Fund of the General Board of Conference Claimants, where it will remain as a perpetual blessing to the retired ministers among whom the interest will be divided. And so this man, who is described in his memoir as a helpless cripple, sets an example of enduring helpfulness to thousands of able-bodied men and women."—The Presbyterian.

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### ROOM IN LINCOLN'S PEW.

A member of the New York Avenue Church, Washington, which Mr. Lincoln attended while living at the Capital, told me of a Sunday morning when Mr. Lincoln was in his pew and there happened up the aisle slowly an oldish man, evidently a stranger, waiting for an usher to find a seat for him in the crowded church. He paused every two or three steps after getting well forward and then turned to walk back. Just as he was passing Mr. Lincoln's pew (now marked with his name), Mr. Lincoln stretched out that long arm of his and said to the stranger:

"Come in here with me."

With the greatest war the nation had (up to that time) upon his hands and heart, he never lost sight of individual needs, and big and great as he was, he never failed to stretch out a helping hand to do even little things.

There is an imperishable influence in the lives of such as try every day to do good in ways either large or small.—John Wanamaker.

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### HER FAITH WAS UNSHAKEN.

The Rev. S. A. Keen gives an account of a Christian wife whose husband was an officer on a Mississippi steamer, which was burned. The wife, not knowing of the disaster, prayed that her husband's life might be preserved and his soul converted, and was assured that he would be preserved and saved. The day following she received a telegram stating that her husband had perished, but she folded the paper and said, "It is not so. He is saved from the flames and waves, and shall be from his sins." A few days later he arrived safely at home, and soon afterward was converted.

The faith of this Christian wife, after earnest prayer, was like that of Knox, who, after praying with some friends nearly all night for God's intervention, exclaimed, "Deliverance has come! Deliverance has come!"—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.



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## ASHAMED OF HIS MOTHER

The story is told of a boy leaving his old-fashioned mother in the country, while he went to London to live, where he became the wealthy Dr. Carter. He sent her presents, but never went to see her. She arranged to visit her "laddie," and was greatly pleased with the prospect of so soon seeing him, for she thought that he would be glad to see her again.

She went to his fine home. When he saw her, she was so old and peculiar that he was ashamed of her. She greeted him joyfully and told him that she had come to live with him now. But he feared that Violet, his future bride, would be ashamed of her, and so he tried to persuade his mother to live in a little cottage in the country, where he said that he could visit her every day.

That night, in her room, the mother thought of how her son had received her; and as she looked into the mirror and saw how old and wrinkled she was she said, "My laddie is ashamed of me, and I will go away." And so she left the house in the night. In the morning she was not found, and then it dawned upon the son how he had treated her. He went and told all to Violet.

Instead of being ashamed of his old mother, she said that she wanted a mother to love, as her mother had died.

Then they sought her, and at last found her in a hospital, where she had been placed; for she had been run over and injured. Dr. Carter begged his mother's forgiveness, and he and Violet tenderly cared for her the few hours she lived. He was grief-stricken to think he had so treated his mother. As he needed more love for her so that he would not be ashamed of her, so we must truly love God, or we shall many times be ashamed to confess Him.—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D. D.

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## A SEAT IN HEAVEN.

Frederick the Great was at his Cleves palace with Voltaire, the noted French

philosopher, as his guest. At the dinner table the philosopher began to mock at God and good people, and said, "I will sell my seat in heaven for a Prussian thaler." Among the many guests present was a councilor, who was a very modest devout Christian. He was very much shocked at Voltaire's words, and he at once arose and plainly spoke his mind.

"My dear sir," he said, "you are in Prussia where we have a law, according to which any one who wishes to sell anything must prove his ownership. Will you be kind enough, therefore, to prove that you have a seat in heaven and I will take it at any price." Those words had a wonderful effect upon all present. Voltaire did not prove his ownership, but he had nothing more to say. His lips were sealed.

When the seventy returned to Jesus with joy, because even the devils were subject unto them through his name, He said, "Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." God's children can prove their case, which is a great one. Their names are in the Lamb's Book of Life, and His name shall be in their foreheads.—Religious Telescope.

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## ROBERT MCINTYRE'S FIRST BATTLE.

Robert McIntyre was once a poor boy apprenticed to a bricklayer in Philadelphia. He has risen to the position and influence of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. A week or two ago he turned aside from other duties to spend a Sunday in the city where he had his first great trial and won his first great victory. While there he told of that event in his life. He said:

I came to Philadelphia today because I wanted to pay tribute to a man long dead and gone. More than forty years ago I was a boy in Hunter's mill. My overseer was Frank Ferguson, whose memory I shall ever revere. I remember one winter when a revival was in progress along Lancaster Pike, the influence of which spread to the mill in

which I was employed. It was then that Mr. Ferguson took me into a temperance meeting held at 52nd Street and Lancaster Pike, and at his suggestion I took a pledge to abstain at all times from taking any alcoholic beverages.

Shortly after that my father informed me that it was time to choose a trade. Some of my chums had gone into brick-laying, so I selected that. One night my father came home and told me he had apprenticed me to a certain brick-layer by the name of George. Almost immediately, however, he regretted his action as the man was known to be of intemperate habits. My father's health was declining, and we all knew that the time was near at hand when my mother and my brothers and sisters would have to depend on what money I could earn.

On the following day I began my apprenticeship. The noon hour arrived and my boss said: "Bobby, throw away that water and take the bucket over to the saloon. Tell the bartender you came from me and he will fill the bucket with beer." I did as he instructed me. Then, upon my return, I saw that the men, while eating lunch, sat in a row and began passing the bucket from man to man.

The boss drank first, and I took my place at the end of the line. I was praying that one of the hod-carriers, bricklayers or boys would refuse to drink, and therefore give me courage for the step I was contemplating, but not one of them refused. Finally the bucket came to me. "I don't want any," I whispered to the boy who handed it, but he urged me on. The boss was watching and thought I was shy. "Go ahead and drink, Bobby," he said, encouragingly. "I pay for the beer and every man who works for me is entitled to his share. Drink, my lad, drink."

"I don't like it, sir," I said rather weakly.

He laughed heartily and told me that I would never make a bricklayer till I learned to drink beer. By that time all of the men were looking at me. Some-

how or other I got on my feet and walked over down the line until I stood in front of the boss.

"I am only a poor boy," I said, "and I want to learn my trade. If you send me home now I shall feel disgraced, but I'll have to go if you insist on my drinking this beer. I can't do it, Mr. George."

To my amazement, the boss jumped to his feet and grasped my hand. "God bless you, Robert; stick to that and you will make a man of yourself," he said. Then turning to the others: "If I hear of one of you men urging this boy to drink against his will, I will discharge you on the spot," he said. That was how I won the first of my battles in life, and I owe it all to Frank Ferguson, the man who took the trouble to befriend a homeless boy.—Northern Christian Ad-

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#### LOVE LIGHTENS THE LOAD.

However distasteful a service may be, or however disagreeable the person to whom it must be rendered, God is back of it all, and loved that person well enough to give his Son to die for him. Dr. Guthrie was walking along the streets of Edinburgh, when he overtook a little girl carrying a child much too heavy for her. In a very gentle way Dr. Guthrie said: "My child, the baby is too heavy for you, isn't he?" With a shining face she made quick response: "No, sir; he's my brother." It makes a difference that one for whom I must toil and wait, whose burden I must bear, was one for whom Jesus died, and thus is bound to me with the chord of divine love.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

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A lady showed Mr. Ruskin one day a beautiful and costly handkerchief on which a careless hand had dropped some indelible ink. The lady said it was now of no use. Mr. Ruskin put it in his pocket and carried it away. In a few days he brought it back to her, having on it a beautiful picture in India ink, with the blot as its basis. In the same way God often transforms our mistakes and life blots into adornments of character.—Selected.



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### HOW TO OPEN RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

I know a lady to whom an agent was trying to sell an article for taking out stains. He was rubbing away, and meanwhile eloquently describing the merits of his goods. Soon the lady said, "I know something that will take out stains, too."

"What is that?" asked the man eagerly, not knowing but that some other dirt-killer had canvassed the town ahead of him.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin. Do you know anything about that, my friend."

Do you suppose that man would show his goods again for six months without thinking of that other something that could take stains out of a sinful heart? I doubt whether he would forget that lesson to his dying day.

A friend of mine at the Northfield Conference was asked by an expressman to direct him to a certain man's tent.

"I am very sorry," he replied, "that I cannot tell you where to find him; but, if you had asked me the way to heaven, I could have told you. Do you know the way to heaven?"

"No," said the man, "I cannot say that I do."

"Well, it is just this way," said my friend; and he went on to explain it.

The result was that the man was led to Christ right then and there. Surely that was an easy way to open religious conversation. Any one could do that. You could do it.—Rev. Howard W. Pope.

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### KILPIN'S THEFT OF A PENNY.

The Rev. Samuel Kilpin, a minister of Exeter, England, says, in his life: When seven years old I was left in charge of my father's shop. A man passed, crying, "Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each." In my eagerness to get one I lost all self-command, and taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My

keen-eyed mother inquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth.

The lamb was placed on the chimney shelf and was much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish; continually there sounded in my ears and heart, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie." Guilt and darkness overcame my mind; and in sore agony of soul I went to a hay loft, the place is now perfectly in my recollection, and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft from a believing application of the text, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I went to my mother, told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burned the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent.

If such was young Kilpin's misery and remorse in stealing a penny, then, in justice, he who steals a pound should suffer more, provided remorse of conscience in this life gives every sinner his due punishment. But thieves and robbers who have for years pursued their path of crime, can and do steal hundreds of pounds, and have no such sense of guilt and sorrow for it as young Kilpin had for his theft of a penny.

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### THE SECRET OF POWER.

Where is the secret of power? In my college days the professor of natural philosophy used to exhibit his great horseshoe magnet, wound about with coils of wire. He hung it up, charged the wire with a galvanic current, and it caught up and held four thousand pounds. He signaled to his assistant to draw off the current, and the power was gone. My brother, encircle your soul with faith and let the divine electricity of the love of Jesus Christ charge it. Then you can lift anything; you can do anything that God wants you to do. Draw it off, and you are a shorn Samson, a weakling.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

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## REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I was left a widow of forty years of age with one child, a boy of seven years, and with very limited means. When that child was seventeen years of age he graduated from the High School in the town of Madison, Ohio, and I then moved to the city of Buffalo and put him into the Normal School there to fit him for a teacher. I had some money when I went there but not so much, but I was obliged to find something to do to help me out. When the second winter came I found myself one month without money to pay my rent, which I was obliged to pay monthly in advance. I told the Lord I would do my best to earn the money but if I could not I should depend upon Him to provide the money. As He had promised to provide for the widow and the fatherless, I was kept through the month in perfect peace, believing He would help me out according to His promise, although it was in the depth of winter and I knew what the consequences would be if I could not meet the rent. It meant to be set out in a strange city in the cold street. The days went on until the last of the month and still no money, but I was trusting the Lord and that means that I was not worrying, for trust and worry cannot go together. I told nobody of my trouble, not even my son; he knew nothing of it. I only told the Lord. The night before the rent was due was prayer-meeting night in my church, and I went, but before going I told the Lord my rent was due the next day and I had no money but I was trusting Him. I gave no hint of my trouble to anyone at the meeting, but after the meeting was out a gentleman came up to me and handed me a little parcel. He was the Bible class teacher in the Sunday School and I attended his class and he knew something of my circumstances. He knew my son was a poor boy and trying to get an education, but he knew nothing of the tight place I was in at that time.

I took the little parcel home and opened it and there was a ten dollar bill, a little more than enough to pay my rent. I saw him a short time after and he told me he would tell me when he had an opportunity how he was led to give me the money, but time went on for two years, and one day I went into his office downtown and as we were there alone I reminded him of his promise and he went on to tell me. He said ten days before he gave me the money—which was Saturday night—he was balancing his accounts and found he was ten dollars ahead, and he said something said to him—almost a voice—give that to Mrs. Saxton. He said he folded the bill and put it into his vest pocket and thought he would give it to me the next prayer-meeting night, but I was not there that night and the next week he had a large sum of money to make out and lacking some he took that bill out of his pocket to use and something said to him again, “put that back, that belongs to Mrs. Saxton.” He put it back and the next prayer-meeting he gave it to me, which was the night before the rent was due. I was never out of money before that time and never have been since, although He has never trusted me with any great amount at a time. I have truly proved Him to be a God that hears and answers prayer. “Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.”

—Mrs. F. L. Saxton.

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## WHEN HE BIDS US PRAY.

When Felix of Nola was hotly pursued by murderers, he took refuge in a cave and instantly, over the rift of it, the spiders wove their webs, and, seeing this, the murderers passed by. Then said the saint, “Where God is not, a wall is but a spider’s web; where God is, a spider’s web is as a wall.” What will prayer do for you? I answer, All that God can do for you. When he bids us pray it is as though he said to us, “Ask what I shall give thee.”—Canon Farrar.



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## SHE LIKED BAD BUTTER.

Dr. B. Burt Sheldon, a New York physician, tells the following story.

The first job he got after finishing school at Oswego, N. Y., was a position in a grocery store. Living near him was a Mrs. Minnie Dolan with whom he had become acquainted. Mrs. Dolan asked the grocer clerk to bring her five pounds of their best butter. This Burt was glad to do, and the butter was taken to the customer.

The next day, however, Mrs. Dolan saw the clerk, and said, "We don't like that butter, I wish you would take it back and bring me your best."

Accordingly the butter, which was really excellent in quality, was carried back, and Burt told his employer that Mrs. Dolan was very particular, and would be satisfied with only the highest grade butter. The grocer looked over his stock, and put up five pounds of another brand of equally high standard and told his clerk to inform Mrs. Dolan that no better butter than that was made.

The disgust of the grocer clerk may be imagined when the next day Mrs. Dolan informed him that they could not eat that butter, and she wished him to take it back. He did so, with as much politeness as he could command.

Then an idea struck him. He knew Mrs. Dolan did not know good butter. She had not always been so prosperous as now. She was not overneat in her home, and he had seen her going about bare-footed.

So he said to his employer, "I know what kind of butter Mrs. Dolan wants! What is that in that tub over there?"

He was told it was scrapings from various tubs, old and rancid, and fit only for cooking purposes. But so confident was the clerk in his theory that he weighed up five pounds of it and took it to Mrs. Dolan, who was delighted with it. To her taste that was indeed the best butter.

This reminds me of what a man told me some years ago. As a boy he was

very particular what he ate. It had to be just to his liking, or he refused it. But when a young man he got a job among the lumber "Jacks" in the pine woods of Michigan. The work was hard. The food was coarse, but plentiful, and the men ate of it ravenously. The butter, however, was so rancid that he could not eat it. It was so bad that they greased their wagons out of one tub, and ate out of the other, for they were of the same quality. As he ate his bread dry, his companions laughed at him, and said he would soon tire of that and take to the butter. And so it was, and the more he ate of it the better it tasted, and after a time he could eat it with a relish.

The prophet Isaiah exhorts God's people to "eat that which is good," and to delight themselves in it. Isa. 55:2.

Just as we may cultivate a liking for things bad, by partaking of them, so we may also for things good. Boys have no natural liking for beer, tobacco and other injurious things, but an appetite for them can easily be cultivated. In like manner a liking for things good may be gained, for Sunday-school, church-going, Bible-reading and prayer. We should do what is good, whether we like it or not, and with the help of God, which we shall not fail to have if we seek it, duty will eventually become a delight.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 688 —

## AT HIS APPOINTED TIME.

One who has often carried me messages of strength and encouragement, said to me, after I had passed a night of entire sleeplessness: "I expected nothing else; I could not pray for you to sleep." Another wrote: "I expect to hear that your eyes are still useless; for I must tell you that I have been quite unable to pray for their restoration." Greatly was I helped by these messages; for the heart, recognizing yet more vividly through such testimonies the hand of the Lord, can accept his will, and see how these appointments may bring forth fruit. Faith and prayer

bring healing; but an understanding of the Lord's will is necessary to their exercise.

After a long trial of patience in a shadowed room, alone in a foreign pension without power to read or write, excepting for a few minutes, suddenly one day, I could ask for restoration of my sight. Never did I realize to the same degree the Lord's command to the paralytic: "Take up thy bed and walk;" and believingly I went forth from my darkened closet, took up my pen, and wrote at my unfinished manuscript as if I had only been interrupted an hour instead of six weeks!

I received a letter from a praying friend, stating that she had felt great freedom in pleading for my restoration, and was expecting to hear of it. My letter crossed her own telling her of her swift answered prayer.—Anna Shipton.

— 689 —

### THE STORY OF TWO SEA CAPTAINS.

Captain Rankin, of the *Galatea*, hated Captain Frazier of the *Norwalk*, a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. They were once out in a violent storm, in which the *Galatea* had her shaft broken. The ships came within hailing distance.

"Shall we speak to the *Norwalk*, sir?" asked the second officer. "Not if we can help it, sir," responded the skipper. But the indecision on the *Galatea* was dismissed by a wigwag signal coming from the *Norwalk's* mainmast. "What's the trouble?" it read.

Then the *Galatea* signaled the reply, "Shaft broken—unmanageable."

"Shall I take off your passengers and crew?" asked the *Norwalk*.

"Can't tell yet," was the reply.

The next sentence that glimmered from the *Norwalk's* signal lights furnished the inspiration for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your command."

The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled *Galatea*

being towed by the belated *Norwalk*. After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the *Norwalk's* pier, where Captain Frazier was giving orders.

"Goin' uptown, Fraz?" he asked.

"B'lieve I am, Rankin," answered Frazier.

And the two grizzled sea-dogs who had not spoken in years strolled uptown, arm in arm.—Parish Visitor.

— 690 —

### LINCOLN TRUSTED HONESTY.

Here is a bit of sentiment that will do to tack into the big history of the war. During the war Miss N——, a beautiful and spirited Virginian, whose brother, a confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and the object for which they had come stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the petite maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied: "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now, you have done it," he said; "didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame." Miss N—— made no reply but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N——; she is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN."—New York Telegram.



— 691 —

## HOW GOUGH WAS SAVED.

On a certain Sabbath evening a reckless young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of time. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard, his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town hall tonight." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With trembling hands he signed

"The Pledge of Total Abstinence."

By God's help he kept it. The poor boot crimper who tapped him on the shoulder, good Joel Stratton, has gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is today the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."—T. L. Cuyler.

— 692 —

## TEACH THE CHILDREN.

I heard a preacher, a home missionary and a good man, relating an incident the other morning which I thought truly remarkable and worthy of notice; so I will tell it, both for the encouragement of all home missionaries to always notice the children, and to induce the children to be honest and frank, and ready to give an answer to a civil and kindly asked question. The preacher said:

"As I was walking along the other morning (last Friday morning; you remember what a lovely morning it was) through a strip of woods in Virginia,

it seemed as though everything spoke, 'God is love.' I met a bright little boy, probably nine or ten years of age, going to school. I just wondered to myself what might his thoughts be. Said I, 'Little boy, I should like to ask you a question, if you will answer me truthfully.' 'I will, if I can.' 'I just felt like asking you if you can tell me what you were thinking about, this beautiful, bright morning?' 'Well, sir, I can tell you just what I was thinking about. When I lived away over in Ohio, a preacher came to our house once and took me upon his knee and told me about God; told me he was everywhere—under the bed, in the room, and would be wherever I should go, and hear everything I should say. He told me never to swear or tell untruths.' 'Well, have you tried to always remember it?' 'Yes, sir, I don't swear, nor tell stories.' 'That is right. May I ask you what is your name?' 'It is Valantine ———.' Tears of praise to God filled my eyes. Here it was a little boy I had five years before tried to point to Jesus, the children's Friend. Then I told him I was the same man; and was so glad he had been such a good boy, and hoped he would still ask God to help him."—Mrs. Wm. Barrett.

— 693 —

## SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

One day while my husband and I were traveling in the West, having an hour to spare before the time when it had been agreed that I should meet him at the depot, I "assayed" to call upon a friend, "but the Spirit suffered" me "not." So I went to the depot expecting to spend the hour waiting there. What was my surprise to meet my husband and have him tell me to "hurry." We ran for a train and just boarded it. Then he told me he had made a mistake in the time of the train's leaving and said, "How did you happen to come so early?" And was delighted to know how I had been guided, for it meant much to him to be able to take that train.—Mrs. A. C. Morrow.

— 694 —

### WAS TEDDY A "FOOL?"

Some fifty years ago, one very cold morning, a half dozen or more boys were gathered closely around an old stove in the MacMillan School in New York City. One of those boys had poor health and especially weak eyes. An old gentleman always brought this boy to school. It was noticeable that the boy was always present and never failed to know his lessons.

While shivering around the old stove that morning, another boy, Fred McDaniel, a tall, awkward and unpurposeful-looking boy, came down the aisle, threw his skates on the floor and his books upon his desk, walked over to the old stove and said: "Ted, you're a fool!" Ted looked up quickly and said impulsively: "What do you mean?" "Oh, I don't mean what you think I mean," said Fred. "I mean that you're not able to come to school. Your eyes are weak, and you'll put them out and be blind. Your father is rich and you don't have to go to school. My father is rich and I expect to make the teacher expel me. I was expelled from school in Albany and they'll do it here. I'm simply not going to school." By this time Ted had risen to his feet.

"I may put my eyes out," he said, "but if I do, my father will send me to a blind school. I am going to be educated—I am going to be educated!"

Within three weeks, Fred succeeded in carrying out his determination, getting himself expelled from school. Another boy, Devolt, was present that morning. Devolt says: "Many years later I went to Albany, where Fred and I were born, to visit my parents. As I entered the depot, the wind was piercing, the snow was falling fast. I was attracted by the sight of a large man wearing coarse and untidy clothes. His face was haggard, his hair was streaked with gray. Across his shoulder was a large strap that held a heavy bundle of daily papers. 'Have a paper, sir?' I recognized the voice, and as I turned he said to me: 'Devolt, is that you?'

'Yes, Fred, old fellow, I'm so glad to see you.'"

After talking a few moments, the two old schoolmates stepped into a nearby cafe to have supper. Having ordered their supper, Devolt said: "Fred, do you remember—"

"Wait! Devolt, I know what you're going to say. You are going to tell me about the morning I told Ted he was a fool. Yes, Devolt, I remember it all, and it's the saddest memory of my life. For now he's our President, getting \$75,000 a year, and I—I will sleep in a garret tonight."—Henry C. Risner, D. D.

— 695 —

### LET GOD DIRECT.

Let God direct where your money shall be spent, and it will not be wasted. One day I needed a dress and wrapper, and had only a small sum of money. I asked to which store I should go and the word was definitely given. I went from counter to counter, but the clerks would not notice me nor wait on me, nor tell me they had not what I wanted. I was tempted to go out, but stood in the aisle and proved God. I said, "Lord, if Thou didst send me to this store, make the next clerk wait on me and give me what I want." I returned to one counter and asked again, "Have you any dark navy blue serge?" "Yes, one piece marked down today from \$1.50 to 75 cents." "Have you any dark red cashmere?" "Yes, one piece marked down today from \$1.00 to 60 cents." Both were what I needed. It pays to have for a life motto, "In the beginning God" in everything. "Man lives on God's bounty, man should live to God's glory.—Mrs. A. C. Morrow.

— 696 —

It is related of General Grant that his conversation was remarkable for its purity. On one occasion a certain General entered his tent and said: "I have a good story to tell; are there any ladies about?" Grant replied at once: "No, but there are gentlemen about." It is said the story was not told.



— 697 —

## A LITTLE CHILD LED HIM.

In the story of his life, Tom Keenan, the veteran engineer, tells how the grace of God transformed him from a drinking, swearing, fighting man into an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. Speaking of the conversion of one of his associates, he says:

While many of my old associates would joke about my conversion, my heart went out to them, and I would take occasion, as opportunity offered, to speak with them about living the better life. Some were harder to approach than others; indeed, it seemed that the more I loved a man in the old life the more difficult it was for me to approach him. Bill Swick was one whom my heart yearned for in particular. He was an engineer, and for years we had been bosom companions. Summoning up sufficient courage I went to his engine at Hoboken one day for the purpose of having a word with him. He sat in the cab reading a morning paper. Climbing on the engine, I stepped up close to where he was sitting and putting my arm around him, said:

"Bill, do you know that I miss your companionship? I would like nothing better than to have you with me in this Christian life. Bill, do you ever give it an honest thought?"

His eyes filled with tears as he answered: "Yes, Tom, I do give it many an honest thought."

"God bless you, Bill," I said. "I am glad to hear it." I shook his hand and left him. My heart was too full to say more, and I knew that if I tried to speak with him further I would have blubbered right out before him.

Bill lived at Summit. On the following Saturday evening in company with a chum who was an infidel, he drove from Summit to Basking Ridge and stopped at a hotel. While his companion put the horse and wagon away, Bill went into the hotel parlor and sat down.

He was alone in the parlor; but, after sitting there a while, a little child came

toddling in and, coming over to where he sat, put its little hand on his knee and looking up into his face, said:

"Do 'ou love Jesus?" Bill gazed at the little one a moment, too surprised to say one word, while the little one, expecting an answer, kept looking inquiringly into his face, and again asked: "Do 'ou love Jesus?"

That question, and that sweet little voice, were too much for the big heart of Bill to resist; he burst out crying, and, taking the little one tenderly in his big rough hands, lifted it up and kissed it. The good time he had planned for was spoiled in a minute by the visit of this little stranger, and soon afterwards with his companion he returned to Summit, completely broken up. He slept but little that night, and next morning he decided to go to church. It was the first time in many a long day. He wept all through the service; and so noticeable were his actions that he was an object of interest to the entire congregation. The minister had finished his sermon and was about to announce the closing hymn, when Bill, rising to his feet, said:

"Hold on! dominie; before you close this meetin', I'd like to come forward and join the church."

So saying, he started towards the pulpit. The minister, who was not anticipating any such climax to the morning service, recovered from the astonishment Bill's interruption had caused and stepping down from the pulpit, met Bill at the altar. Here Bill fell upon his knees and weeping aloud, asked the minister to pray for him, which he did.

After prayer, the minister received him as a member of the church on the confession of his faith in Jesus, whom the little child the evening before had asked him if he loved. Bill immediately identified himself with the Railroad Men's Praying Band and for four years lived a sweet, happy, Christian life. One day, about four years after his conversion, while his engine stood in almost the exact spot where she stood the morning I climbed up to ask him if he gave the subject of the Christian life

an honest thought, and, sitting where he did when I spoke to him, he was just about to open the throttle, when, without a moment's warning, and for some unaccountable reason, his engine blew up, and, like Elijah of old, his spirit went up in a chariot of fire,—a hero for God who died at his post.

— 698 —

### GOD SO LOVED HE GAVE.

It is related that at the time of the Reformation a little girl one day was playing in the printing office of her father, who was printing a few copies of Luther's Bible. And a precious treasure they were! For Bibles were far less plentiful then than are diamonds and rubies now. While at play this little girl found a scrap of a printed sheet which contained this much of John 3:16, "God so loved the world that He gave."

This was a revelation to her. These were wonderful words. She read them over and over again, and repeated them, "God so loved the world that He gave!"

She was an unusually sober and thoughtful child, and these few words had a surprising effect upon her. She lost that serious air, and a cheery look came into her eyes as she repeated the words, "God so loved the world that He gave!" She carefully preserved that scrap of paper, and carried it in her bosom.

Sometime later her mother said to her one day, "Gretchen, my child, what has come over you of late? You have always been dutiful and kind, but I notice you look so bright and happy, and you are given to singing, which is unusual for you. What is it, child?"

"Oh mother, I am so happy because God so loved the world that He gave!" "That He gave what, my child?" Oh, I don't know what he gave, but if he loved the world well enough to give anything, I shall never be afraid of Him again!"

What, think you, would have been the love and enthusiasm of that little girl for the Gospel if she could have read

the whole text? If she could have known what the gift of God really was, what would she then have thought of His great love for humanity? — Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 699 —

### JENNY LIND'S TESTIMONY.

Thirty-seven years before her death Jenny Lind abandoned the operatic stage. The motive of the great renunciation was a purely spiritual one. Every appearance had been a dramatic triumph, and her pecuniary reward was large; yet she never regretted her decision. Her motive is made clear by the following narrative:

"Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing machine on the sand with a Swedish Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters.

"They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question, 'Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, at the very height of your success?'

"'When every day,' was the quiet answer, 'it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible), and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?'" — Selected.

— 700 —

### HORSE-FIDELITY.

A good many pastors have felt as Mr. Beecher did when he was about to take a ride behind a hired horse at a livery stable. He regarded the horse admiringly and remarked: "That is a fine-looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?"

The owner replied: "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do."

The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked: "I wish to goodness he were a member of our church."



— 701 —

## SENT OF GOD.

A beautiful story connected with an old log church on the New Jersey coast, at Goodluck, illustrates this. In 1770 a brig named Hand-in-Hand struck a bar. Among the passengers rescued was an English clergyman named Murray, who, having lost his wife and children, had become a prey to despair. Almost insane, he had resolved never to preach again, but to come to the wilderness of the new world, where he could forget the past and the God, who, he believed, had forgotten him. As he crossed the sand beaches he saw a log house, and near it an old man standing in the door of a cabin. A basket of fish was beside him. "Will you sell me a fish?" asked the shipwrecked clergyman. "No! The fish are yours. I caught them for your dinner. I expected you." "You do not know who I am," replied Mr. Murray. "You are the man who is to tell us of God," replied the fisherman. "I will never preach of Him again," was the answer. Then Thomas Potter told his story. He said, "I had been a sailor but twenty years ago I settled with my wife on this coast. I could not read, but my wife spelled out some verses in the Bible. I determined to know something about God. Whenever a preacher came down the coast, I would gather the folks into the kitchen to hear him preach. When I got a day to spare, I worked at yon log house. It is a church. I built it. First a Presbyterian came along, and then a Baptist, and then a Methodist. They all preached in it, and I said, 'Stay and teach us about God.' But they had work elsewhere. Last night I saw the brig cast away on the sands. I heard a voice say, 'There in that ship is the man who will teach you of God. He has come through great sorrow to do this work.' I have made ready for you a long time ago. You will not go away and leave us." The tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he pleaded. The rebellious minister fell on his knees before God in penitence and faith. He re-

mained during the rest of his life at Goodluck, preaching in the log church, faithful and happy in his work. Thomas Potter bequeathed the church to him, and it is said that the will of John Murray, minister at Goodluck, still exists, in which he left the building "free for the use of Christian people."—Selected.

— 702 —

## TRUSTING THE GUIDE-BOARD.

Two men were walking on the highway to a strange city. One said, "I like to see where I am going. This faith you Christians talk about is unreasonable and absurd." They came to a fork in the road. No one was in sight. Neither of them knew the way. On the guide post were the words, "To X—, one mile." The Christian said, "What shall we do?" The sinner answered, "Why, trust the guide board, of course." "But wouldn't that be walking by faith, just what you criticise us Christians for doing?" "No, for I see the guide-board." "True, and we see our guide-board, the Bible. We read about the way to heaven, but we don't see heaven any more than you see X—from this fork in the road. Our faith in the Bible is just like yours in the guide-board. We take the testimony of that which we see in regard to that which is invisible."—Selected.

— 703 —

## THE PICCOLO MISSED.

It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man far away up in some corner, who played the piccolo, said to himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands and all was still—and then he cried aloud: "Where's the piccolo?" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part.—Selected.

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### SIN'S DECEITFULNESS AND POWER.

On a visit to Niagara Falls there was pointed out to the writer a rock rising a little above the waters near the brink of the precipice, not far from the American shore. It is known as "Avery's Rock."

It got its name from the following incident. Many years ago four men, well supplied with bottles of whiskey, started out for a day's fishing in Niagara River, so far away from the Falls that there was no danger to be feared from the current. They imbibed freely from their flasks, rowed out to an island, tied their boat to an overhanging limb of a tree, and lay down and slept. At last the constant tugging of the boat loosened the rope from the limb, and the boat began to move down the river. As it glided along noiselessly the men in their drunken stupor slept on. Faster and faster it went, but still they slept. At last the motion of the boat as it entered the rapids, and the cries of the alarmed spectators on the shore, awakened the men. Frantically they pulled at the oars to bring the boat to the land, but they could make no headway against the powerful current which held their frail craft in its deadly grip. On and on it bore them in spite of all their struggles, until at last just before the boat and three of its occupants took their awful plunge over the cataract, Avery, thrown into the water, was able to clutch the rock now bearing his name.

As he clung, partially supported by the rock, his perilous situation was seen by those on the shore. Their shouted words of encouragement were drowned by the roar of the Falls. Then, while some were devising a plan for his rescue others rigged up a great sign where he could read, "We Will Save You." For many hours they tried in vain to get floats down to him. But they were either swept over the Falls or would not come near him. At last the float was so near that he tried to clutch it, but in so doing his hold on the rock was broken,

and with a cry of horror Avery followed his companions.

How this incident illustrates the deceitfulness and power of sin. At first, it is like the gentle current of Niagara River, something to be played with, and from which its unsuspecting victim can easily escape if he will. But if the sinner neglects to escape while he can, and despises the warnings of God, and his offered salvation, the time comes when Satan's clutch cannot be broken, and the sinner is swept to death eternal. —Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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### DIVINE GUIDANCE.

"I will guide thee with mine eye." If one will yield himself to the guidance of the Holy Spirit and seek only to glorify God in all, he will often be able to look back over the way passed and see clearly that God was leading him although at the time he was entirely unconscious of it.

One afternoon there were two families on whom I intended to call as I started forth. But I had prayed for guidance at morning worship, and had now an unusual desire to be led aright. Passing down a certain street to call at one of the homes thought of, it occurred to me to stop and see a lady living across the street. I had known her for some time, but had never called upon her. Yielding to the impulse I went, and in response to my inquiry was told by her sister, who had come to care for her, that Mrs. D—— was very ill, but would see me. She was thankful indeed for the call, and said, "The Lord sent you." After speaking some words of comfort and encouragement, prayer was offered, and when I left she was more cheerful in mind, and I was grateful for being led to make the visit.

No one was at home at either of the two places where I intended to call, but calls were made upon three families where I had no thought of going, and at all the places there were marked indications that my coming was well-timed.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



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## WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

I was deeply interested in a work in which I was unable to take a part; but it came to my mind one morning to offer a certain sum of money to help those who were able to work. On second thought the act appeared imprudent; but if we hesitate to act upon our first thoughts when they spring from love to God, the judgment becomes obscured rather than enlightened. To end the strife, I prayed God to make his acceptance so evident to me that I could not err; for the joy of giving the sum that first presented itself overcame every prudential consideration. I asked Him to send to me that morning one of the least probable persons connected with the work, the least likely, because he had visited me two days previously, and I knew him to be fully engaged from dawn to night. So entirely did I anticipate his arrival as hours drew on, that when a lady arrived from the country to see me, I told her I was expecting a person on business, and should be glad if when he arrived she would wait in my bedroom until his departure.

Almost immediately, there was a ring at the door. The lady left the room, as my God-sent messenger entered, with a degree of embarrassment quite unusual to him. He apologized for calling again so soon, referring to his recent visit, and added: "Nor can I tell you why I am here. I had not the least intention to come in this direction when I left the house this morning; but when I reached the summit of the hill I felt drawn round in a contrary direction with a power I never experienced before, and consequently obliged to descend, and my feet impelled to your house, and my thoughts to you, and here I am."

I listened with a joyful heart, and related to him the combat over my offering and my prayers, and placed into his hand the envelope addressed to him, with instructions as to the branch of the work for which its contents were designed, at the same time saying that

I had been waiting for him. The matter was more deeply interesting to me, as the messenger, in spite of himself, was much afraid of the work of the Spirit in the common things of every day life. His moistened eye and tremulous voice in prayer told me the Lord had used this experience for His glory. —A. Shipton.

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## GOD'S WILL IS BEST.

In the autumn of 1888, while I was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Iron Mountain, Michigan, four young women came there from New York State to become teachers in the public school, and they were attendants of my church. Among them was a Miss Lynch from Auburn, New York, a member of one of the Baptist churches of that city.

A few weeks before the coming of these young women a great sorrow had visited the family of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The youngest child, a beautiful boy, Paul H., of a little less than a year of age, had been taken away from the home in which there had not been a babe before in seven years. This was a great grief to the parents not only, but also to the surviving brother and sister.

For the encouragement of the parents who had brought themselves to be reconciled to the will of God in the loss they had sustained, Miss Lynch related the following incident that occurred in her own family. The first child of her mother, I believe it was, a baby boy, was very ill. The pastor of the church attended by the mother called to comfort her, and before his departure they kneeled and he prayed that if it was the will of God, the life of the child might be spared. But the distressed mother interrupted the minister, and cried out, "Oh, don't pray so! I want my baby to be spared anyway!"

God answered the prayer of the mother. The child was spared. But as he advanced in years, he was not the comfort to her that his mother had anticipated. As a young man he became

addicted to bad habits and bad companionships, and he was finally killed in a saloon brawl. His sister said it was a terrible lesson to her mother, who ever after regretted that she had not been resigned to the loss of her babe in the days of his infancy, had it been the will of God.

God's will for his children is always directed by his infinite love and wisdom, and it is far safer to let him choose for us than to make our own choice.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 708 —

### WHERE FATHER USED TO KNEEL.

I heard a story of two young men that were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling down by a little table that stood in the corner by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at that little old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time, and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Saviour, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house and build a larger one. They were both carpenters and they undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

"Here's where father used to kneel and pray; there's where the little table stood, and the Bible was always on it."

The other says:

"Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of father's knee on that old plank now." He continued, "I can't take up that plank; you take it up."

The other one said:

"No, I can't; I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes

the voice of their father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalized the voice, and right there, where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day and asked the old, old question, "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up they gave their hearts to God. — Baptist Standard.

— 709 —

### THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

The power of forgiveness, even for an offence against human law, is well illustrated in the following incident: A soldier was brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty, said: "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that," said the officer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected a few minutes, ordered the culprit brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing less than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him saying:

"Well, we forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; tears started to his eyes and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, then retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No! from that day forward he was a new man. He who told this story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors.—Selected.



— 710 —

## WEALTH OR SUCCESS.

As evidence that riches are actually a barrier to success is made evident in a new edition of a dictionary of biography and mythology containing forty thousand names; among all the greatest of former times and the names of living celebrities all over the world—manufacturers and merchants, as well as poets, heroes, statesmen, etc. In this volume the space given to all the men eminent only for wealth does not equal that assigned to one man like Shakespeare, Luther, Franklin, or Abraham Lincoln. All the Rothschilds and Astors put together receive only as many lines as are accorded to Harriet Beecher Stowe. Cornelius Vanderbilt receives less attention than Paganini the fiddler, and A. T. Stewart's niche is as small as that occupied by Daniel Lambert, the fat man. And this apportionment seems to be in strict accord with the degree of popular interest felt in the various personages. Even the three rich benefactors, Girard, George Peabody, Sir Moses Montefiore, united take less room than John Wesley or Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is a genuine significance and something instructive in this comparison. And the fact that rich men constantly try to secure regard and remembrance by public gifts or legacies is a striking testimony to the truth that nearly all persons recognize, though it be but tacitly, the superiority of other titles to fame than the gathering of riches. The world, sordid as it may seem on too close an inspection, is after all governed in the end by ideas rather than money. It is doubtless frequently true that rich young men, despite their advantage in some ways, find it harder to win real distinction than their poorer fellows. But it may be doubted whether wealth is any more a barrier to real success than poverty is. More poor men than rich become famous, partly because there are more poor people in the world. Then, there are various kinds of success—even failures that are successes—all of which lead toward progress by different roads. Let not

the rich be discouraged, therefore, but rather hold on to their wealth for one week longer and meditate.—New York Star.

— 711 —

## A BOY'S CONTRIBUTION.

A little boy was a close friend and namesake of Bishop McCabe, then Chaplain McCabe. The chaplain was very busy in those days raising money for the missionary society. He talked much of his hopes and successes, and the boy became interested in the work so dear to his friend. One day he came to his mother, saying, "I want to write a letter to Chaplain McCabe, and send this money." He insisted on his mother holding his little hand and guiding it while he dictated the following: "Dear Chaplain: I am glad you are getting a million dollars for missions. I send you five cents to help, and if you want any more just write to me, Charles McCabe Howe." Bishop McCabe said years later, "That five cents has won for the church three hundred thousand dollars. It was a great gift and a great letter. I have told the story twenty years, and it always touches hearts and brings a response."—Selected.

— 712 —

## BENGLE'S PRAYER.

It is recorded of Bengle, an old German saint, that he was much given to intercessory prayer, had power with God, and prevailed. One anxious to know his secret, watched him unobserved in his hours of retirement. "Now," said he, "I shall hear Bengle pray."

The aged saint sat long before his open Bible, perusing its sacred pages, hours passed away, and, while comparing scripture with scripture, the hour of midnight sounded. Nature seemed at length exhausted. He folded his arms over the open word, and, looking up, gave utterances to these words, "Lord Jesus, Thou knowest me; we are on the same old terms." A few moments more, and Bengle's weary frame was reposing in a sweet slumber.

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## JAPAN'S FIRST BIBLE.

Fifty years ago a book was washed ashore on the beach of Nagasaki Bay, and was found by a Japanese. He had no idea what it was, for it was in Western printing, not in Japanese characters. Still, he kept it as a curiosity, just as an American might keep an Eastern volume cast up on the strand. He showed it to a traveler, and was told that it was a Dutch translation of the Bible, which the Western people obeyed as the Word of God. The same book, the traveler said, could be bought in a Chinese translation. In the beginning it was a Hebrew book, an oriental one, but it had been translated into scores of languages.

The Japanese finder of the Dutch Bible, after hearing all of this, began to feel great curiosity about the water-washed book. An oriental book, believed in by occidental nations, translated into even the Chinese characters—it must be a wonderful treasure, indeed. He determined to procure a copy in Chinese, for he could then read it for himself. He succeeded in getting one, and began to study. Soon he interested several friends, and they read and studied too. The first Protestant missionary who arrived in Japan several years later, found the Bible there before him, and this group of Bible readers were anxious for more light on the Gospel. Today, the man who picked up the Bible from the sands of Nagasaki Bay, though aged, is still a Christian worker, saved by the truths in that precious castaway volume, found so long ago.—Selected.

— 714 —

## A CROW STORY.

From the fall of the snow to the present, one of the thoughtful matrons of our town has regularly scattered the crumbs from her table in the yard, that the hungry birds might be fed. At first but few came to the banquet, but now scores of different kinds of winter birds

enjoy her bounty. Among the number is a crow. At first he approached cautiously, as if aware that his feather was under the ban. But after an unmo-  
lested experience of several weeks, he grew so trustful as to eat bread from the hands of little children. But still more remarkable is this: "A few days ago that crow brought with him to the premises a lame crow. The last comer sat on the garden fence and cawed alarm. His guide flitted beside him, and after bowing to him and quieting his fears, induced him to trust himself in the garden walk. There the guide strode confidently toward the repast, and the lame crow limped after him. When the latter lagged, the former would turn and assure him of hospitable treatment. The pantomime was as eloquent as a speech, and quite as effective. Presently both reached the spread, and enjoyed a square meal. Since then the two crows made daily visits.—Selected.

— 715 —

## THE WIDOW'S FIVE CENT GIFT.

A Methodist minister said that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave five dollars every Sabbath for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus.—Selected.



— 716 —

## THOMAS ARNOLD OF RUGBY

Among the great scholars and educators of the last century, Thomas Arnold, head-master of Rugby, holds a prominent place. In these days, when the unchristian forces at work in our land have succeeded in having even the reading of the Bible prohibited in many of the public schools, it is well to know Dr. Arnold's views on the religious instruction of the young. In the preface to that favorite boys' book,—which has almost become a classic, "Tom Brown's School Days," Thomas Hughes says of him:

"He taught us that in this wonderful world, no boy or man can tell which of his actions is indifferent and which is not; that by a thoughtless word or look we may lead astray a brother for whom Christ died. He taught us that life is a whole, made up of actions and thoughts and longings, great and small, noble and ignoble; therefore the only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Him whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with His blood; and that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are to do all in His name and to His glory; in such teaching, faithfully, as it seems to me, following that of Paul of Tarsus, who was in the habit of meaning what he said, and who laid down this standard for every man and boy in his time. I think it lies with those who say that such teaching will not do for us now, to show why a teacher in the nineteenth century is to preach a lower standard than one in the first."

A few months after Dr. Arnold's appointment to the chair of Modern History at Oxford University he was suddenly removed from his fresh honors and earthly duties by death. After a busy day he retired to rest, apparently in perfect health. At six the next morning he awoke in severe pain, which he bore with heroic fortitude and Christian resignation until he expired, two hours later. The following is the last entry found in his diary:

"Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and soul of immortality? And what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength, and may He make me feel that pretended strength not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness!"—Carlton H. Tyndall.

— 717 —

## COALS OF FIRE.

Many years ago, two British officers, Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddard, were thrown into prison by the Afghans in Bokhara, and after six months in a miserable dungeon they were beheaded.

For a long time their fate was unknown in England, until a missionary undertook a dangerous journey to Bokhara, and ascertained that they had been murdered two years before. Five years later, a Russian officer, passing through the bazaar in the city, picked up a little well-worn English Prayer-Book which Captain Conolly had used in prison, and in which he had written an account of his sufferings. The Russian officer purchased the book, and carried it home to St. Petersburg.

The little Prayer-Book that lay for seven years on the shelves of a Bokhara bazaar, next spent fourteen years in St. Petersburg, where an English visitor, who chanced to see it, begged permission to take it to Captain Conolly's relatives in England. Thus, twenty-one years after her brother's death, Miss Conolly received the book that told of his sufferings. About that time, a mission hospital was opened at Bannu, near Bokhara, and Miss Conolly undertook the support of a bed in memory of her brother. Over it hangs a tablet, which reads: "Conolly Bed. In memory of Captain Conolly, beheaded at Bokhara."

No wonder that when the doctor in charge tells the sick Afghans of the way the Christian lady took her revenge, they are impressed that here is something very new and strange—an object lesson of the love of Christ.—World-Wide Missions.

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#### WITHOUT BALLAST.

Not many years ago the *Escambia*, a British iron steamer, loaded with wheat, weighed anchor and started down the bay of San Francisco. The pilot left her when about five miles outside the Golden Gate. Looking back from his pilot boat a short time after, he saw the vessel stop, drift into the trough of the sea, careen to port, both bulwarks going under water, then suddenly capsize and sink. What was the cause of this sad catastrophe? A want of ballast.

She came into port from China, a few weeks previous, with a thousand emigrants on board. But she had in hold immense tanks for what is called water ballast. Those tanks were full, and she battled successfully with wind and waves. But the captain, wishing to carry all the wheat he could between decks, neglected to fill those tanks. He thought the cargo would steady the ship. But it made it top-heavy, and the first rough sea capsized it.

Here, then, was a vessel, tight and strong, with powerful engines, with a cargo worth \$100,000, floundering as soon as she left the harbor, taken down with her crew of forty-five men, because the captain failed to have her properly ballasted. The moment she began to lurch, all the wheat tumbled over to the lower side, and down into the sea she went.

How this wreck of the *Escambia* repeats the trite lesson that so many have tried to teach, and that they who need it most are so slow to learn! Young men starting out in life want to carry as little ballast as possible. They are enterprising, ambitious. They are anxious to go fast, and take as much cargo as they can. Old-fashioned principles are regarded as dead weight. It

doesn't pay to keep them, and they are thrown overboard. Good home habits are abandoned in order to be popular with the gay and worldly. The Bible is not read, the Sabbath is not kept holy, prayer is neglected, and lo! some day, when all the sails are spread, a sudden temptation comes that wrecks the character and life.—The Christian World.

—719—

#### THE DOCTOR'S STORY

"My children," said the old doctor, "I have a story to tell you of something that happened many years ago, which I shall never forget."

"One day—a long, hot day it had been—I met my father on the road as I was coming home from the hay-field, tired, dusty and hungry."

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitatingly.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, fond of play and not overfond of work, and it was a good mile to town. My first impulse was to say I couldn't, but something stopped me,—one of God's good angels I think."

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving him my rake."

"Thank you Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; and he left me he put his hand on my arm, saying, 'Thank you, my dear boy. You've always been a good son to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried to the town and back. When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me with a pale face."

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now; but I have thanked God many and many a time since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good son to me.'"—British Friend.



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## DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near. As the door was open he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clark. The secret of his success is worth knowing—"Don't give up; but try, my boy, try."—Selected.

— 721 —

## "HE KNOWS BEST."

One day, in a school in one of our large cities, a cry of fire sounded, and the teachers and children rushed toward the door, and crowded the passage till there was danger of trampling some of the smaller children under the larger ones' feet. But one little girl sat still in her place, tranquil and quiet.

Presently the alarm was found to be false, and the pupils again took their seats. Then the girl seated next to little Mary said to her, "Mary, how was it that you could sit so quiet when we were all frightened?"

"My father told me," said Mary, "if there was an alarm of fire, it was best for us to sit still in our seats and wait

for the teachers to tell us what to do. My father is a fireman, and he knows best."

Ah, here was faith—faith in a father; and by this faith Mary was enabled to remain tranquil when others were dismayed.

Just so, faith in God will enable us to face danger without fear.—Selected.

— 722 —

## ATTENTION TO LEADINGS.

A certain man, being confined in prison, in Burlington County, New Jersey, under sentence of death, in an aggravated case of murder, our late Friend, E. Redman, was under a concern to visit him. This was approved by her meeting and two Friends appointed to accompany her. When they came for that purpose, she told them that the concern had passed away, and that she could not go. In about a week after she sent to them, saying she now felt ready. The remarkable part of it was that they found upon arriving there that the prisoner had broken jail on the day she had first proposed going, and that he had been captured and reconfined on the day before she got there. This showed close attention to pointings, and it would have been a sad fault had she found the cell empty.—"The Friend."

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## TALENT UNUSED IS LOST.

Note what the celebrated Professor Darwin said: "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure. Formerly pictures gave me considerable, very great delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have almost lost my taste for pictures or music. If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week, for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use." That is scientific; it is philosophical; it is Scriptural; therefore cultivate your whole personality!

— 724 —

## THE RAIN CEASED.

Wednesday morning, Aug. 21, 1912, the day of the Tyndall-Gatchell reunion and picnic, to be held at the home of Mrs. William W. Gatchell, of Huron, N. Y., dawned on a threatening sky. The clouds hung dark around the whole horizon, and at seven o'clock the rain began to fall. The picnic had been anticipated for months, the rain was not especially needed, and so the writer prayed that the good Lord would disperse the clouds, and he remarked to his cousins, whose home he was visiting, that they too should pray the Lord to withhold the rain. One of them replied that perhaps God saw that the rain would do good. But she was told that the rain would do just as much good if it fell that night and we should pray for what we want, unless there is a reason for believing that it is not right for us to have it, and he quoted, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

At family worship which followed, a favorable day was asked for. Presently the rain ceased. Soon the sun was shining through the rifts in the clouds, and before long the indications betokened a fair day. When the start was made for the place of reunion, the writer thoughtlessly took his umbrella, but when his cousin reminded him that this was hardly consistent with faith for fair weather, he promptly put it aside.

During the day a shower came up, but it passed around to the south where a heavy rain fell. However on the beautiful lawn where our great table (sufficiently long for a hundred guests) was spread, not drops enough came down to drive the company indoors, but just enough to remind them how easily the rain could have spoiled the pleasure of the occasion. Unbelief will say that the rain only happened to stop, and that we were lucky to have a good day. But faith will thank God that he answered prayer.

The Tyndalls and Gatchells have in-

termarried to such an extent that the picnic was a union of these two families. Of the lineal descendants of Charles Tindall and Lovina Hartupee, there were present thirty-three persons, and of Elisha Gatchell there were twenty-eight descendants. With those present who had married into these families, including certain invited guests, there was a company of about a hundred. New York City, Kansas City, Newark, N. J., Canada and many places nearer by, were represented, and the occasion was eminently successful.—Rev. H. M. Tyndall.

— 725 —

## THE MODEST HERO.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always modest. Frequently he is unable to give any account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers.

Some years ago a French reporter encountered in a little village in the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, and was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bezeilles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the noncommissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! by and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians."

"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'"

"'All down,'" says I.

"'Where's your gunners?'"

"'All down but me,'" says I.

"'And you've been fighting here all alone?'" says he.

"'I couldn't let them come and get the guns, could I?' I says; and he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."—Selected.



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**SILENT BUT SOVEREIGN.**

In a certain city a bridge was to be built across the river. To secure a solid foundation, piles were driven in the bed of the river. One day they could make no headway, and, on examination, found that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water-main left in the river bed.

But one thing was to be done. The main must come out. Encircling the main with immense cables, they harnessed them to a locomotive on an improvised track. The engineer opened the throttle and the engine started forward, only to be thrown back on the track by the cables. More steam was turned on, and the mighty locomotive rushed forward with tremendous power, only to rebound again. It was useless, the engineer said; another effort would derail the engine. Tug-boats were brought and the cables were harnessed to them. Then the tugs did their best. They pulled and plunged and churned the river into foam, but the main was unmoved.

"We shall have to give it up," said the workmen.

"The location of the bridge will have to be changed," said the city authorities.

But a quiet man came hither one day, and, after looking on awhile, said, "I can lift it out." At once the contract was his. He brought two old mud-scows and let them rest just above the stubborn main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to the other. "What are you going to do?" they asked him. "I have finished," was the quiet reply.

He then climbed upon the bank, and folded his arms, waited for the tide to come in. The scows rocked and tossed, they tugged and stormed, while the man cried: "Come up! come up! You must come!"

Then there was a mighty upheaval that shook the river from bank to bank, and the tide had the victory.

God's strength flows into human life

as the tide. There is no noise, it is scarcely perceptible, but it is sovereign.  
—Royal Manhood.

— 727 —

**FISHING FOR A SOUL.**

In the story of his life, Tom Keenan, the veteran locomotive engineer, tells how the grace of God transformed him from a drinking, swearing, fighting, man into an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. For many years he had a run which allowed him to be off two days each week, which he often spent in fishing or hunting, and he gives the following account of an eventful fishing trip:

I loved to fish for trout, and hunt with dog and gun. One day a friend, who was a prominent business man of Newark and an earnest Christian, met me and said:

"Brother Keenan, I have a partner, Mr. N—— who would like to go fishing with you some day; and, as he is not a Christian, I hope that God will help you fish for his soul."

His partner was a wealthy young man, but inclined to be wayward and was considered the "black sheep" of the family.

Meeting Mr. N—— soon afterwards, we fixed upon a day to go fishing. Finally the day came, but, before starting, I promised the Lord that I would pray with him before we cast a line. We met at the station, got on board of the train, and went as far as Stanhope. Leaving the train there we travelled some distance across the country until we came to the head waters of the Musconetcong River. Putting on our wading boots, and having adjusted our rods and lines, we started out into the stream. All at once I remembered my promise to pray with him and a cowardly spirit came over me. Looking up I breathed a prayer: "Lord, help me to live up to my vow." We were now in the midst of the stream, and about ready to cast our lines, when, turning to Mr. N—— I said:

"Mr. N——, I suppose you know that I profess to be a Christian man."

"Yes, Mr. Keenan; I have heard so."

"Well, Mr. N——, I want to tell you that, before I left home, I promised God I would pray with you before we began to fish; and if you have no objections I would like to do so now."

He took it very kindly, and in a gentlemanly manner said:

"All right, Mr. Keenan, I have no objection to your doing so."

I always like to get on my knees to pray and, as we were most too far from the bank for me to get back, I found right near me a big stone, sticking out of the water. On this I put my knees and, taking off my hat with my left hand and holding the rod with my right, closed my eyes and prayed to Him who has promised to hear and answer prayer, that He would bless this young man. When I had finished praying I looked at Mr. N—— and was surprised to see him standing, his head reverently bowed, his hat in his hand.

Putting on our hats, we started in and had a real happy time fishing, and I don't think that a single word on the subject of religion passed between us all day.

I did not see Mr. N—— again for about six weeks, when one Sunday morning our door-bell rang, and, going to the door, Mr. N—— stood before me. I saw that there was something wrong and, inviting him into the parlor, closed the doors.

He then opened his heart to me and said:

"Mr. Keenan, that day we went fishing together I made up my mind that I would not drink any more. I got along nicely until yesterday. I expect soon to be married to a very estimable young lady and in view of this some of my friends, whom I met in New York last evening, insisted that I break a bottle of champagne with them. I did so, and am sorry to say, before I knew it I was drunk, and now I am ashamed of myself. I did not know of anybody to whom I could come and talk about the matter but you."

As he said this, tears were streaming down his face. I comforted him as best

I could, and then knelt with him and prayed that God would help him and give him deliverance from the curse of strong drink.

As he arose to go, I said: "Between here and your home, as you go along the street, pick out some landmark, some tree, or telegraph pole or hitching-post, and, looking up to God who loves you and gave His Son to die for you, commit yourself to Him."

He thanked me and bid me good-morning.

For two months I saw nothing of Mr. N——, when one day the door-bell rang and, opening the door, I saw a carriage standing at the curb, in which he sat. His face was lit up with a happy smile as he said, in a cherry voice:

"Come, Brother Keenan, I want you to take a ride with me; I have something good to tell you."

"All right," I said, and as I went to get my coat and hat, I thought something must have happened, seeing he called me "Brother Keenan." When I got into the carriage and we had started off, he said:

"Brother Keenan, since I saw you last, I have been married. My wife and I have just returned from our wedding trip, which we spent at Thousand Islands. In the different hotels where we stopped there was champagne and all kinds of wine on the table; but I want to tell you that I did not touch a drop. Better than that, I have been converted, and have joined the Presbyterian Church, and now they have just elected me a deacon in the church."

He made as much noise in telling me about it as though he were a Methodist.

At the present time Mr. N—— is one of the wealthiest citizens in the city of Newark. He takes a deep interest in missions and is always pleased to learn of drunkards being saved.

I have always been glad that I kept my vow, and that I used the right bait in fishing for his soul on that fishing trip.



— 728 —

## FAULT FINDING

On going to one of my charges, I was told that a certain farmer belonging to the church was greatly addicted to fault-finding, and that when I visited him he would be sure to serve me up the foibles of all his brethren. I had not been there long before he invited me to come out to his farm and take dinner with him. As had been foretold he then brought out with great apparent relish the faults of all the membership. "So and so was all right, but unfortunately he was so and so," and thus he gave a stab in the back to each of the members as they passed in review before him.

I heard him without comment, or attempting any defense, or bringing any railing accusation against him as an "accuser of the brethren;" but I watched my time, before leaving him, to lodge my impression with him in an inoffensive way, which might yet do its work.

He had a large apple orchard, loaded with choice, ripe fruit. Just before starting for home he gave me a basket and said: "Brother Fee, go into the orchard and fill a basket with apples to take home with you."

Accepting the basket, I went to the orchard and filled it with speckled and half rotten apples. When I returned he said: "Why man alive! what did you fill your basket with that worthless lot for, when the ground is covered with fine, large, sound ones?" And he threw them away with disgust and brought me the basket filled with the best.

Then was my opportunity, and I said to him as gently as I could: "Brother, all the afternoon you have been filling me up with the speckled members of the church, when I am sure there are multitudes of good ones." He took my rebuke with the best of good nature, and said: "Brother Fee, you are right, and I have been wrong; and I'll never do it again,"—and he never did.—Sel.

— 729 —

## "THEY DID NOT FIND IT OUT."

Evangelist "Billy" Sunday tells the story of a certain man, a professing Christian, whose business required him to spend some months among the lumber-jacks of the far Northwest.

Knowing how rough and godless many of these men are, and how they ridicule sacred things, a friend said to him, "What did the jackies do to you when they found out you were a Christian?"

And the traveler answered with a touch of shameless pride, "They did not do anything, for they did not find it out!"

How glaring the contrast between this cowardly silence and the witness-bearing of a Western traveling man! In the office of a rude hotel several miners were gambling. As they became intoxicated, they began to swear, particularly taking in vain the name of Jesus.

The Christian traveller was writing his daily letter to the house. He sat still a moment, wondering whether to leave the room or rebuke these strangers for their profanity. Finally he walked over and said: "Pardon me, boys, but this Jesus Christ whose name you are coupling with such vile oaths is my Saviour, and it hurts to hear you use His name so. He's done too much for us all to be given such treatment. If you must swear, can't you leave the name of Jesus out?"

Rough as they were, the men saw the genuineness of the man who spoke, and saying, "All right, pard; we'll see what we can do," they quieted down, and swore no more.

Does the world know you are a Christian? Do the members of your fraternity, lodge, or social circle know it? If they do not, how does it happen? It cannot be that you are ashamed of it.

Let us live so true to Him that, whether our acquaintances know much about us or little, they will at least know that we dearly love our Lord.—Christian Endeavor World.

— 730 —

## A NICKEL FOR THE LORD.

Yesterday he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and, finding this poor little nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel.

And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon, and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave, and paid out fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord.

"Who is the Lord?"

Who is He? Why, the man worships Him as Creator of the universe, the One who put the stars in order and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the Church militant.

And what is the Church militant?

The church militant is the Church that represents upon earth the Church triumphant of the great God the man gave the nickel to.

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty is without limitations, and, knowing this, he put his hand into his pocket and picked out the nickel and gave it to the Lord.

And the Lord being gracious and slow to anger and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man wasn't.

The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.—G. F. Raymond.

— 731 —

## THE SAVIOUR IS THE JUDGE.

Some years ago, a man driving a spirited team of horses, lost control of the team. As they dashed through the streets, a distinguished judge sprang out, caught the bridle-rein, and at the risk of his own life saved the man who was driving. By a singular coincidence this same man was on trial for his life some little time after, before the judge who had rescued him.

When the trial was over and the lawyers had made their plea, then the judge addressed the prisoner, saying: "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

And the man, trembling, arose and said: "Your Honor, don't you know me?"

And when told that he must speak on, and not address the judge, he again said: "But, your Honor, don't you know I am the man you saved? Have mercy."

And the judge replied: "I do remember you, but then I was your saviour, and to-day I am your judge, and must pass sentence."

And if you have sinned against the Saviour of men, some day you must face Him in judgment.—Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

— 732 —

## INFLUENCE OF ONE TRACT.

What agency for doing good in an inexpensive way will compare with the printed page? It is related of Rev. Dr. Goodell, of the American Board, that when in 1832 he was passing through Nicomedia, having no time to stop, he left with a stranger a copy of *The Dairyman's Daughter* in the Armenian-Turkish language. Seventeen years afterwards he visited Nicomedia, and found a church of more than forty members, and a Protestant community of more than two hundred persons. That tract, with God's blessing, did the work. Good seed—"some sixty and some a hundred."—Dr. Stockbridge.



— 733 —

### THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

Abijah Powers felt moderately sure nobody would recognize him when he registered under an assumed name at the little inn. It was more than twenty years since he had left the town—a hard, reckless boy, running away from a good father and a devoted mother because he hated goodness and loved lawlessness and his own way.

For years he had led the life of a vagabond. Then the spirit of adventure was aroused in him by the stories of the wealth in the Klondike. He joined one of the earliest parties, in that hazardous search for gold, and succeeded beyond his dreams. Now he had come back, with his old instincts, but with the wealth of a millionaire, and some strange compulsion led him to the village where he first drew breath.

He did not even know whether his parents were living or dead. It was altogether likely they were dead. With that conviction and without asking a question, he made his way in the August twilight to the graveyard, and to the spot where for three generations his ancestors had been laid.

Yes, there were new stones placed since he had been there. The sight moved him strangely. He bent to read the inscription on the first one. It was to the memory of his father, "Died, 1884. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

The date cut the man to the heart. His father had died a year after the only son had run away! And his mother had been left alone! But perhaps she had followed her husband mercifully soon. Again he bent to read, this time with tear-filled eyes, "Died, 1902. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

His mother had been alone for eighteen years! She was but just dead—in poverty, perhaps; certainly in loneliness. He drew himself up as if to shake off a hideous dream.

But the other stone—whose grave

could that mark? They had no relatives except some distant cousins. Perhaps some one of them had done for his mother what he ought to have done in her long, desolate years. Again he stooped to read—his own name. "Abijah Powers. Born 1870; died—. 'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

It was his own gravestone, set up by his mother when her hope of his return was dead. Out of the depth of his memory there flashed up the story of the widow of Nain, and the gracious presence which spoke the word of life to her dead son. How many times his mother must have read and re-read the page, and how frequently she must have prayed that her boy, bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, might be given back to her arms!

The thought was anguish to the graceless son, and it brought him to his knees beside his own empty grave. With his hand resting over his mother's head he wept as he had not wept since he was a child. They were gracious drops. Out of the mother's love, which had found its cold comfort in the words of scripture for the grave that was no grave, there came, indeed, the resurrection of the real, living soul.

The widow's son went out of the graveyard that night a new man. The world wondered what had happened to him. Money did not often make a man over from a devil to a saint; but that miracle seemed to have been worked in Abijah Powers. Nobody knew that the transformation did not come from the touch of Klondike gold, but from the power of love—reaching from beyond the vale, and speaking from the cold marble of a gravestone.—Youth's Companion.

— 734 —

### TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

It is related that on a certain occasion Napoleon was reviewing his troops. As the reins lay loose on the neck of his horse the steed became frightened, and presently with the speed of the wind

was tearing down the line of men with the reins over his head, and the Emperor powerless to check him. As the General was thus borne down the line, in imminent danger of being dashed to the earth, an athletic soldier was seen to step out of the ranks, and when the frightened horse came near, the soldier, at great risk to himself, sprang for the animal's head and, clutching the bridle, he soon brought the charger under control. As the private handed him the reins, the General saluted and said "Thank you, Captain!" The soldier, returning the salutation, replied, "Of what company, General?" "Of the Royal Guards."

What did that soldier do? Step back into the ranks? Not at all. He was not so modestly foolish as that. He joined a group of officers, and when one observing his private uniform said, "Get back into the ranks," he replied, "I am the captain of the Royal Guards." "By what authority?" "By the word of the Emperor!" And of course his promotion was not disputed.

As the soldier took the General at his word and claimed his right, so must those do who come to Christ. He says "come unto me and I will give you rest," and "him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." The sinner must believe His word, and not doubt his acceptance. Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Believing this word there is no room to doubt their eternal salvation.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 735 —

### "YOUR BROTHER IS THERE"

Several years ago in the East End of London they were digging a deep drain in the neighborhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave away, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were at work there. Of course there was a great deal of excitement. Standing by the brink was a man looking—I grant you with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig

out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there!" Oh, you should have seen the sudden change. Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench and worked with the strength of ten men.

Oh, sirs, amidst the masses of the poor and degraded and the lost, your brother is down there!—Living Epistle.

— 736 —

### "IF ANY MAN OPEN THE DOOR."

A friend was telling me some of her experiences in the Dufferin hospital in India. One impressed me as particularly significant. She was seated on the veranda of the hotel one afternoon reading, when a high class Hindu woman came up the steps and asked for an interview with Miss Henderson. My friend rose to speak to her, and as she did so a copy of Holman Hunt's picture of Christ standing outside the closed door fell out of her book to the ground. The woman quickly picked it up and looked at it.

"Tell me about this," she said, her errand forgotten, as a woman long ago forgot her "water pots." "What does it mean?"

Miss Henderson told her, and the woman went away.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn into winter, and there was snow on the mountains, and the air was chill, and Miss Henderson went to call upon this woman.

As she came near the house she saw the door standing wide open. She entered and—the physical need of the woman foremost in her mind, for she was a trained nurse—at once said: "You should not have your front door open so. The mountains are covered with snow, and it is cold."

Then the woman, with a half shy reverence, said:

"I know it. I have seen the snow, and I have felt the cold, but I thought that perhaps your Jesus might pass by, and I wanted Him to find the door wide open."—Ruth G. Winant.



— 737 —

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE

Dr. Grenfell tells of a small fishing schooner which started for Newfoundland one winter from the port of Cadiz, Spain. She was manned with tough Newfoundland sailors, well seasoned by long battling with ocean storms, and her captain knew his business well and was afraid of nothing.

They were in the very midst of the Atlantic when they were struck by a waterspout, and swept clean of mast, bowsprit, bulwarks, boats and deck-houses. The deck itself "gaped open like a sieve." Their only hope was to keep afloat until some passing vessel should pick them up, but could they do it? Gale after gale struck them. Their food was cold and wet. They were wretched and begged to give up the fight and be allowed to die, but the captain exercised his ingenuity to inspire them and keep them at the pumps.

One steamer passed them by; then a second. They were in despair. At last when even the captain was beginning to waver, a third great liner hove in sight. If this chance were lost, they felt that they could not hold out for another. They lit a huge bonfire on the deck, knowing well that it would set fire to their vessel, but knowing also that it was their only hope.

The great ship signaled, "Can you hold out till morning?" "No, we are sinking now," they signaled back. The ship at once lowered its steel lifeboat. The giant seas crushed it in an instant. Then a wooden lifeboat was let down, manned with its crew. This, too was doubled up ere it touched the surface of the sea, and broke into a thousand fragments, while the brave sailors in it just saved their lives.

Still, the good ship would not give up. Down over its side came next a light, collapsible boat, "dropped from the davits on the run." This weathered the sea, and all of the perishing men on the schooner were saved.

Just such a fight for life as the schoon-

er made; just such an effort to save as the liner made; just such odds as both met and endured and conquered, are necessary from time to time for us all in the moral world, and must be overcome there. Bear, bear, struggle, struggle, get beaten over and over again, then pick yourselves up and press forward—this is the routine and the law of life.—*Christian Herald*.

— 738 —

## THE MISJUDGED DOG

It is said the village of "Beth Gelert," in Wales, got its name from Gelert, an Irish wolfhound given by King John of England, in 1205, to Llewellyn the Great, King of Wales.

The story is that Gelert abandoned his master for some unknown reason while hunting. Returning from the chase in ill humor, the king was met by the dog, which, covered with blood, came rushing from the chamber occupied by the king's little son. Filled with alarm, the king entered the room. The bed of his child was overturned and besmeared with blood, and there was no response to the call of his name. Hastily concluding that the dog had killed the child, the enraged father ran the faithful creature through with his sword. A further search, however, revealed the child sleeping unharmed, beneath the overturned bed; and near him lay the body of a great wolf killed by the heroic hound.

The self-reproach of Llewellyn, it is said, caused him to erect a chapel in memory of the faithful dog, and to mark his grave with a tombstone. At least to this day the chapel and tomb are there, and the name of the village itself, "Beth Gelert," which signifies the house of Gelert, commemorates the name and fame of this misjudged friend of man.

Hasty judgments are likely to be wrong judgments. And it is especially hard to be condemned when we are really deserving of praise. God never makes mistakes in his judgments. Psalm 119:137.—Rev. Henry M. Tyn-dall.

— 739 —

## THE VOICE OF DUTY.

In the city of Glasgow there lived a wealthy merchant. He owned a large, beautiful estate, and had five children—four daughters and one son. He died suddenly without making a will; and, according to the law of that land, the property all belonged to the son. He was in business in London, and might have said, "Now I am rich, and will use all the money in my business." But no; he went home as soon as he heard of his father's death and called upon a lawyer, and had a will made in which all the children should share alike and the large house should belong to the mother as long as she lived. Then he went to his father's funeral.

Some one said to him, "But why did you go that very night and have the will made out?" He said, "I that night saw that it was my duty to do it. If I had left it till the next day my duty might not have seemed so clear." What a noble son! And what a generous way it was! Be honest and true now, while the duty is clear for if you listen to the voice of God at once you will hear Him more distinctly the next time He speaks to you.—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D.D.

— 740 —

## HOW THE MONEY CAME.

If once the laymen in our churches feel a sense of personal responsibility to fulfill the last command of Christ, there will be no lack of the sinews of war.

Some forty years ago Dr. Chambers preached a missionary sermon in one of the New York churches on a rainy Sabbath, when there was only one man in the audience. He made an appeal for the payment of the deficit of the Dutch Reformed Board. That deficit amounted to \$58,000, and \$11,000 of it was needed immediately to meet the crisis.

The smallness of the audience did not hinder God's spirit from working through the preacher. Before he went to bed that night there was a ring at

the door, and Mr. Warren Ackerman announced himself as the only man who had heard the sermon on personal responsibility that morning. He drew out his check-book and began to write.

Dr. Chambers watched him with much anxiety as he wrote. You can imagine his delight when Warren Ackerman filled it in for \$11,000.

"I could not sleep that night," said Dr. Chambers, "for very joy, but early in the morning there was a ring at the door and there stood Mr. Ackerman, asking me to return the check which he had given me the previous night. Sitting down, he took his check book and put the figures 5 and a second 5."

"Now," said Dr. Chambers, "I know he is coming back because he feels that he has given too much and is giving one-half of the total amount immediately needed."

But when the check was filled in the amount was \$55,000, the largest single gift ever received by our Board. In such fashion does a sense of personal responsibility enable men to do exceeding abundantly above all that they are able to ask or think for the kingdom of God.—Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer.

— 741 —

## DROP YOUR PENNY.

A little child was one day playing with a very valuable vase, when he put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said, "Now, my son, make one more try; open your hand and hold your fingers out straight, as you see me doing, and then pull." To their astonishment, the little fellow said, "Oh, no, pa, I couldn't put out my fingers like that for if I did, I would drop my penny." He had been holding on to a penny all the time. No wonder he could not withdraw his hand.

How many of us are like him? Drop the copper. Surrender. Let go, and God will give you gold.—John MacNeil.



— 742 —

**A SOVEREIGN FOR A PENNY.**

It was a bright morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded almost impassable.

In one of the abutments, near the city side, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated; "real golden sovereigns—only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from His Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a golden sovereign; twenty shillings value; two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny. Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen; it will never come again. Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him; or when any one did make any response to his invitation, it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in.

"You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one, "If you'd sell 'em four for a penny, you might do some business."

"But mind what you are at," growled an old city clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagen buttons as sovereigns, you may have the constable after you."

The pedlar listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear in any way disturbed, although he had stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares, nor did his eye ever turn aside from the tray, which was slung by a band around his neck, except to glance at a man who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to his watch.

Presently a boy came along and earnestly besought his father to allow him to purchase.

"They are only pretense, my lad," said the father. "In this world no one ever parts with anything under its real value."

A man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray. "If they were only real," he

muttered; "twenty of them would keep me out of jail."

A clever mechanic stopped a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said; "it will please my little boy, and I'll take one home to him."

On his way he passed under the windows of a large jeweler's shop, and he took the chance to examine his purchase.

"Well, it's uncommon-like, that I must say. There can't be any chance of it's being a real one, I suppose; that would be too good a joke. And yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me in a minute.

He stepped up to the counter, and laying his coin on it, inquired what that might be.

"That," said the jeweler, taking it up and weighing it on his finger, "why what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other; "You don't mean it, to be sure. Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain."

"There's no need of looking again," said the shopman, rather sharply. "I should know gold by this time, when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the mint, and is quite new into the bargain."

The man stared once more into the jeweler's face, and then turning around short, he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd outside, and paying no heed to the angry remonstrances addressed to him on all sides. Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and still fighting his way vigorously, reached the spot where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vender of gingerbread nuts, who was commending his articles with an earnestness that exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns," repeated

the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap with a tray here about five minutes ago, just as I came up he shut up his business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Two fashionable loungers at the West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale at a penny apiece, for one hour on London Bridge, during the most busy period of the day. One party contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view; the other, that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried, and with the result that has been related—of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment, yet what is it but the very same thing that is going on every day? The servants of the Lord are continually calling to the wayfarers, using all their persuasive powers to induce them to receive treasure of value beyond human power to estimate. "Doth not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice? She standeth on the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry to the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call and my voice is to the sons of men. O, ye simple understand wisdom; and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart." "Receive my instruction and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

But few, very few, of the busy throng heed the cry. They do not credit the representation of value; they suspect deception. Sad experience with the stinginess of man has helped them to doubt the benevolence of God. So long accustomed to paying full value for things received, they seem to feel that what is offered so freely must needs be worthless.

O wayfarer, pause a moment, ere you hurry past the true riches! Examine the things offered for your acceptance; behold them put to the severest tests to prove them genuine. Whenever you come to a sense of their value you will outstrip the journeyman in your zeal to secure them. Whatever may oppose, you will succeed unless—oh, bitter thought—unless, like him, you are too late. Life's short hour is speeding fast; the golden moments of opportunity will soon be gone. You are having a most wonderful chance for eternal gain. May heaven help you to secure it, ere the dial points to the closing hour of time. — Holiness Berean.

— 743 —

### "CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN."

The Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon says that when their little boy Harold died, and after they had taken his body to the cemetery in Asbury Park, it seemed as if all the enjoyment of their life was gone into that little grave. His heart was heavy, and he could not understand why their son was taken from them. He had no joy in preaching or in any of his work. When the Christmas festival was to be held in their church, he felt like leaving the city, but remained. The children came to the tree, and had a good time, and seemed to have forgotten all about little Harold.

The next day was Christmas. While the family sat at table, sad and silent, one of the little ones said, "Papa, this is Harold's first Christmas in heaven." Another one quickly replied, "Why, it is Christmas all the time in heaven." Immediately the sadness disappeared because of the thought of little Harold's happiness in heaven.—Rev. C. H. Tyn-dall, D.D.

— 744 —

Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.—Theodore Roosevelt.



— 745 —

**THEY RESCUED THE DOG.**

I read the story of a man who had a dog that he highly prized. They were on shipboard. A child threw a stick overboard, and before anyone had realized the dog jumped after it. The man went to the Captain and asked him to stop the ship. "What! stop the mails for a dog? No, indeed!" The man said: "If you will not stop to save a dog you will have to stop to save a man," and then he jumped overboard. They stopped the ship to rescue the man, and in so doing saved the dog.

The dear Saviour saw you and me sinking, and he jumped into the waters of sin and suffering of this world to rescue us. The billows of death and hell rolled over Him, and He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But as he expired He shouted triumphantly, "It is finished." He burst the bars of death and came forth with our salvation. Now His highest joy is to give us eternal life.—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D. D.

— 746 —

**BURNING HIS INFIDEL BOOKS.**

The most impressive instance of the power of truth on the conscience, in my memory, is that of an intelligent man, who sent for me after midnight, to tell him how to be saved, and to pray for him; for he did not think he could pray for himself. I spent the rest of the night with him, praying with him, and teaching him. He rose from his bed again and again, to kneel, and though obviously dying, as indicated by his breathing, he found a key, showed me how to open a heavy trunk, and found in it a parcel of books. "I want you," he said, "to take these, to keep them from any other hands, to promise me that you will burn them." His look and tones I cannot forget, as he said, "They have brought my soul to the very brink of hell; they were my destruction." I kept my promise. He died in the early forenoon, I trust, sincerely, as he pro-

fessed, trusting himself as a sinner in the hands of God in Christ, the only Saviour.—Dr. John Hall.

— 747 —

**HE SHOUTED FOR JOY**

It is said that when Willie Williams received word that the Governor of Missouri had commuted his sentence to fifty years imprisonment, instead of death by hanging, that he shouted, cried and kissed the telegram over and over again. No one wonders that he did, yet when a man who is guilty before God and condemned to eternal death receives pardon and a title to eternal glory, shouts and in any way shows his joy, he is at once put down as crazy! If fifty years imprisonment instead of death by hanging is sufficient to cause shouting, what of life eternal, with a title of eternal glory? No wonder God's people have made the corridors of time echo with the shouts of salvation.—The Cumberland Presbyterian Banner.

— 748 —

**AS GOD GIVETH.**

"What shall I bring you?" said a visitor in a St. Louis hospital to a little sufferer crying for mamma. She sobbed out, "I want a parasol! I want it today!" The sensible visitor brought it, and the comforted little one clasping it in her arms was soon asleep. That one toy comforted 20 children 20 times to rest. Many a childish request is granted by the Spirit of Jesus to comfort us. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

— 749 —

**LUXURIES**

Be not too fond of luxuries. Excessively indulged they weaken character in the present life, and lessen one's hope of blessedness in the world to come. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his elegant home, fine garden, beautiful statues and choice pictures, the latter replied: "Ah! David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"—Selected.

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## THE DIVINE CALL.

There is a cry which comes swelling up from sickbeds, from hospitals, from men in doubt, from men in trouble, from men struggling with deadly temptations, from lads adrift, from children left upon the world, from girls driven by poverty to the streets, from heathen lands, from Africa, from India, from China—"Whom wilt thou send? and who will come to us?"

One time at a meeting of the General Assembly, an effort was made to raise funds enough to send a young Princeton graduate to India as a missionary. A teacher in a home mission school was seen by her hostess to slip a gold ring from her finger and put it on the collection plate. Asked afterwards by the lady whose guest she was why she did it, she replied, "Because I had no money, and because I knew what it would mean if the effort to send this missionary failed." Not long before she had been told that she would have to give up her own school because there were no funds to support it. But she would not give it up. She held on with magnificent heroism, and she contributed the ring with all its sacred associations to help another to do what was so near her own heart.

The next morning a commissioner brought the ring into the General Assembly and told the story of it. It was worth about five dollars. "I will give five dollars to send the ring back to the young woman," said a minister. "I will give five dollars," said the stated clerk. A newspaper reporter handed up five dollars to the platform. Pastors, missionaries, and visitors came forward readily with the cash, each one eager to have some share in restoring the ring. In less than ten minutes more than three hundred dollars had been passed up to the desk. It was all caused by the vision they got of the self-sacrificing love that flamed in the heart of that little woman, making her glad to do something for her dear Master.—Rev. Robert F. Coyle, D.D.

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## CALM IN THE DEPTHS.

I came upon James Cobbledick seated in the mouth of a cave, looking out over the seas which swept across the sands, touched by the sunset glow, says Mark Guy Pearse.

The breeze of that summer day was off the land, so that the sea was perfectly calm, except that now and then, at regular intervals, there rose the long line of roller—the ground-swell, as they call it—a huge wave sweeping unbroken right across the bay, arched, majestic. Between us and the mighty billows sat a cormorant, untroubled, and as the wave curved over into thunders, I started. "The creature will be killed," I said. Then instantly it dived. And when the waves had swept on and sent its ripples far up the sand, the bird rose and shook off the drops, glistening in the sunshine, and sat brooding in the calm.

The old man turned to me. "Maister," he said, in that tone of awe which I had learned to associate with the thoughts he held most sacred, "Maister, can you mind the words, 'All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me?' There's times when we're killed if we fight, and there's times when we're saved if we sink. To live right is the only safety. There's calm in the depths! Yes, there's always calm in the depths. Sometimes it is good to have the wings of the dove and fly away to the heights, but sometimes it is better to sink down, down, right down to the depths.—The Morning Star.

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When the statue of George Peabody, erected some years ago in one of the thoroughfares of London, was unveiled, the sculptor Story was asked to speak. Twice he touched the statue with his hand, and twice he said, "That is my speech! That is my speech!" What a suggestion to Christians! Even so should they allow their actions, their consecrated lives, to speak of the Savior they profess.—Selected.



— 753 —

**"LORD, HELP ME!"**

The Rev. J. Ashworth of England relates the following instructive incident:

Many of the inhabitants of Manchester and the surrounding towns, will remember a singular old minister, with a red, round, pleasant-looking countenance, a bald head, and who often preached in a velvet skull-cap. He was a man of very peculiar views, but almost unequaled in his description of Christian experience. This man once preached in Rochdale, from the text, "Lord help me." Having read his text, he took off his spectacles, and, in his usual, deliberate way, looked round on the congregation, saying:

"Friends, by way of introduction, I will tell you how I got this text; and if you will allow me to speak in the first person, I can tell you easier by saying I than he."

"Well, then, before I was fully devoted to the ministry I was in business, and, as most business men do, I worked a little on credit. When I gave up business and settled as a preacher and pastor of a congregation, I was owing several sums of money; but much more was owing to me, so that I had no fear of being unable to pay my creditors. One of these creditors, to whom I owed twenty pounds, called upon me for the payment. I said to him, 'I will see what I can do for you next Monday.' He called on the Monday, but I had not got the money. He was rather cross with me, saying I 'had no business to promise except I intended to perform.' This observation touched my pride, and I told him that I would pay him on the coming Monday. He went away in a rage, saying, 'He hoped I would.'"

"I set out on the following day to see some of my debtors, not fearing but I could raise the twenty pounds, but I did not get one farthing. I tried others, but with the same success. I then put down on a sheet of paper the names of several of my friends, certain that I could borrow twenty pounds from any one of them. But, to my utter amazement, I

was mistaken. All of them could sympathize with me a deal better than lend me anything; and I began to find it out, that if a man wants to know how many friends he has, he had better try to borrow money."

"The next day I made out another list of those not so well able to help me as the former, for I thought if I could get five pounds here and five pounds there, I would be able to raise it all. I traveled many miles on my errand, spending a whole day, but returned in the evening without one penny. I began to ask myself, 'How is this that I, a respectable man, and, as some people say, a popular preacher, cannot, in the whole of my acquaintance, borrow twenty pounds? I thought I had as many friends as most men, but now I cannot find one that will trust me for twenty pounds.' My pride got a terrible shake, and I felt very little indeed."

"Saturday morning came, and I arose from a sleepless bed. I ate very little breakfast, and when at prayer I was so overcome with my feelings, that my wife asked me if I was poorly, or in trouble. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am in trouble enough;' and I then told her all about the cause of my sorrow. She was silent for a few minutes, and then said, 'You have often talked and preached about the power of faith, I think you will now need some yourself.' Having said this she arose from her chair, and went rattling among her pots and kettles. She was evidently mortified because I had been refused the money by those she had considered our friends."

"My wife is a good Christian woman, but she thinks that works are the best evidence of faith, both in preacher and people."

"On Saturday I was in a state of torpor until evening. I then, with a heavy heart went upstairs into a little room I called my study; for I had three times to preach on the Sunday and no text; twenty pounds to pay on the Monday, and no money. What was I to do? For a long time I sat with my face buried in my hands, and then I fell on my knees, and I believe I said, 'Lord help me,' a

hundred times, for I could say nothing but 'Lord help me, Lord help me.' While praying I felt an impression that these words might serve me for one text; and as Sunday came before Monday, I began to prepare, as well as I could, for the Sunday work; but no other text could I think of but 'Lord help me.'"

"While preaching on the Sunday morning, I had so many thoughts and illustrations, arising out of the subject that I felt great liberty in preaching. One of my illustrations was about a man I knew well, who was a deacon of a church, and had been an executor for two orphan children. He was tempted to make use of the money, and much of it was lost. This so preyed upon his mind that he began to drink. He lost his character, lost his peace of mind, and he died with the reputation of a rogue."

"Now," I said, 'had this man, the executor, when he first thought of taking the children's money, resisted the temptation, by calling on God to help him—help him to be honest, help him to do nothing but what a professing Christian ought to do—instead of losing the money, his good name, his peace of mind, and, perhaps his life, God would have heard his prayer, and saved him.'"

"Noon came; but my sermon was not half done. I preached from the same text again in the afternoon, and again in the evening; and I felt that I could have preached from it a week."

"After finishing the night's service, when I got to the bottom of the pulpit stairs, a young man stood there who asked to see me in private. I took him into the vestry, and requested his errand, expecting it would be about his soul. For several minutes we were both silent, but at length he said, 'You knew my mother, Mr. Gadsby.'"

"I looked in his face, saying, 'Surely I did; but I did not know you at first.'"

"Well, sir, when she died she left me some money—in fact, all she had, except two small sums she wished me to give; one sum, of five pounds, to a poor old woman of her acquaintance; and speaking of you she said, 'Our minister

needs help, and I wish you to give him twenty pounds.' I paid the five pounds to the old woman; but, thinking no one knew, I resolved never to give you the twenty. But while you were talking about the roughish executor this morning, I felt thunderstruck, and I have brought you the twenty pounds. Here it is, do take it, and do forgive me.'"

"It was now my turn to be thunderstruck. While the young man was putting the sovereigns into my hand, I trembled all over. God had heard my prayer; He had helped me through Sunday, and sent me the twenty pounds for Monday. It was mine and I took it. I shook the young man's hand, and, without putting the money into my pocket, I went quickly home, spread it out on the table before my wife, saying, 'Here it is! I now see how it was that I could not borrow the money. God knew where it was, and he sent me the twenty pounds, and delivered me out of my trouble. He had heard my prayer, and helped me, and I will trust Him and praise Him as long as I live!' Oh! my dear friends, when that little prayer, 'Lord help me,' comes from the heart of one of God's children in distress, neither men, nor devils, nor angels can tell its power. It has brought me thousands of blessings, besides the twenty pounds."—The Earnest Christian.

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#### HOW LOVE UNITES.

When the Forth Bridge was building the great arms from either side were completed; slowly and steadily they had been built out, and now at the center of the mighty arch all that was needed was the final riveting. But the day fixed was cold and chilly, and in spite of fires set under the iron to expand it the inch or two required, the union could not be completed, and the day's programme was a failure. But next morning the sun rose bright, the day was warm and genial; the iron then expanded, the holes came opposite one another, and the riveters had nothing to do but to drive the binding bolts home. So love unites men—"love never faileth."—Selected.



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## THE POWER OF HABIT.

It is told that a telegraph operator at Springfield, Mass., was kept at his post of duty for many hours receiving special news. After losing two nights' sleep he was relieved from duty to get some rest. He went to his room at the hotel and soon was fast asleep. When the time came for him to return to his instrument he could not be awakened.

Loud pounding on the door did not result in arousing him. An operator then, with his knife-handle, tapped "Springfield" on the door, in imitation of the clicking of the instrument. At once the sleeping operator sprang from his bed and was soon ready to continue his work.

It is said that firemen hear in their sleep the signal calling them to duty, while they sleep right on through any number of signals which do not concern them. In an article on "Heroes who fight fire," in the *Century*, Jacob A. Riis tells of a fire department chief who has a gong right over his head at home, every stroke of which he hears, although he never hears the baby; while his wife hears the baby if it so much as stirs in its crib, but does not hear the gong.—*Union Gospel News*.

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## NOT OUR LOVE FOR GOD.

A gentleman of wealth and high social position was taken ill. Being much troubled about the little love he found in his heart for God, he complained bitterly to his pastor. This is how the man of God answered him.

"When I leave you I shall go to my residence, and the first thing that I expect to do is to call my baby. I expect to place her on my knee and look down into her sweet eyes and listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she loves me little. If my heart were breaking, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not

interrupt her play. If I were dead, she would be amused watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa."

"Besides this, she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, though I am not rich, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

We think of our littleness when we should remember our Father's almightiness. We bewail our weak love when we should be grateful for our Father's great love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us." —*Presbyterian Banner*.

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## THE CURE FOR DOUBT.

It is said that Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, the famous Swiss historian of the Reformation, was sorely troubled with doubt during his student days. He went to his old, experienced teacher for help. The old man refused to discuss the doubts, saying: "Were I to rid you of these, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour, and His light will dispel the darkness, and His Spirit will lead you into all truth."

That old man was right. He saw the fatal habit which the young man was acquiring, and he knew that the glorious Sun of Righteousness could alone scatter the clouds that make so many lives dark and dreary.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

— 758 —

## GETTING POWER.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman tells how he had in his parish a young Irishman; all would declare him to be ignorant, and he was; but God marvelously used him. This was the secret, in the evangelist's words.

With a heart burdened for the men of the city, I called together a few of the men of the church, and laying before them the plan I had in mind, told them first of all that we could do nothing without the "infilling of the Holy Ghost."

When this had been explained, I noticed this man leave the room. He did not return while the meeting was in session. When I sought him, I found him in one of the lower rooms of the church literally on his face before God. He was in prayer.

I shall never forget his petition: "O God, I plead with Thee for this blessing;" then, as if God were showing him what was in the way, he said: "My Father, I will give up every known sin, only I plead with Thee for power;" and then, as if his individual sins were passing before him, he said again and again: "I will give them up." Then, without any emotion, he rose from his knees, turned his face heavenward, and simply said, "And now I claim the blessing."

For the first time he became sensible of my presence, and with a shining countenance he reached out his hands to clasp mine. You could feel the very presence of the Spirit as he said: "I have received Him; I have received Him." And I believe he had, for in the next few months he had led more than sixty men into the kingdom of God. His whole life had been transformed. He is just now being set apart to preach the gospel.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

— 759 —

## A SECOND CHANCE.

In Florence, Italy, one of the treasures of art admired by thousands of visitors is Michael Angelo's representation

in marble of the young David. The shepherd boy stands with firm foothold, the stone grasped tightly in his right hand, ready to be sped on its holy errand. When the statue was unveiled, three hundred and fifty years ago, it caused an unparalled sensation among all lovers of art. The work is, indeed, a marvelous piece of sculpture.

But the strangely winning thing in the story of that statue is that it was the stone's second chance. A sculptor began work on a noble piece of marble, but, lacking skill, he only hacked and marred the block. It was then abandoned as spoiled and worthless, and thrown away.

For years the block lay in the back yard, soiled and blackened, half hidden among the rubbish. At last Michael Angelo saw it and at once perceived its possibilities. Under his skillful hands the stone was cut into the fair and marvelous beauty which appears in the statue of David.

In like manner, when a life has been spoiled by unskilled and unscrupulous hands, so that it seems as if all were lost, there is one, the Great Sculptor, who can take the marred, disfigured block, now lying soiled amid the world's rubbish, and from it carve yet a marvel of beauty.—Selected.

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## A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

In the Magdalen Islands, off the Newfoundland coast, the means of livelihood is almost entirely found in the fisheries, and if these fail, life becomes a burden. In 1883 a famine occurred which came near to decimating the population. The fisheries failed; the ship which was expected to bring the winter's supply of flour before the ice formed floundered in a storm. By the time spring came, starvation stared the people in the face. Many must have died had not a large ship, filled with produce, been wrecked off Coffin Island. The news spread like wild-fire. The whole population turned out, and from the cargo of the shipwrecked vessel drew a new lease of life.—Selected.



— 761 —

## PRAYING AND WORKING

The truth of the following incident, which occurred in Strathearn, Scotland, is vouched for by William Arnot, in his "Sketches from Nature and Art."

It is said that a well on the estate of one of the proprietors in the parish of Dunbarney became choked by quicksand. The farmhands were called together to remove this obstruction. By means of a rope around his waist one of their number was let down into the well. Then as buckets were lowered to him, he filled them with the sand which his fellows drew up and emptied. This process was repeated until the well was cleared of sand, and the water began to flow in freely. But to do the job so thoroughly that it would not need to be repeated soon again, the excavator continued to remove the sand until he had so undermined the foundation stones of the well that without warning they settled. With this settlement, the sides of the circular wall collapsed. But fortunately for the poor fellow stooped over below, the stones fell together, and roughly arched themselves above his head. He could not straighten up, but he was unhurt, and plenty of fresh air filtered in between the stones.

His distressed companions above were relieved to know he was not crushed, as they had supposed, and they at once sprang to the work of his rescue. But the imprisoned peasant soon made it apparent that he was not a man of ordinary mould, but was both a philosopher and a hero. After a hasty calculation, he told his companions the water was rising so rapidly that before they could possibly get to him it would be above his head, and that their labor would be in vain. In less than an hour he expected to be called to meet his Maker. So he exhorted his friends to give up their efforts for his rescue, and betake themselves to prayer that he might be prepared for the change which awaited him.

But those strong-armed Scotchmen, however much they believed in prayer, could not be reconciled to do nothing

but pray at such a time. They believed the case called for earnest work as well as prayer. Combining the two, and toiling as only men can when life is at stake, the progress made was marvelous. . . .

As the imprisoned man heard the sound of their nearing shovels, his hope of release revived, and he revised his former instructions. He told them that the water had not yet reached his face, and it seemed to be rising less rapidly. So he said, "There is now some hope that you may reach me in time, therefore, men, you may all dig except John Robertson; let him pray!"

Now, John Robertson was a feeble, old man. His efforts with the shovel could accomplish little, but it was well-known that he was a power in prayer. By thus working and praying, they were not long in effecting the release of their friend.

There are times when they pray best who work most, and without appropriate works, faith is always dead. Again, in the Kingdom of God there is a division of labor, and to every man is given his work. Some sow, others reap. Those who can dig, or bury the dead, may not be fitted to preach the gospel, or be able to prevail in prayer.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 762 —

## "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

One evening a lady called upon me, whom I had never known personally, but whom I had noticed in a congregation because of the distressed expression on her face. She said, "I am a most wretched woman, but I do not know wherein the cause of my trouble lies."

I spent half an hour of fruitless endeavor to help her, and finally said, "Are you at perfect ease with all the world?"

She replied with great emphasis, "No, sir!" and then she said, "Don't you ask me to forgive that woman!"

I replied, "You can never be at peace until you do."

She then said, "I cannot, I cannot!"

I then asked, "Is it a case of can't or won't?"

And then she said, "I won't, anyway."

I then said, "Do you really enjoy your bitter feeling; do you sleep better at night on account of it; do you awaken with a brighter outlook in the morning?"

She answered, "No, indeed; it makes me miserable."

Then I said, "You do not talk like a sane woman. You have a poisonous thorn in your breast, and instead of trying to remove it, you press it in and turn it around and spread the poison through your system and say, 'I won't let go of this thorn.'"

She then said, "I would give it up, But I can't."

I asked, "Do you ever pray?"

She replied, "No; I have tried to pray, but have not succeeded."

I said, "No matter what you may think about God, try now to pray as best you can from your heart. 'Oh God, I would like to give up this enmity, but I cannot. Will you help me?'"

She knelt down voluntarily and repeated those words; and then God helped her. He seemed to open the flood-gates of the purifying power of the loving Spirit and pour this through her soul, until she rose up with a shining face and said, "I cannot make it up with her quickly enough."

I saw her afterwards in a congregation, and I looked through her eyes into her soul, and I saw a soul in heaven; and heaven was in her.—Benjamin Fay Mills.

—763—

### "SAVED BY A FLOWER."

Little things are often used to accomplish great results. A spider's web woven across a cave's mouth just after a white man had plunged into it in seeking to escape from an Indian saved his life. The Indian naturally reasoned that if the white man had entered the cave, he certainly would have broken the spider's web, and passed on, and the white man escaped with his life.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was emperor of France he thought a man named Charney an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived

him of his liberty. Charney was a learned man.

One day while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion of his thoughts. No other green thing was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it here?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other queries were suggested, "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stalk, neither too near another, nor too much on one side?"

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple and rose-colored, with a fine, silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him upon the wall, just above where the flower grew. It gently reprov'd as it whispered: "There is One who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and He it is who keeps me alive," and thus shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for the flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailer. The story of the prisoner and his flower reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The empress said: "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man." So she persuaded the emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in a God, and delivered him from prison.—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.



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**PRAYER-MEETING NIGHT.**

A few years ago, we were the guests in a western city of a family of wealth and prominent social standing. During the conversation, the telephone called. The good wife responded, and we heard the words: "Thank you, I should enjoy it very much, but I have an engagement which makes it impossible for me to accept," and other words of like import.

Upon her return the good woman said: "It was an invitation to dine with a friend at which a distinguished presidential candidate, Mr. B., was to be a guest; but I never allow myself to accept any invitation on our prayer-meeting night."

We confess to being amazed. Here was a leading woman in social life, declining an invitation from another leading woman to dine with a distinguished statesman, because it was her church prayer-meeting night! No wonder we soon learned that this woman was a great spiritual power in her church and in the city, not only because of her ability, but more because of what she was. Give us church members like that, and the world would not conquer the Church, but the Church would conquer the world.—Dr. Smith Baker in *The Watchman*.

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**THE HIGHWAYMAN'S KNIFE.**

Down in San Luis Potosi, Yucatan, a year or two ago, a good Christian was put into jail. He had bought some goods from a thief, not knowing that they were stolen, and it was a week before his friends were able to prove his innocence. So he spent a week in jail, next to the cell of a murderer under sentence of death. This murderer had been a highwayman, and had concealed a knife in his cell. He had made up his mind to kill some one before he was executed. Whoever came to his cell on the day of his execution, to take him to the scaffold, he determined to kill with his knife.

The Christian had his Testament in his pocket, and began to read it aloud,

so as not to hear the highwayman's evil language. Soon he found the murderer was quiet; and he immediately called to him, speaking kindly, and telling him about Christ. Day by day the two talked to each other; and when, at the week's end, the Christian was released, he gave the precious Testament to the murderer.

A short time after, the highwayman called the jailer. "Take this," he said, handing him the knife he had hidden so long. "I kept it, hoping to kill one more before I died. But now I have learned a better way."

He became an earnest Christian, and so impressed the jailer that he was allowed to write to his former associates in wickedness. He told them how his heart had been changed, and begged them to follow Christ, and enter upon a new life. For some reason, his death sentence has since been suspended, and still, in his prison, he is trying to reach his former friends with the Gospel message, and he is also bringing other prisoners to the Saviour.

Even in prison, the Word of God is not silenced. Even in prison, a man may witness for Christ.—Forward.

— 766 —

**WILL IT STAND THE TEST?**

A jeweler gives as one of the surest tests for diamonds, the "water test." He says: "An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation diamond is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water, and is distinctly visible. If you place a genuine stone beside an imitation under water, the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye." Many seem confident of their faith, so long as no trials come; but when the waters of sorrow overflow them, their faith loses all its brilliancy. It is then that true servants of God, like Job, shine forth as genuine jewels of the King.—Selected.

— 767 —

## COVERING THE SCAR.

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, he felt a difficulty. Alexander in his wars had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was a great scar. The painter said: "If I retain the scar, it will be an offense to the admirers of the monarch, and, if I omit it, it will not be a perfect likeness—what shall I do? He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the Emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, it seemed, covering the scar.

Might we not represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar still deeper and blacker than it actually is? Might not we Christians learn from heathendom a lesson of charity, of human kindness and love?—Word of Life.

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## THE WITHHELD PARDON.

Recently we heard a striking illustration which has brought to mind some startling facts that the Christian Church must face.

A condemned man is confined in the prison near my home. Sentence has been pronounced against him and the day of his execution is fast approaching. I become interested in him and at length obtain a pardon for him from the Governor.

The pardon is safely placed in an inside pocket, and I at once visit him in prison. On the way there I stop at a florist's and purchase a bunch of roses, for I had learned that he is fond of flowers. I also take along a copy of Tennyson, his favorite poet.

When I arrive at his cell, I open the conversation with remarks about the beautiful spring weather, and then follow along with my views on the present political situation, and speech-making tours of the rival candidates. Then we talk together on the greatness of Tennyson, and I read aloud a number of his

soul-stirring poems. At last I leave him the bouquet of roses and depart.

Not a word has been said to him regarding the pardon which is still in my pocket.

You would say, "Why, it's impossible. That's the first thing you would talk about!"

Still this is true of millions of church-members in our day. When they meet unconverted friends they discuss every subject except the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His proffered pardon to a sinful world. The presentation of that all-important truth is almost wholly left to a selected body of men, the clergy.

As a result, we find that last year (1911) 21,500,000 Protestant church-members in the United States made a net gain of less than 450,000 souls. That small gain is not even in proportion to the increase in population. And, moreover, during that same period there came into this country a largely unchristian foreign population to the number of 1,149,000.

Three thousand churches of one denomination last year failed to add a single member on confession of faith in Jesus Christ. One would naturally ask: "What were all those church-members doing?" Undoubtedly they worked at their usual vocations, but their chief business as Christians, that of pointing men to Christ, was evidently sadly neglected. These figures reveal the fact that the great majority of professed Christians are little concerned in the conversion of others, but having obtained God's pardon they are either so ashamed or ungrateful that they fail to proclaim it.

If each Protestant church-member had brought just one person to Christ last year, 21,500,000 souls would have been the glorious harvest. But instead, less than a half million souls have been gleaned from this great harvest field.

The Protestant Church in this land is face to face with a most serious situation. If our country is ever to be won for Christ the Christians here must be made to realize that they are "saved to save others."—Carlton H. Tyndall.



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## THE KING'S BUSINESS

A beautiful country place was once put upon the market. Two would-be purchasers went to see it on the same day, from the adjacent city, but each separately and unknown to the other. Both decided to take it; and each, ignorant of the other's visit and decision, yet eager to close the bargain, made all possible haste back to the city home of the owner.

The same train carried them back to the city; they rode in the same street car, and one followed closely after the other as they walked the short distance that remained to the house.

Suddenly one of them felt sure that his fellow-traveler was on the same errand as himself, and determined that he would not be disappointed after all his trouble.

So, when his ring was answered at the house, he handed his card to the servant, before the man standing beside him could frame his inquiry upon his lips, and said,

"Tell your master that I will take that country place," and his quickly spoken sentence decided the sale in his favor, while the other turned away defeated.

It was only a question of a few seconds; yet upon that depended the saving of a delay of weeks, or perhaps months, before another suitable place could have been found. It was a business that required haste, promptness, ready decision, dispatch.

And so it is with the King's business. The ready word of counsel, the prompt helping over a rough place, the missionary spirit of haste that would carry the gospel speedily to all nations—who can count the years of groping delay they may save those who are strangers to the King?—American Messenger.

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A BOY WHO STOOD BEFORE  
KINGS—AND WHY

About a hundred years ago two boys were born in a little village up in

Maine. They were cousins and the name was Hamlin. Playing together as boys will, they often asked each other, What are you going to be when you grow up? Cyrus said he would be a missionary; and he had a strange motto for a small boy: "Seest thou a man diligent in business—he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Cyrus often wondered whether it would come true. Hannibal said he did not propose to waste his life on any heathen. He would be a lawyer and a statesman.

And Hannibal carried out his program to the letter. He was vice-president under Lincoln. Historians of our country grudgingly allow half an inch to say: "Hannibal Hamlin was born in Maine in 1809. Was vice-president under Lincoln, and died——" That's all.

Cyrus worked his way through Bowdoin College, was ordained and went to Constantinople. His dream as a missionary was to found an American Christian college. For many years he worked at great odds. He was not allowed to purchase any real estate. People in America were willing to furnish funds, but it was of no use.

There came a time when the proud general of the British army bowed the knee to an American boy. A great army was in Russia fighting the Crimean War. They were almost starved. The general heard of an American who had a bake oven. (Hamlin was compelled to give his pupils work and food because they were ostracized at first.) Hamlin baked bread for the British army and made thousands of dollars, which he put into his school.

Still he could not buy the site he wanted for his college. He had his eye on a superb location, but they wouldn't take his money. At the close of the Civil War Admiral Farragut was making his triumphal tour of the world and touched at Constantinople. He invited Hamlin to visit his flagship and dine with him. Hamlin asked a favor of the doughty admiral which was granted gladly. During the state dinner, in the presence of the great Turkish officials,

the admiral leaned over and asked a question: "Hamlin, how is your school getting along?" He did not wait for a reply. But in less than ten days the imperial irade was granted and Hamlin secured the site he had sought in vain for years.

If you were to visit Constantinople today, as you steamed up that magnificent harbor your attention would be attracted by a dazzling pile of white marble on a promontory jutting out into the Sea of Marmora. It is the most prominent feature of the landscape. If you were to ask what it is, they might with truth say: "That is Cyrus Hamlin's monument." But they probably would say: "Those are the buildings of Robert College."

You know what the Young Turk party is. A few years ago they gently lifted old Abdul Hamid from his throne. The Young Turk party might be called "Cyrus Hamlin's boys." During the last forty or fifty years the brightest young men from southeastern Europe and Asia Minor have been educated at Robert College; where they have imbibed American ideas of civil and religious liberty.

Every young man and woman owes it to himself, his parents, his country and his God to sell his life at the highest price. Hannibal Hamlin has his reward—but the glory of Cyrus Hamlin's life has not yet been written. He stood before kings. He trained and created the builders of an empire. He molded the men who have in their hands the destinies of untold millions yet unborn. For God he wrought; what matter if men could forget him? — Matthew Henry Frank in the Continent.

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#### HE PREFERS TO BE DEAF

A correspondent of the New York "Globe," June 21, 1919, makes this remarkable statement concerning a man of world-wide fame:

Thomas A. Edison has not been attempting to invent an apparatus for improving his hearing, because he is aided

in his work by his deafness.

Charles Edison, son of the inventor and general manager of the Edison industries, attending the annual field day of the Edison employees in Olympic Park, said, in answer to a question:

"Father feels he is better off without his hearing, because if he could hear well he would often be distracted by what he would hear."

As Fanny Crosby was thankful for blindness, as otherwise she believed she never could have composed the beautiful hymns she wrote, so Edison is content to remain deaf that he may the more surely succeed in his inventive efforts. He is willing to pay a large price for success. That he may continue to pry into Nature's secret treasure-house, and bring out such marvels as the phonograph and the telephone, he is willing, it seems, to forego the pleasure of hearing music and the voices of his friends. Such consecration of one's self to use the ability possessed is rare, but is it not wise?

Now, the work of bringing men from Nature's darkness into God's marvelous light, that they may become heirs of eternal glory, is of supreme importance. When those who would accomplish this are willing to pay so much for success as is Edison, there is no question but what they will succeed. — Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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#### WHAT THE BIBLE IS.

The opinion of the Bible bred in me, not only by the teaching of my home when I was a boy, but also by every turn and experience of my life and every step of study is, that it is the one supreme source of revelation of the meaning of life, the nature of God and the spiritual nature and needs of men. It is the only guide of life which really leads the spirit in the way of peace and salvation. If men could but be made to know it intimately and for what it really is, we should have secured both individual and social regeneration.— Woodrow Wilson.



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### SHE THANKED GOD FOR HER BLINDNESS

It seemed intended by the blessed Providence of God, that I should be blind all my life; and I thank Him for the dispensation. I was born with a pair of as good eyes as any baby ever owned, but when I was six weeks of age, a slight touch of inflammation came upon them and they were put under the care of a physician.

What he did to them, or what happened in spite of him, I do not know, but it resulted in their permanent destruction, so far as seeing is concerned; and I was doomed to blindness all the rest of my earthly existence.

I have heard that this physician never ceased expressing his regret at the occurrence; and that it was one of the sorrows of his life. But if I could meet him now, I would say, "Thank you, thank you—over and over again—for making me blind, if it was through your agency that it came about!"

This sounds strangely to you, reader? But I assure you I mean it—every word of it; and if perfect earthly sight were offered me tomorrow, I would not accept it. Did you ever know of a blind person's talking like this before?

Why would I not have that doctor's mistake—if mistake it was—remedied? Well, there are many reasons and I will tell you some of them.

One is, that I know, although it may have been a blunder on the physician's part, it was no mistake on God's. I verily believe it was His intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing His praises and incite others so to do. I could not have written thousands of hymns—many of which, if you will pardon me for repeating it, are sung all over the world—if I had been hindered by the distractions of seeing all the interesting and beautiful objects that would have been presented to my notice.

Another reason is, that, while I am deprived of many splendid sights (which, as above mentioned, might draw me

away from the principal work of my life), I have also been spared the seeing of a great many unpleasant things. The merciful God has put His hand over my eyes, and shut out from me the sight of many instances of cruelty and bitter unkindness and misfortune, that I would not have been able to relieve, and must simply have suffered in seeing. I am content with what I can know of life through the four senses I possess, practically unimpaired, at ninety years of age. Hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, are still felt, in their fullest degree.

Another reason for my apparently strange assertion is, that I have been able to test and make sure so many kind and loving friends. Almost without exception, the great world has been good to me, all the kinder, perhaps, on account of what is considered my affliction. I may say truly that I never for a moment presumed on my blindness for any extra courtesy or advantage, yet I have often felt that it was a bond between sympathetic hearts and mine.—Fanny Crosby.

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### "I BELONG TO THE KING."

So read the legend on the collar of a little terrier which followed King Edward's bier. He was a mere dog, and not beautiful at that. But he had been loved by a king, had lain on a king's knee, had entree to royal apartments which the best accredited visitors might not enter. Many the affectionate glances he received as he trotted soberly in the funeral cortege, bearing this legend: "I am Caesar; I belong to the King."

Thus many a lowly disciple has found himself exalted. Even humble service is worth while when one belongs to the King. Christ came to create this sense of relationship in us, to help us know ourselves as belonging to His Father. What temptations would be mastered, what bitterness accepted without complaint, what harsh words choked and what defilements indignantly repudiated, if in moments of stress we could say: "I belong to the King!"—George C. Peck.

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"I'M PRETTY LITTLE, BUT  
I'LL TRY"

Here is a story which the press dispatches of January 13th, 1912, carried, and it is worth while to read it, and, having read, to apply the remark of little Eileen Martin to the plain work of a plain every-day life.

Little Eileen Martin is the daughter of a section foreman on a great railroad line. She lives in Alta, California, and near her home the fine train, called the Overland Limited, flashes past on its journey between the East and the West. Eileen is seven years old, and though she is a girl, she loves to watch railroad trains go by, as well as any boy does.

On Saturday week, she had gone to the track to watch the splendid Overland Limited whirl past, and while waiting, her quick eye noted a broken rail.

She is only seven years old, but she knew that when the swift-flying train struck that broken rail, Destruction and Death would sweep down upon it.

She also knew the semaphore signals. She knew that when the long arm on the high pole, dropped pointing downward, that a train had entered a given space, called a block.

When Eileen saw the broken rail, she at once ran to the telephone and called the station-agent nearest her, and told of the disaster awaiting the train. In an instant's glance at the clock, he saw that he could not reach it in time to save it.

"Can't you flag it?" he shouted to the little girl standing on a stool and listening at the other end of his line.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," answered Eileen. Then calling an older sister, they ran together down the track. The long arm of the semaphore had dropped. The time was short, and death was near. Yet on they ran, waving their aprons, desperately trying to stop the train.

And they did stop it. The engineer saw them, and with instant and quick action, brought the long, heavy train to a standstill.

Now, this story is worth reading, because it is the account of an heroic act. It is worth reading for other reasons.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try."

This is what makes it worth reading. Eileen was little—pretty little—but she was alert. Her quick eye saw the broken rail, the dropped semaphore. Her mind was not stupid, else she would not have known what these signs meant.

Beside a quick eye, she had more. Here was something wrong. It must be told, and told without delay. She could not run and ask mother or father or teacher. What was done, she must do at once. She was "pretty little," but she knew what a telephone could do. She knew that by its aid her voice could outrun the fastest horse—even the fast flying train, bearing down to destruction. She decided instantly what to do, and did it.

Then came the hardest strain of all. Past the agent the train had flashed. She alone could save it if anybody could. "Can't you stop it?" came the demand over the wire; and without one moment's hesitation, she replied, "I'll try."

It was the best she could do—little seven-year-old. But how nobly she succeeded. And the qualities that made her success are worthy of consideration by everyone. "I'll try!" "I'll try!" that spirit will accomplish things when every other fails.

No matter how young, how little, how weak, there is always something to be done, and Eileen's spirit is the way to do it.—The Presbyterian.

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### SINCERITY RESPECTED

"Joseph Hume, was once twitted for his inconsistency in going to hear Dr. John Brown, the celebrated Scotch preacher; when he made reply, "I don't believe all he says, but he does; and once a week, at least, I like to hear a man who believes what he says. Why, whatever I think, that man preaches as though he felt the Lord Jesus Christ were just at his elbow."



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## CHRISTIAN HEALING

Three years ago I was returning from England and, just out from Liverpool, our ship was fog-bound and we had to remain there for twelve hours. Those of you who have traveled across the seas know how damp and chilly the vessel gets under such circumstances. For seven years I had suffered from sub-acute pleurisy, following a bad attack I had of pleura-pneumonia. Not one deep breath had I taken all those years but had caused me pain, and every month I was laid up for two or three days from a recurrent attack, and my friends were much alarmed over my condition. Well, while our ship was anchored in the fog I went down with a genuine attack of pleurisy. The ship doctor came in and took my temperature and found it one hundred and three. My pulse was one hundred and twenty. He said: "You have an attack of pleurisy. It seems to me you have had it before." Of course, I was much upset, for in front of me was the great Atlantic ocean and everybody that I loved on this side. I did not feel as if I could stand another attack. I asked the doctor if there was a nurse on board. He said, No, but he could send a steward in to sit with me, if I desired. I said: "A man nurse! Not much, for me." One thing I don't want around me when I am sick is a man nurse. I want something besides all thumbs fingering around me. When I am sick, for heaven's sake, give me the delicate sympathizing touch of a good woman's hand. The doctor left me without giving me any medicine, saying he had to attend to the steerage, but that he would return later.

After he had left, something came over me. It was a very peculiar feeling. At the time I could not take even a half-breath without pain. I could not lie on either side. I had that awful stitch in my side that is understood only by those who have had it. Then I heard a voice. It was not such a voice as could be heard by anyone else present. Only my ears could hear it, for

the voice spoke to my own soul. It said: "Why not trust the Lord? He wants to teach you the supreme lesson of your life, the lesson of His infinite power and love." And I answered, "I am ready." Then the voice said, "Would you be willing to give Him credit if He healed you?" I said, "Yes, Lord." Then I got up and closed the door and knelt down by my bed and looked up to Him for healing strength at the moment. And there came over me such a calm, such a peace and joy as I had never known. I did not shout, because I could not. I never have shouted. The fact is, I was too happy to shout. I wanted to be quiet in His presence. I got up from my knees and went to bed. There was no pain. Then I tried lying on both sides and deep inhalations, and still no pain, not a whit. Then a kind of light seemed to appear in the room. It was not such a light as could be seen by anyone else had he been present. It was just a light to my own soul, for my Lord was dealing with me in a way that He was not dealing with anyone else on that ship.

Soon the doctor came back, and I said, "Doctor, I am well." He said, "What has come over you?" I said, "Put your thermometer in my mouth." He did so, and not a bit of fever did it register. My pulse also was normal. He then put his ear to my chest, and all abnormal sounds had disappeared. He said: "I do not understand this. What have you taken?" Then the devil seemed to speak to me and say: "Now, you don't need to go over all this with the doctor. He doesn't care anything about it." But I said: "Yes, I will. I promised to tell it and give Him credit, and I am going to do it." So I said, "Doctor, are you a Christian?" "Yes," he said, "I trust I am." Then I proceeded with my story, and soon I noticed that the tears were running down his cheeks. And so they were down mine, and we just sat there and looked at one another and cried. We did not need to speak. Every fresh tear was a word in the tear language that each of us thoroughly understood.

I got up and dressed, went out and

ate a hearty dinner, and mingled with my friends and told the story. That was three years ago, and, let me say it to the praise of His name, never once since then has there been any pain in that side, though I may breathe as deep as any man.

The first Sunday I was at home, I told the story to my church, and a dear woman, one of the class that we all have—good but meddlesome, a kind of sentimental pietist—came to me and said, "Thank God, pastor, you have embraced divine healing." I said: "You do not know what you are talking about. I embraced divine healing years ago, when I submitted to the Lordship of Jesus. The difference between your conception of divine healing and mine is this: You lock God up in a corner and say to Him, 'You must work in this corner or not at all.' I trust Him to select His own corner and operate according to His will. If He indicates to me, as He did on that ship, that He has a special lesson to teach me through direct healing, I trust Him. If He indicates to me some other method of healing, I trust Him and follow it. There is just as much divine healing, when properly understood, in the use of a capsule as there is in any other method."—Rev. Len G. Broughton, D. D.

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## TWO WARNINGS

A traveller was journeying in the dark along a road that led to a deep and rapid river, which, swollen by sudden rains, was chafing and roaring between precipitous banks. The bridge that crossed the stream had been swept away, but he knew it not. A man met him, and, after inquiring whither he was bound, said to him, in an indifferent way:—

"Are you aware that the bridge is gone?"

"No," was the answer. "Why do you think so?"

"Oh, I heard such a report this afternoon, and though I am not certain about it, perhaps you had better not proceed."

Deceived by the hesitating, undecided manner in which the information was

given, the traveller pushed onward in the way of death. Soon another, meeting him, cried out in consternation:—

"Sir, sir, the bridge is gone!"

"Oh, yes," replied the traveller, "some one told me so a little distance back, but from his careless tone and manner, I thought it might be an idle tale, perhaps."

"Oh, it is true, it is true! I know the bridge is gone. I barely escaped being carried away with it. Danger is before you, and you must not go on."

Convinced by the man's earnestness, the traveller turned back and was saved. The intelligence in both cases was the same, but the manner of its conveyance in the one gave it the air of a fable, in the other the force of truth.

May we not learn hereby the right way of addressing impenitent sinners going forward to eternal death? What solemn reality there is in it! Yet we fail to awaken any interest in the subject because of the indifferent manner in which we present it. "Knowing the terrors of the law, we persuade men." Yes, if we only realized the sufferings of the lost, and also the joys of the saved, how differently would we approach men on the subject of their soul's salvation!—The Words of Life.

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## "NO THANK YOU"

A young man who had inherited a strong passion for liquor, said: "One evening not long ago at a banquet where wine was served, I came very near breaking my pledge. The smell of wine was so tempting that I could hardly resist. But just as I was about to yield, I heard a young lady say, 'No, thank you.' This gave me courage. I watched her all the evening and said to myself, 'If she drinks I will.' I was hoping yet fearing that she would, but as often as she was asked, she refused, and so, unconsciously to herself, she pulled me through." Christian, walk carefully. You are not alone compassed about by the loved ones safe home in heaven, but you are watched by the tempted, exposed souls of earth.—Sel.



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## “AS AN EAGLE”

Rev. William J. Long, in his new book of animal stories, called “Wilderness Ways,” relates an incident which most beautifully interprets and explains the above Scriptural quotation.

A mother eagle had tried in vain to tempt her little one to leave the nest on a high cliff. With food in her talons, she came to the edge of the nest, hovered over it a moment, so as to give the hungry eaglet a sight and smell of food, then went slowly down to the valley, taking the food with her, and telling the little one to come, and he should have it. He called after her loudly, and spread his wings a dozen times to follow. But the plunge was too awful; he was afraid, and settled back into the nest. What followed, Mr. Long describes thus:

In a little while, she came back again, this time without food, and hovered over the nest, trying every way to induce the little one to leave it. She succeeded at last, when, with a desperate effort, he sprang upward and flapped to the ledge above. Then, after surveying the world from his new place, he flapped back to the nest, and turned a deaf ear to all his mother’s assurances that he could fly just as easily to the treetops below, if he only would.

Suddenly, as if discouraged, she rose well above him. I held my breath, for I knew what was coming. The little fellow stood on the edge of the nest, looking down at the plunge which he dared not take. There was a sharp cry from behind, which made him alert, tense as a watchspring. The next instant the mother eagle had swooped, striking the nest at his feet, sending his support of twigs and himself with them out into the air together.

He was afloat now, afloat in the blue air, in spite of himself, and flapped lustily for life. Over him, under him, beside him, hovered the mother on tireless wings, calling softly that she was there. But the awful fear of the depths and the lance tops of the spruces was upon

the little one; his flapping grew more wild; he fell faster and faster. Suddenly—more in fright, it seemed to me, than because he had spent his strength—he lost his balance, and tipped head downward in the air. It was all over now, it seemed; he folded his wings to be dashed to pieces.

Then, like a flash, the old mother eagle shot under him; his despairing feet touched her broad shoulders, between her wings. He righted himself, rested an instant, found his head; then she dropped like a shot from under him, leaving him to come down on his own wings. It was all the work of an instant before I lost them among the trees far below. And when I found them again with my glass, the eaglet was in the top of a great pine, and the mother was feeding him.

And then, standing there alone in the great wilderness, it flashed upon me for the first time just what the wise old prophet meant; though he wrote long ago, in a distant land, and another than Cloud Wings had taught her little ones, all unconscious of the kindly eyes that watched. “As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings—so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.”

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## BETTER THAN IDLE SORROW

Thomus Mayhew, who was one of the early workers among the North American Indians, when on his way to the old land to seek further aid for his work, was lost at sea. His old father, then past his seventieth year, regarded this sad bereavement as a call for him to fill the place thus made vacant, and immediately he began to study the Indian language, and carried on the mission of his son until his death, at the age of ninety-three. In his ministry the old man would often have to walk twenty miles through the woods to preach to the Indians. Surely this was better than idle sorrow.—Selected.

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## ONLY A TOUCH NEEDED

Some time ago, being a passenger on a Madison Avenue car, and reaching a switch at 86th Street, the car came to a stop. We had come to the end of the line carrying the current, and its momentum was not sufficient to take it across the gap to the live wire beyond.

The car with its passengers stood there helpless, having plenty of power behind and before which it could not reach.

Presently another car came up close behind; and the conductor of the stalled car, addressing the motorman behind, exclaimed "Push me over! Just give me a touch!"

The touch was given. The car was shoved only a few feet, but far enough to bring it in contact with the power; and presently it was bowling along like a thing of life.

How many persons there are, thought we, like that stalled car. They are close to the power they need to enable them to go aright, but they cannot reach it, and they are so inert spiritually that they cannot even try. They need only a touch of life to put them in motion, and bring them in contact with spiritual life and power.

Many times a word will help some hesitating soul to decide for Christ, and to lay hold upon power omnipotent.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## THE BIBLE FIRST

Nearly a half-century since, a Christian man sat by his fireside, while his only child, a little boy, was playing on the hearth. The father had just received the morning newspaper, and commenced to read the same, when the child, climbing upon the father's knee, snatched the paper playfully away, saying, "Bible first, papa; Bible first." The child's utterance came like a supernatural voice and the father could not forget the lesson thus conveyed. To deepen the impression, sickness soon entered that home, and the busy little limbs were stilled and

the loving lips silenced by death. As the father bowed over that lifeless form of his beloved boy, he felt that the child had preached to him a sermon such as he had never, never before heard. It was a short homily, but it reached the heart. The child's sermon became the man's life motto. He went to duty with these words ever foremost, "Bible first, papa; Bible first." He resolved in business, in pleasure, in work, in worship, and in rest to let the Scripture teaching take the lead. He studied the Bible at home, he taught it in the Sabbath School, he kept its precepts before him in all the transactions of life. In getting and in giving he followed the light of the Holy Volume. The result was that heaven smiled upon his undertakings. As he scattered in his charity, he gained. Wealth was bestowed upon him by God. He employed it in benefiting his race, and at a ripe old age passed away to his reward, leaving five churches in Philadelphia, erected by his munificence, to testify his deep interest in the cause of Christ.

Such was the career of the well-known American engineer, Matthias W. Baldwin, who devoted the second engine he constructed to the work of the American Sunday School Union, and thus afforded the means for issuing the first Christian literature for the young ever printed in America by steam.—Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D.

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## SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a filial spirit. "Father;" a catholic spirit, "our Father;" a reverential spirit, "Hallowed be thy name;" a missionary spirit, "Thy kingdom come;" an obedient spirit, "Thy will be done on earth;" a dependent spirit, "Give us this day our daily bread;" a forgiving spirit, "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;" a cautious spirit, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" a confidential and adoring spirit, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."—Selected.



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## A STORY OF TITHES

About a hundred years ago a lad of sixteen left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life.

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave this advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a great, good, and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome, and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then, there, led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the

Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did; and ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partners died, and William became the sole owner of the business.

He kept his promise to the old captain: he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of William Colgate, who gave millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—Selected.

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## HOW SHE FOUND HER LOST BOY

The President of the Sunday Breakfast Association, Philadelphia, Mr. Lewis U. Bean, relates the following incident:

One Sunday morning, on my arrival at the old church, a gentleman stepped up and said, "There is a lady on the platform upstairs, wearing a sealskin coat, who wishes to see you." I went up to her. She said, "Oh, sir, can't you help me find my poor lost boy?" and tears ran down her face. She said he had run away from home three years ago, when about thirteen, and as far as she knew he was a tramp. I said to her, "Are you a praying, Christian woman?" "Yes, and a member of the Presbyterian Church." "How came you here to seek your boy?" "I thought he might be in the congregation." After getting the boy's name, I stepped to the front, and called for him, but no reply came.

After two or three inquiries, I went to the lower room, into the overflow meeting, and made the same inquiry, but

without response. After standing on the platform a little while, in deep meditation and prayer, I stepped down through one of the narrow aisles, where I never go, excepting to see some one or on special business, and about one-third of the way down the aisle I stopped, with my hand under my chin, and thought: "It cannot be possible that God will send a poor, broken-hearted, Christian mother on a fool's errand after her boy. Lord, show us where to find the boy." Then at my right elbow I saw a young fellow, dirty all over, looking almost like a colored person, and as if he had not had a bath for months, or as if he might have just arrived in the city under a freight car, after many miles' travel. He said, "What did you say the boy's name was?" I said, "You know his name better than I do; you are the boy." He burst into tears, and said, "Yes, I am the boy. What are you going to do with me?" evidencing at once that he had been doing something criminal and expected arrest. He went with me behind a large partition in the back of the room, while I went and beckoned to the mother. I stayed between her and the boy, so that she could not see him until I stepped aside. When the mother discovered the boy, they both made a wild rush for each other and were gathered in each other's arms. Such a scene of love and affection I never before witnessed. The mother would press him to her bosom, kiss him and hug him, and then hold him at arm's length to be sure that she was not mistaken, while I stood with my head against the partition and big tears ran down my face and dropped to the bare floor. She cried out, "Oh, my boy! my boy! Why did you not come home?" He said, "Mother, I didn't know that you would allow me to come home."

We men folks know little or absolutely nothing about a mother's love for her children, and yet we are told in Scripture that a mother may forget her child, but Christ never forgets his children. After breakfast the mother took her boy home. Some time afterward one

of the cleanest, brightest, nicest young men came to me and asked me if I remembered about that boy. "Yes," I said, "I do." "I am the boy," he said. "You cannot be the boy," said I. "What are you doing?" "I am in business in our little town, living with mother. I joined the church, and I am teaching a Sunday School class." I gave a shout: "Amen! praise the Lord!" Will anyone who doubts the efficacy of prayer please tell us how it came that this mother came to the Sunday Breakfast Association that Sunday morning, never having been there before in her life, and that this boy should have arrived from the far West about two o'clock that Sunday morning, having ridden underneath coal and freight cars all the way?

— 787 —

#### A RACE FOR A CROWN

In Powers' art-gallery, in Rochester, there is a small, obscure picture which treats of an important subject. It represents a young man riding swiftly upon a horse. Before and above him floats one who resembles an angel, holding out to him a crown with one hand, and scattering coins with the other. The young man is extending his arm to reach the crown, while he spurs his horse to a more furious pace. His fingers almost touch the coveted prize.

While his gaze is intently fixed upon the crown, flowers and helpless children are being trampled beneath his feet. Behind him, upon a white horse, there rides a skeleton, having a drawn sword in his hand, ready to strike the young man the fatal blow. With one more leap of the horse, the youth will go over a precipice immediately before him and sink into the dark abyss.

In a similar manner Satan allures on the young. While their minds are intently fixed upon the desired object, they heedlessly trample beauty and innocence under their feet. They may secure the coveted prize, but at what a fearful cost! In gaining it, they lose their own souls.—Rev. C. H. Tyndall, D.D.



— 788 —

## HOW CHARACTER PREACHES

On a bright summer morning, by the side of a country road, running along the Hudson, not many miles from New York, two men stood talking together. One was a judge of high social standing and legal distinction, the other was a stone mason, and their conversation was about the building of a new wall near the place where they were standing, to consult about which the judge had sent for the mason on this Sabbath morning.

Just coming into sight, as he trudged along the road on his way to church, was a plain Scotch farmer, well known as a God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, honest, hard-working man, neither fearing nor asking favor of the great or rich. His chief ambition seemed to be to raise a large family of children in the fear of God and honorably in the sight of men, which his example was well fitted to do.

In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wanted in a new wall, the judge caught sight of the farmer. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"There comes David Stuart; it will never do to let him see us talking business on Sabbath morning; we will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes."

And the judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of the farmer echoed faintly in the distance; and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent reproof his appearance had caused, while the judge, with feelings, one would think, belittling to his manliness, crept from his hiding place to continue his conscious and confessed desecration of the Lord's day.

The next morning the incident was related to the farmer by the mason, who was himself a Scotchman, though unhappily not so conscientious as his friend. He told the story with some glee, adding:

"Wha wad a' thocht, maun, that ye had sich a pooer in ye as to mak' the judge hide behint the wall for the fear o' ye?"

Is not this an illustration of the force and influence of a sincere Christian character, though devoid of the adornments in the world's sight of either position, wealth, or learning? All these together could not resist the silent sermon of the good man's life, which brought home to the haughty judge the conviction of his sin.—Selected.

— 789 —

## KNOWLEDGE SAVED HIM

There is scarcely any kind of knowledge that may not some day be of special service. An anecdote of Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, illustrates this fact. In his boyhood he once saved his life by a knowledge of rocks which an ordinary boy would not have acquired.

Having lost his father early in life, he received rather a scanty school education. But being a careful reader and a sharp observer, he educated himself. His daring, courage, and fondness for the cliffs of Cromarty made him a skillful climber, and many were the bold feats he performed, along precipices where no companions would follow.

On one occasion he had climbed a lofty cliff for a famous raven's nest. He came within six or eight feet of the prize, when he noticed that the smooth rock which sloped to it glistened in the sun. He examined it more closely, and saw that it was chlorite, a rock too slippery to allow any foothold. He did not risk the descent, knowing the peril.

Five years later, a famous cragsman reached the same point. Knowing nothing of chlorite, he ventured on the smooth rock, and in an instant was shot over the precipice. His remains were found on the rocks beneath.—Youth's Companion.

— 790 —

"Study the Bible; no man ever yet became a skeptic who was thoroughly acquainted with its contents. Paine confessed that he never read it; Voltaire said he had barely dipped into it. He who knows the Scriptures best will love them most."

— 791 —

## THE POWER OF KINDNESS

"Are you not afraid," said a friend to Miss Dix, the philanthropist, "to travel over the country alone?" "I am naturally timid," she replied, "and diffident, like all my sex; but, in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices, and encounter dangers. It is true I have been, in my travels, through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols, I will take care of them.' He did so reluctantly.

"In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor houses and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'that voice!' and immediately told me he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you get into honest employment.' He declined, at first taking anything, until I insisted on his do-

ing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment."—Selected.

— 792 —

## THE POWER OF TRIFLES

I remember in the physics classroom in the university where I was trained, we found one day an iron beam hanging from the ceiling, held there perfectly passive. And our professor, Professor Tate, took little paper pellets and threw them at the iron beam. It seemed like child's work, and at first nothing happened. But he kept on throwing these little paper pellets, these little nothings, at the iron beam until we saw it begin to vibrate, then to thrill, then to move, and at last to swing. Now what created that movement of the iron beam? Accumulative trifles. Every trifle contributed its little quota and helped to make the movement. And everything in my life, the little pellet of idle wish, the little pellet of idle thought, the little pellet of courtesy, the little pellet of discourtesy, everything helps to create the movement, the drift, the swing, the destiny, either toward God or toward the devil and hell.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A.

— 793 —

## HOW TO MEND DRY SERMONS

We do not know of any anecdote on preaching calculated to produce a better impression than the following, related of the late Dr. Wayland, and one of his hearers: "Deacon Moses Pond went to Dr. Wayland once with the complaint that the preaching didn't edify him. 'I'm sorry,' said the pastor, 'I know they are poor sermons. I wish I could make them better. Come, let us pray that I may be able to do so.' The deacon, telling the story, used to say, 'Dr. Wayland prayed, and I prayed. He cried, and I cried.' But I have thought a hundred times that it was strange that he did not turn me out of the house. I tell you there never was a better man nor a greater preacher than Dr. Wayland."—Selected.



— 794 —

## MIXING THE MORTAR

An earnest minister used often to say to the young people of his congregation: "Work, my lads and lasses, wherever you are put; for all labor, even the lowliest, if well and faithfully done, will ennoble the one who does it. And we do not know at what time the great Master himself is to take the work of even the humblest of us to test its worth and value."

Several years ago, when the great cathedral of Cologne was finished, there was a great stir all over Europe. Four centuries had been occupied in the erection of this wonderful building, one of the most magnificent in all the world. People flocked from all directions to take part in the great ceremonial of rejoicing. It was a large and brilliant and fashionable crowd. But right in the midst of some of the grandest people stood an humble workman, with torn clothes, a dilapidated hat, and shoes all out at the toes. As he stood there with his eyes fairly glowing as they took in all the noble proportions of the building, he was heard to exclaim:

"Oh! yes, indeed, we have made a glorious building of it!"

"Why," said a gentleman who overheard the remark, "what did you have to do with it?"

The workman turned to answer him with his eyes still glowing.

"I mixed the mortar for a year," was the proud reply.

That is it. We cannot all be builders. Sometimes we may not be able to place even one brick upon the structure. But we can each and every one help to mix the mortar for others to use, for certain it is that if the mortar be not mixed the building itself cannot be built.—Forward.

— 795 —

## "ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

"Answer a fool according to his folly," says the wise man. Often the only way of silencing a fool is to introduce some

side issue which will throw him off his guard and make him realize not only that he is ignorant but that his hearers are wiser than he.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, missionary in Sierra Leone, tells a story that illustrates the advantage a man who knows, has over an opponent who merely guesses or who repeats what others have guessed for him.

On one occasion when he was traveling along the West Coast of Africa with an old skipper, who had known many missionaries, but "did not see the use of them," the Bishop was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What was the good of spouting at Exeter Hall?" and "What did the missionaries know, anyway?" At last the Bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper he said, "I know you are an expert, can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?" "Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator." "Very well, then; given an alligator fifteen feet long, what would be the length of its tongue?" "Three feet," was the answer; but the Bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better. "It is evident that you are an authority on the West Coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue!"

Missionaries need fear nothing from the strictest investigation; but they have a right to ask that criticism of their work should be based on knowledge and not on hearsay. In the natural order of things a traveler should be an advocate of foreign missions. Such an advocate was Darwin, who at first an opposer of missions, became convinced by personal observation of their value.—Selected.

— 796 —

## THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS

Once the Duchess of Argyle wrote to several European monarchs and asked them who it was they especially envied.

Most of the replies were in harmony with that of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who said, "I envy the of the man who is not an extend to. Not long ago William K. Vanderbilt, one of the richest men in the world, declared that he envied the man who had no wealth to care for. Yet it is to be observed that the emperor retains his crown, and Vanderbilt his millions.

It is the business of the Christian to be happy "in whatsoever state," in poverty or riches, in lofty station or obscurity. Canon Gore declares that in great measure it was the cheerfulness of the early Christians that attracted and won those around them. This has been true of all Christians since.

Recognize yourself, Christian, as an advertisement of Christ! If you are sunny in the darkness, hopeful in trouble, and cheery in affliction, those around you will see the evidence that Christ is a Joy-Giver. But if you are anxious and depressed, they will be likely to seek their happiness elsewhere than in your self discredited religion.

I like to think of the old Cunard captain whom the late Dr. Cuyler tells about. A passenger asked him, "Is it always foggy here on the banks of Newfoundland?"

"How should I know, madam?" was the answer: "I don't live here."

So says the Christian when men inquire petulantly of the fogs of life: "I don't live among them."—Selected.

— 797 —

### THE SADDLER'S CHOICE

A wealthy man came to a poor saddler, and, leaving a bridle, gave orders that it should be finished on Monday.

"That is not possible."

"What nonsense! There is all day to-morrow."

"We do not work on Sunday, sir."

"Then I shall go to those who do."

"We can get it done by Tuesday."

"That will not do; put it in the carriage."

Quietly the sadler did as he was told.

Hours afterwards a neighbor said: "I

thought that I would come and thank you, and tell you that I should be glad to have as many more customers as you would like to send."

"I shall not send you those I can keep," said the saddler, "but I will never go against my conscience for any man nor for his money."

Weeks went by, weeks of trouble to this faithful saddler. One day a military man came into his shop. "So you are the fellow who will not work on Sunday. My friend said that you refused to do his work."

"I had no choice, sir."

"Yes, you had; you were free to choose between serving God and pleasing man, and you made your choice, and because of that I am here to-day. I am General Downing. I have been looking for a man on whom I could rely to execute a large government order. The moment I heard of you I made up my mind that you should have it."—Westminster Quarterly.

— 798 —

### SERVE WHERE YOU ARE

A policeman in Birmingham, becoming a Christian, was so greatly troubled by the sights and sounds of sin among which he worked, that for a long time he and his wife prayed:

"Lord, take me out of the police service. Gives me some other work."

Still no answer came and no other work was opened for him. At last he said to his wife:

"I think we have been making a great mistake. We have been praying that I may be taken out of the force, and I begin to think that he has put me there to work for him. Now I am just going to pray that he will help me serve him where I am."

That was the beginning of a life of marvelous usefulness. His influence over the men was so great that he was promoted to be the head of detectives. He was instrumental in the salvation of many criminals. The place God has put you is the place you can do the best service for him.—Selected.



## BEING A GOOD SOLDIER

A soldier's life is full of hardships, many of which cannot be helped, and yet how manfully so many of them did and still do endure their hardships.

Let me give you one incident out of many that I might give you to illustrate this.

At the battle of Ft. Donelson it was two days and two nights before all the wounded were properly taken care of. When the battle began the ground was soft and muddy but before the battle was over a hard frost came on and the ground was frozen quite hard, so hard that some of the wounded men had to be cut out of the frozen ground. One of these men tells his story to Mrs. Livermore who relates it in her book:

"We fellows on the ground cheered I tell you, when the fort showed the white flag and we knew the rebels had surrendered. I had dropped into a drowse when I heard the boys cheering enough to stun you. I couldn't cheer myself for I was most gone, but Jerry, over there in that bed—his left arm was gone and his right hand shot away but he threw up his right stump of an arm and hurrahed enough to split his throat.

"Well, boys!" I said to some of them, "You got more than you bargained for this time. Don't you wish you had remained at home?"

"Not a bit of it," was the plucky answer. "We enlisted as folks marry, for better or worse and if it is for the worse we ought not to complain."

Here was endurance in a soldier fighting for home, for family, for friends, for country. Should not the soldier of Jesus Christ be ready to endure the hardships that come to him? Hardships come to every soldier; to some more than to others. Paul's word to Timothy was "Take thy part" and it is for us to take our part. The Christian to-day needs this endurance as much as Timothy needed it. He may not have the same sort of hardships to endure, but if he is a whole hearted Christian he will find many to endure.—Rev. A. S. Cameron.

## LOVING JESUS IS CONVERSION

The venerable Dr. Tyng told of being called to visit a sick young man at a hotel. He and his widowed mother were on their way to their distant home when the young man became very ill. "He lay before me, a splendid youth of nineteen, his eyes like jets of the brilliancy of diamonds. 'Dr. Tyng,' he said, 'my mother has always told me that I must be converted; that I could not be saved except I was converted. How can I be converted?' I sat by the side of that youth and told him the story of Jesus. I showed him the simplicity of the Gospel plan of salvation. I bade him realize that his heavenly Father had received and accepted him in Christ when Christ willingly died to bear his load, and he was to come in the simplest faith of a little child, and rest himself gratefully, hopefully upon it. We spent an hour in conversation. Twenty-four hours after I called again. Oh! how changed the face! It shone like an angel's. He reached out his long, tapering, trembling hand to me with the sweetest smile and said: 'Oh, sir, I understand it. I understand it. Love for Jesus is conversion. Sir, all night I was asking Jesus to let me love him; to show me how to love him.'"—Christian Herald.

## "THE JESUS WARD."

In a certain hospital the child's ward was called "The Jesus Ward." One of the little sufferers asked his nurse why they called it by that name. She told him it was said that Jesus passed through that ward every night and blessed each suffering child. The little fellow said: "I shall raise my hand so that Jesus will be sure to see me." In the morning the nurse found a little hand raised in the air, but stiff and cold in death. Jesus had indeed come, and by that little hand had lifted the little sufferer into a realm where there is no more pain.—Selected.

— 802 —

**"I JES' LOVE TO P'INT HIM OUT"**

Why should a man be required to love Christ? Is it not enough to admire him as the chiefest among ten thousand? Is it not enough to imitate him as the ideal man?

A traveler who was being rowed across the Mississippi by an old negro, was surprised to see the boatman drop his oars suddenly and spring to his feet in great excitement, shouting, "Look! Look! Dere's de Captain!"

On a sloop coming down the river stood a man leaning against the mast. This was "the captain," at whom the old negro was frantically waving his hat.

The traveler said presently, "Who is this man? And what has he ever done for you?" The answer was: "He's de man dat saved me. I fell into de water an' he jumped in an flung his arms around me and saved me!" Then he added: "I'd jes' like to slave for him all my life; only my rheumatism's so bad I ain't no good. He runs by here once a month an' I watch for him; an' I love to p'int him out. Ain't he de kindest-lookin' man you ever saw? I jes' love to p'int him out."

In view of such a natural demonstration of gratitude as this, one is led to wonder how it is that any man who trusts in Christ for salvation should ever fail to love him.—Rev. David James Burrell, D.D.

— 803 —

**WHY HOUSE IS UNFINISHED**

People who pass Lord Rothschild's mansion in Piccadilly, says a writer in the "Quiver," often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. One is likely to ask: "Could not the richest man in the world afford to pay for that cornice, or is the lack due simply to carelessness?" The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some

part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only like Abraham, a pilgrim and stranger upon the earth. The incomplete cornice on the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets, bent on amassing worldly wealth, or going along with the maddening crowd in the paths of folly: "This is not Lord Rothschild's home, he is traveling to eternity!"

— 804 —

**CHRISTIANS AND TIGERS**

A traveler who returned from India spoke slightly of missionary efforts and declared that he had never seen a real native convert.

"Did you see any tigers?" asked an old missionary who heard the remark.

"Oh, yes, I was hunting tigers, that was one reason for my going," was the quick reply.

"And if you had been hunting native Christians, you could have found them, too," said the old teacher. "I spent many years in India without coming in contact with tigers, but I found hundreds of converts. We find what we are looking for."

This truth holds good not only of life in India, but of life everywhere, the world over—it is Christians or tigers as we look for them.—Selected.

— 805 —

**A WATERMELON SEED**

"I am not so much of a farmer as some people claim," said Mr. Bryan, with a twinkle, "but I have observed the watermelon seed. It has the power of drawing from the ground and through itself 200,000 times its weight; and when you can tell me how it takes this material and out of it colors an outside surface beyond the imitation of art, and then forms inside of it a white rind and within that again a red heart, thickly inlaid with black seeds, each one of which in turn is capable of drawing through itself 200,000 times its weight—when you can explain to me the mystery of a watermelon, you can ask me to explain the mystery of God."—Wm. J. Bryan.



— 806 —

**"NOT THE RIGHTEOUS"**

It is related that in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., a German prince travelling through France visited the Arsenal at Toulon, where the galley slaves were kept. The Commandant, as a compliment to the prince's rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley-slave whom he should choose to select.

The prince, wishing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another as the causes of their being there. In fact, according to their own contention, they were all "injured and ill-treated" persons!

At last he came to one who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your Highness, I have no reason to complain—I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here."

The prince fixed his eyes upon him, and said: "You wicked man, it is a pity you should be placed among so many 'honest' people. By your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then, turning to the officer, he said: "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

"Not the righteous, but sinners," Jesus came to save. "This man receiveth sinners." A beggar who boasts of his wealth gets small alms. His recommendation is his poverty, not his prosperity.

So a man must first know himself a sinner; and when he knows this, there is a Saviour who stands ready to receive him. The man who boasts of his righteousness may be self-deceived—not realizing what sin is—or he may be one who denies what he knows, and seeks to deceive others. But no such man can deceive the Lord. And it is only when

a sinner knows himself lost, and confesses himself ruined and helpless, that the almighty hand of God is stretched out to lift him up, and the love that never faileth receives the wanderer—Herald of Mercy.

— 807 —

**A SLAVE BOY'S MISSION**

The little captive maid who told her mistress about the prophet was as real a laborer with God for the healing of Naaman as was Elisha.

A little Christian Chinese boy was stolen and carried to a heathen city and sold. He became the slave of a rich officer. He was fond of the baby whose cradle he was set to watch, and his mistress was fond of him. When she would kindly ask him about his home, the tears would come into his eyes and he would not talk about it, but would say, "Shall I tell you about my Jesus?"

And the fond mother would answer, "Oh! no, Ah Fung, I do not need any Jesus now. I have my baby."

But by and by her delicate blossom began to droop. Paler and thinner the tiny, yellow face grew, until after a little the broken-hearted mother saw the one object of her love die. Then in her sorrow, she said, "Ah Fung, you may tell me about your Jesus."

The child began where he knew it would mean the most to her, and told her how Jesus loved the little children and took them in His arms, and how her baby was in the beautiful home that He had gone to prepare for His people.

Then the mother asked, "Did He love my baby? Are you sure she is with him?"

"I am sure He loved her, and that she is with Him," replied Ah Fung. "Our missionary said He had many little children there, and He makes them happy. He will give her back to you if you go there."

"But where is it? How can I get there," eagerly asked the mother.

"I don't quite know," said Ah Fung. "But if we love Him, and trust in Him, He will take us somehow. He said so.

Won't you let Jesus be your Saviour, too? And then we will both go there and He will give our darling back to us."

The little captive's words were not in vain. This heathen mother was the first convert to Christianity in Korea, which had been so long shut up to the preaching of the Gospel. Ah Fung sowed the first fruit-bearing seed. And I am sure that in heaven the Israelite maiden and Ah Fung will sing loud notes of praise for the privilege of being laborers together with God.—Bible Morning Glories.

— 808 —

### REVEALING CHRIST

In the early days of the war, when Great Britain was calling her Indian troops to the colors, the Young Men's Christian Association asked permission to put a secretary upon each transport. The Indian government refused fearing to offend the Hindu soldiers. Again the Association made the request, and again it was refused. The Association would not give up, and finally after the seventh request, the government offered to compromise: it would permit the secretaries to go, but upon the condition that they should not mention the name of Jesus Christ. The Young Men's Christian Association considered the compromise long and earnestly, and finally agreed to it.

"Our secretaries," they 'promised, "shall not name the name of Jesus Christ, but they will live as nearly as they know how to live like Him."

So the secretaries went. At first it seemed as if there were nothing for them to do. Then a strange thing happened. The hair of the Indian soldiers had grown long and needed cutting, and there was no one to do it, for among orientals a barber is the lowest man on earth; and although these soldiers were themselves of a very low caste, there was not one of them who was low enough to act as a barber for another. So came the opportunity of these university men. They began serving as barbers. It was not long before the sol-

diers began writing home:

"When we left there was no Moham-medan who cared for our souls, no Bud-dists to look after us. But these Chris-tians have been brothers to us. They have acted as servants to us. There is nothing they have not done for us. Put my daughter or my son into the missionary school. We want to know what the Christian religion is."

Two thousand years ago the greatest missionary the world has ever known wrote one of his churches: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"; speak His words, do His deeds, reveal His character. Wherever in all the world the humblest soul does that, there will His kingdom begin to come, and there will faith shine clear.—Youth's Companion.

— 809 —

### THE COW-BOY'S IDEA

Men have different ideas of religion. With some it is mainly feeling, with others it is largely form; with some it is mostly faith, with others it is generally talk!

A converted cow-boy gives this as his idea of what religion is: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shout-in' themselves hoarse praisin' His name. Now I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim here. Now, if I'd sit around the house here tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and getting up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just like what lots of Christians do, but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right, and not sufferin' for water and feed, or bein' off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."

This was the converted cow-boy's idea. Doesn't it sound a little like the voice of Him, who, when His disciple said, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee," only answered, "Tend my sheep; Tend my lambs?"—The Armory.



— 810 —

## THE FAITHFUL MOTHER

After a fire in which a barn was almost completely destroyed, the owner, walking over the ruins, came upon an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near her, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise the wing which he touched fell into ashes. Then he knew that she had been burnt to death. But out from under her came a faint, little peep, and pushing her aside with his cane, the man found ten live, yellow chickens. The hen had sacrificed her own life to save them.

This was the love of a hen for her chickens. But he who made all living things and planted a portion of his own affection in every one of them, yet feels a deeper love than they can for the creatures he has made. And yet how many despise his goodness and reject his love!

Thus of old the Jews rejected the Saviour of mankind, while he wept over their folly and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see Me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."—The Common People.

— 811 —

## HOW TRACTS PREACH

These little preachers have more influence than we think. A Philadelphia boy took some small tracts with him when he went to the country for his summer vacation. He gave one to a lad whose acquaintance he had made. The lad said, "I can't read, but I will take it home; they can read it there." A few days after the country boy met his city friend. "Well," said he, "that tract you gave me made a stir at home."

"What do you mean?" "Why," he replied, "they read the tract, and then they got out the Bible, and read that, and when Sunday came they made me get out the old carriage and clean it up, and then we all got in that could, and the rest got on before and behind, and rode off to church. That tract's done great things, I can tell you." Subsequently it was learned that the tract had been the direct and indirect means of the conversion of several persons.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

— 812 —

## SHE SAVED TWO HUNDRED

Miss Kate Skelly, whose bravery twenty years ago saved from death two hundred passengers on a train, the wrecking of which she prevented, died at Boone, Iowa, the other day as the result of an operation for appendicitis.

On the evening of July 10, 1891, heavy rains destroyed eleven out of the twenty-one bridges on the Des Moines River on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Miss Skelly, a girl sixteen years old, asked her mother to let her look for her father, a section foreman on the road. The girl took a lantern and went out into the storm. She found a bridge down near by and knew that a train would be due soon. She started on the run for the station at Moin Goma, four miles away. The wind blew her lantern out and she had to crawl on her hands and knees over some trestle work that remained. She reached the station just as the train pulled in and then fell fainting on the ground. The legislature of her State rewarded her bravery with a grant of \$5,000. In 1904 she was made station agent of the place where she had saved the train.

Here is but another act of superb womanly heroism; but women have worked just as hard and unselfishly for the salvation of the souls of people from moral evil. "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Christian Herald.

— 813 —

## AN EVANGELIST IN PRISON

Paul Graynor, who fifteen years ago, was sent to the penitentiary at Galveston under a forty years' sentence for murder, has refused an offered pardon from the governor on the ground that he can do more good in the penitentiary than outside it. Graynor is 37 years old and says he expects to serve out the remaining twenty-five years of his sentence.

Not long after he entered the penitentiary this remarkable convict experienced a remarkable conversion to Christianity, and has since proved his faith most abundantly by his works. No less than fifteen men who have been released from the institution since that time, and who are now leading consistent Christian lives, attribute their own conversion, and present religious strength, to his influence. Besides helping all these men to a vital faith, Graynor taught six of them stenography, by which they are now earning comfortable livings.—The Continent.

— 814 —

## MORSE'S LIGHT

The Rev. George Winifred Hervey relates that long ago, while pursuing investigations in Astor Library, New York, he used often to meet Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"O, yes; more than once."

"And at such times, what did you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And the light generally came?"

"Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from Europe and America on account of the in-

vention which bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

This utterance by a distinguished man of science reminds us again, as many similar utterances have done, not only that true greatness has no vanity, but that superior minds, as a whole, reverently acknowledge the Supreme. They who climb highest see farthest, and the light which comes from above shines the longest way.—Youth's Companion.

— 815 —

## KNOW AND KNOW THAT YOU KNOW

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell how the teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself.

Once I was sent to the blackboard.

"I want that problem; I don't want any reason why you haven't it," said the teacher.

"I did study two hours," I said.

"That's nothing to me," replied the teacher, "You need not study at all or you may study ten hours, just suit yourself. I want that lesson."

I proceeded a bit when he calmly said: "No," shaking his head. I then went back to the beginning and on reaching the same point again, "No," barred my progress.

"Next boy step up," snapped the teacher, and I sat down in red confusion.

He too was stopped with a "No," but went on, and as he sat down was rewarded with "Very Well." "Why," whimpered I, "I recited it just as he did and you said 'No!'"

"Why didn't you say Yes, and stick to it?" asked the teacher. "It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says—No, your business is to say—Yes, and prove it." Decision makes some men; lack of it unmakes others.—Albany Sales News.



— 816 —

## THE ROCK OF MORAL HEROISM

At Santa Cruz, Calif., I have watched the huge waves march in great battalions up to the seacliffs and with a mighty roar fling their spray high into the air. The more yielding portions of the precipices have been worn away, making deep gashes or holes in the rocky formation, but the firmer sections stand like adamant against the savage assaults of the sea. So it is with the Christian character of many men and women. Their adherence to conviction make them the unanswerable exponents of the religion of Christ. The following simple stories may help to interpret my meaning:

Not many years ago, in the reign of Edward VII, of England, the mayor of Doncaster was the late Joseph Firth Clark, a Friend or Quaker. During his mayoralty the celebrated Doncaster races occurred and the mayor received an invitation—a royal invitation being a command—to meet the King on the race course immediately after the St. Leger race had been run. Clark refused the proffered dignity, replying in a strain that must have been appreciated by the broad-minded monarch whom he addressed. He wrote to Edward: "I have a profound respect and regard for the most gracious King whom I desire to honor in every way as one of his most loyal subjects. Though I have lived in Doncaster all my life I have never once attended the races, and did not therefore feel I could consistently break through the rule even for so great an honor."

This incident created a sensation at the time. Many people were scandalized because the mayor of Doncaster had declined to meet the King. But the moral value proved to be very great—an open blow had been administered to a demoralizing sport.

A few years since Baron Morimura, president of one of the great banks of Japan and a commercial leader of that country, landed in America, and with his suite took apartments in one of the large hotels of San Francisco. Pressed with business cares and desiring to avoid intrusion, he commanded that if visitors

wished to see him they should be told he was out. Before long a caller unexpectedly appeared in his presence. The baron was very angry. Upon investigation he ascertained that a chambermaid had disobeyed orders and had acknowledged that he was in. He called for the disobedient servant and severely reprimanded her. She flung at him the reply, "I cannot lie for any man!"

After his anger had subsided Baron Morimura began to think. He became impressed with the belief that the strength of character indicated by the chambermaid must have been based on Christianity. He said: "Nobody but a Christian would stand for not lying." He commenced to study the Bible and became a secret believer. Finally he made public confession of his faith and has been a sturdy advocate of his Lord from that day to this. It has since been his great joy to preach Jesus all over Japan, whilst his large influence and gifts have in numerous ways been dedicated to the cause of righteousness. So much for the fearlessness of a hotel servant! So much for the possession of genuine conviction and living up to it!

The moral heroism of some men and women is as impregnable as the rocks of Santa Cruz and withstands the "curling lips and gleaming teeth" of sin and fear. This splendid heroism is what the world needs today—shall we not practice it?—William C. Allen.

— 817 —

## INASMUCH

Tolstoi has told of a shoemaker who, left alone in the world, turned to God for counsel and help. He reformed his own bad ways, read the Bible, and tried in vain to discover what he might do to serve God. One night he had a vision of the Saviour, who said to him, "Martin, look for me tomorrow on the street. I shall meet you there!"

Although the shoemaker did not place much faith in his dream, still on the next day he could not help watching every one he met. But Jesus did not reveal himself.

Nothing happened save two or three

trifling incidents. Seeing an old street sweeper, Martin called him in, gave him refreshment, and warmed him by his fire. A little later he noticed a poor woman with a child, shivering with cold as she begged from the passers-by. He gave her an old cloak and a few pennies to buy food for herself and her baby. Just before night he made peace between an apple-woman and a boy who had stolen one of her apples; got the urchin to restore the fruit, and then taught to ask forgiveness, and her to forgive. They walked off together good friends, the boy carrying her basket. Nothing else happened. A very disappointing day!

But that night the Saviour stood again by the shoemaker's bedside, and said gently, "Martin, Martin, did you not recognize me?"

And when Martin awoke, his soul rejoiced; for his New Testament was open, and his eyes fell upon these words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—American Messenger.

— 818 —

### THE QUEEN AND THE UMBRELLA

When Queen Victoria of England lived in the palace known as Windsor Castle, she took great pleasure in going through the streets of the village of Windsor without letting the people know who she was.

One day, when the queen was passing through the village in this quiet way, a rainstorm came up, and she stepped into a cottage and asked the woman who lived there for the loan of an umbrella.

The woman looked at the queen, who was very plainly dressed, and at last she said: "I have two umbrellas, one an old shabby one, and the other, which is my Sabbath umbrella. I shall give you the shabby one, for I never expect to see it again."

Queen Victoria quietly accepted the old umbrella without telling the woman who she was, and went on her way. The next day, however, a messenger

from the royal castle brought back the shabby umbrella and with it a handsome present of money.

The woman was greatly startled. "O sir, who was it that borrowed my umbrella?" she asked of the royal messenger.

"It was your queen," was the answer. .. "Oh!" exclaimed the woman, "My queen, my queen, would that I had known you, for I would so gladly have given you my best!"

But the woman's lament was in vain. She had missed her opportunity to show full respect to her queen, and never again could she do the favor, which she would gladly have done if she had only realized that Queen Victoria stood before her on that rainy day.—Apples of Gold.

— 819 —

### THE MIST OF DEATH

One beautiful moonlight night on the Hudson River, the engineer heard the quick, sharp ring of the pilot's bell. He stopped his engine and looked out, wondering why he had been stopped in the middle of the stream. The night was lovely; the river calm; the moon shining brightly. He put his engine in charge of his assistant and went up to the pilot's house to see what was the matter.

There stood the pilot holding to the wheel as if he were looking out. "Why did you stop me?" said the engineer.

In a low, husky voice the pilot replied, "There is a mist upon the river, and I cannot see to steer the boat. We had better anchor until the morning. See the captain and tell him so."

The engineer looked into the face of the man and saw that death was there. He caught the pilot in his arms and laid him down, only to see him breathe his last.

Soon the mist will gather around you and me; soon the thick shadows will fall across our path; but as followers of Jesus there is nothing to fear. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."—H. M. Wharton.



— 820 —

## SO EASY TO WIN A SOUL

Some years ago, at a conference of Christian workers at East Northfield, Massachusetts, Henry M. Moore, a merchant of Boston, a man much used of God for the salvation of souls, in addressing an audience of ministers on the importance of personal effort to save the lost, said if we would only open our mouths and speak to them, we would be surprised at times to see how easy it is to win a soul to Christ. And he illustrated this point from his own first attempt.

After his conversion he became very desirous of winning someone else. To him it seemed a very great undertaking. But if he tried, as he meant to do, he hoped the Lord would let him live long enough to save at least one. But he had not yet mustered up the courage to speak to anyone on the subject of their salvation.

Finally he thought his chance had come. An unconverted young woman had come to his home to do dressmaking for his wife. She was to stay more than a week, and he determined to speak to her concerning her salvation. But day after day passed, as he put off the dreaded duty, and he had not yet the courage to speak to her. Finally the time of her departure came, and he was filled with self-reproach because he had failed so miserably. But as he took her hand to say, "Good bye," he stammered, "Oh, Hattie, how I wish you were a Christian!"

With no reply, she was gone. She was gone, and he was left to reproach himself for not having even tried to win her. A day or two later, however, he was surprised to get a letter from Hattie thanking him for his interest in her soul's welfare. She said his parting words continued to ring in her ears, and she could not sleep that night until she arose from her berth, and, kneeling upon the floor of her stateroom, gave herself to Christ, in whose saving favor she was now rejoicing.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 821 —

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOYS

Perhaps no higher tribute has been paid to Sunday-school boys as a class than was the one given by County Judge Fawcett, of Brooklyn, a few days ago. In sentencing George H. Lott, nineteen, to a term in Elmira Reformatory for burglary, Judge Fawcett said:

"Of all the undesirable professions, that of burglary is the worst. No matter how good a burglar you may be, you will be caught and sent to prison sooner or later. I have seen your friends who wished to speak to me about you, and I find that all attempts to have you go to Sunday-school have failed. In the five years I have been sitting on this bench I have had 2,700 boys before me for sentence and not one of them was an attendant of a Sunday-school. Had you gone there I am sure you would not be before me to-day."

Instead of being ashamed of attendance at Sunday-school, a boy should be proud of it.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

— 822 —

## THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST

My little boy, since taken to heaven, once asked me, "Papa, how is it that one person, Christ, could atone for the sin of millions of men?" We were in a garden at the time. I replied, "Suppose that there was on the ground there a handful of worms; don't you think that you would be more valuable than those worms?" "Yes," he said. "Suppose that that wheel-barrow was full of worms; would you not be more valuable than all of them?" "Yes." "Suppose all the millions of worms in the earth were gathered together; would you not still be more valuable than they, no matter how many?" "Yes; I am sure I would." "Then is there not a far greater difference in the scale of being between Christ and man than between man and the worm? We are creatures; God is the Creator. Had many other worlds sinned as well as ours, the blood of Christ would be more than sufficient to atone for them all."—R. C. Morgan.

— 823 —

## HIS BIBLE

One night, just before the late Captain Bickel was retiring to rest, he met at the deck house door a ruffian who had been wonderfully converted on one of these voyages. Although a rough, untutored man he had gone at once to others telling the story of his conversion and of Christ as he had received Him.

Mr. Bickel was very tired, but he had a little talk with the man. He asked him if he would take a Bible to a certain man on the morrow. He shook his head. "No, no, Captain; he does not need that." "But why not?" "It won't do him any good." "But why?" "Because it is too soon. That is your Bible, and, thank God! it is now mine; but it is not his Bible." "What do you mean by that?" "Why, simply that he has another Bible; you are his Bible; he is watching you. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live Christ, so Christ is revealed to him."

Writing of this incident, Captain Bickel said: "Friends, I did not sleep well that night. I knew it in a way, of course, but to say: 'As you live, so Christ lives in that man's soul in that house, in that village, in four hundred villages.' God help me! I had been called a thief, liar, foreign spy, traitor, devil in public and private, and had not flinched; but to face this! As you live, Christ lives in a hundred thousand hearts. As you fail to live Christ, Christ is crucified again. What wonder that the message of the converted ruffian sank deeply into my heart! What wonder that I slept not."—Men and Missions.

— 824 —

## HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about in the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not

suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.—London S. S. Times.

— 825 —

## HOW TO HEAR GOD'S VOICE

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by-and-by said sharply, "If you'll shut the door you can hear."

His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice, but the street and store noises, too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been shut enough. Man's voice and God's voice get mixed in their ears. They cannot distinguish between them. The bother is partly with the door. If you'll shut that door you can hear.—S. D. Gordon.

— 826 —

## ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE

The Springfield Republican recently declared that Ex. ii, 3, gave the Standard Oil Company the idea that oil was to be found in Egypt. This is reported to be the assertion of Charles Whitshott, geologist and oil and gas expert for the Standard Oil Company: "The verse tells of the use of pitch in making the craft in which the babe Moses was set adrift. Alphant, of the Standard Oil Company, reasoned that where there was pitch there was oil. I was sent to investigate, and three wells are now in operation, with more being developed as the result."

When men's eyes are opened to divine light they may see science as they have never seen it—let us hope and pray that they may.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.



— 827 —

## LESSONS FROM A BLACK BUG

One vacation, going across lots in Rose, N. Y., I came to a well where Gideon Barrett watered his stock. As I neared the well I heard a tinkling sound coming from a tin pail close by. Investigating the cause, I found it was made by the efforts of a good-sized black bug to escape from the pail. How it got in I do not know, but it was easy to see why it wanted to get out. The hot mid-day sun was pouring down on the pail, and not a comfortable spot could Mr. Bug find therein, so naturally he was doing his best to get out.

He would climb up the side of the pail until near the top, then his strength would fail, or more likely the hot metal would cause him to let go his hold, and he would fall to the bottom again. His striking the bottom was the sound I had heard. But no sooner did he reach the hotter bottom than up he would get and start again for the top and liberty.

As I watched his efforts, this operation of climbing and falling was repeated perhaps a dozen times, and still the bug did not give up. His persevering earnestness to escape awakened my interest, and I determined to effect his release, and yet to do it my own way. So I plucked a timothy stalk, and let it down to him. At first he failed to avail himself of the help I was extending, and continued to persevere in the use of his own method of escape. But my determination to help him was not lessened by his lack of apprehension of what I was doing, and persevering in my efforts the bug at last laid hold of the cool grass stalk with an unfailing grasp, and was quickly raised to a comfortable life and liberty.

As I looked upon this little bug trying to escape from its misery, and felt an interest in its efforts and determined to save it, I could not but think of the great God in whose sight the inhabitants of earth are as grasshoppers (Isa. 40:22) and I could better understand his compassion for mankind.

As I aided the bug because of a spark of pity felt for so worthless a creature,

cannot the great God be moved with compassion for struggling humanity, however small we are in his sight?

As the bug was unable to comprehend me and my method for its salvation, so we cannot understand the Infinite One and His ways.

As the bug ventured to clutch the straw extended for its relief, without knowing my purpose of mercy, shall not we lay hold upon the hope set before us in the gospel, which comes to us with such assurance of salvation?

When I had determined to save the struggling insect, I was bound to carry it through though it should require turning the pail upside down. So shall not the Almighty succeed in his purposes of mercy when he has once undertaken our salvation?—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 828 —

## BE HONEST

The great explorer, David Livingston, writes in one of his books:

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only part of the tradition I feel proud of is this. One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence, and it is related that when he was on his deathbed he called all his children around him and said:

"Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you, 'Be honest.'"—Children's Friend.

— 829 —

## "MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN"

A little boy was once taking care of a store while his master was out. Presently a man came into the store and asked for some goods. Then, seeing the boy was alone, he added, "Johnny, you

must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnny looked up into the man's face, very seriously, and said quietly, "My master is always in."

Johnny's Master was the all-seeing God, and Johnny was trying to please Him all the time.

Whenever we are tempted to do wrong let us say as Johnny did, "My Master is always in." If we take this as our motto and live up to it faithfully, we shall find that we can overcome every temptation that attacks us.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

— 830 —

### LIVING IN THE HEIGHTS

I once climbed up to the magnificent fortress of Salzberg, which overlooks wide leagues of emerald plains with the snowy Tyrolese Alps in the background. It is one of the most enchanting outlooks in all Europe. But while I could enjoy the splendid prospect only for an hour, I found that a hundred or more people were living up there. So it is with a soul that has been redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and has repented of sin, and been regenerated by the Holy Spirit; he has got into a new position, breathes a new atmosphere and has a new outlook. He lives up with God. This is the true higher life. The morning sun of God's favor shines on him, and at evening it is still light. There is such a thing as keeping our heads and our hands busy in all the useful activities of life and yet having our hearts dwelling "in fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

— 831 —

### CHRISTIAN UNWORTHINESS

No man in Scotland has a more saintly memory than Robert Murray McCheyne, and yet he said: "No one but God knows the abyss of sin in my heart."

To another saintly man of England someone said, when he was on his death-bed, "How happy you must be; the

gates of heaven will be crowded with your converts waiting to greet you." But he replied, "Take the man away; if I can but crawl into heaven, on my hands and knees, before the gate shuts, I'll be the blesseddest man in heaven!"

An aged father when complimented on his work for Christ said, "Call me not a saint, I am a devil." It is only after pardon you see that real tears and tenderness came.—*Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D.*

— 832 —

### A SAFE REFUGE

I once spent a night in the ancient castellated convent of Mar Saba in the gorge of the Kidron. All night I lay secure in the strong fortress while the jackals howled down beneath us, and the Bedouin prowled without the walls. So may every follower of Christ who has lodged himself in the stronghold of the divine promises rest securely and let Satan's jackals howl as fiercely as they choose, or the adversary lie in wait outside the gateway. When I put my soul and my eternal interests into Christ's keeping, why should I worry? Duty is mine; service of the Master and my fellowmen is mine; my salvation belongs to Him who hath promised it. Who can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

— 833 —

### TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

The strawberry that ripens slowly in the garden has a sweetness unknown to the hot-house fruit. When I was in California I asked for strawberries in a hotel. The waiter was an Englishman and recognized me for an Englishman. When I gave the order for strawberries he hesitated, and then said, "You will not like our strawberries. They have not the flavor and sweetness of English strawberries. They grow too fast. We get three crops a year out here. But if you insist on it I will bring you some." It is the same with the soul as with strawberries. We must take time to be holy.—*Thomas Tiplady.*



— 834 —

## A SLUM CHILD'S FAITH

During the years I was at work in the slums of southeast London the following magnificent example of a simple, confident faith came to my knowledge. The story is authentic—the facts precisely as stated. A poor little slum child of about eleven years old developed a terrible malady which demanded an instant operation. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where the great surgeon who examined him had to tell the little waif that, although there was just a fighting chance for his life, he would, in all probability, die on the operating table.

The seats of the operating theatre, rising tier above tier, like the gallery of a church, were filled with long rows of students, come to witness the greatest surgeon of his time use the knife. The little patient was brought in, and during the performance of certain preliminaries, placed in a cushioned chair. Looking around at the great throng of men, he said timidly to one of the assistant doctors:

"Please, sir, I am a Christian, and I should be very glad if one of you gentlemen would just say a little prayer for me. You've told me I'm in great danger, but a little prayer to Jesus would help me ever such a lot in my trouble."

The surgeon patted him on the head. "We'll do our best, my little man," he said kindly. "You must try to be brave."

"Yes," answered the lad, "I'll be brave, sir. But I'd like a little prayer, to ask God to help you to use the knife right—and to help me, too."

There was a profound silence. Nobody moved, so the little slum child knelt down and said:

"Dear Jesus, will you please have mercy on me now, and if I die will you take me to be with you in heaven? I'm only a poor, weak little lad, but please, I'd like to live. So, dear Jesus, will you please help this kind gentleman so that he will be able to do his work right? Amen."

Having said his prayer, the boy climbed onto the table with a quiet smile lighting up his face. The anaesthetic was promptly administered, but so long as there was any consciousness the boy was heard praying.

The great surgeon stood at the head of the table, fully aware that he was about to perform an operation that would test his skill to the utmost limit—an operation that required exceptional coolness, calmness and delicacy of touch. Yet for a moment or so he was visibly agitated. The students exchanged significant glances. Never had they seen their great chief unnerved before, and the fact of his being so now augured but ill for the life of the city waif.

Yet as he looked at the still moving lips of the prostrate boy a great calm stole over the doctor. He commenced to operate, and immediately realized that the slum child's prayer was being answered. Coolness of head, steadiness of hand, and delicacy of touch, all came as they were needed. The boy's life hung on a mere thread, but the skilful surgeon did not snap it. Though quite the most critical he had ever undertaken, the operation was performed with consummate ease and complete success.

The next morning the surgeon stood in the ward by the bedside of his little patient. Taking his hand he said: "Well, Tommy, the good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday."

A happy, confident smile lit up the sick boy's face as he answered: "I knew He would." Then his face clouded over and he said: "And you were very good to me, and I have nothing to give you—nothing at all." Then a happy thought came to him, and his face lit up again as he whispered: "But I can keep on praying to Jesus for you, can't I?"

A great lump came into the doctor's throat. "That you can," he answered huskily, "and that will be heaps better than any kind of money, for God knows I sorely need the continual prayers of a brave little soul like you."—Philip I. Robert in *The Christian Work and Evangelist*.

— 835 —

### TESTIMONY OF IRENAEUS CONCERNING JESUS

Tertullian, who lived in the time of Polycarp, tells us he was ordained bishop of the Church at Smyrna by the Apostle John. Polycarp suffered martyrdom, as eminent authorities agree, on Saturday, February 23, in the year 155. When offered his life by the proconsul, who wanted to spare the venerable man, on the condition that he should revile Christ, Polycarp replied in the memorable words, "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He has done me no wrong, and how can I now blaspheme my King that has saved me." This reply of Polycarp indicates that he must have been born before the year 79.

Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons, born between the years 120 and 140, and who died probably in 202, in his letter to Florinus says:

"I saw you when I was yet as a boy, in lower Asia with Polycarp.

"I could even now point out the place where the blessed Polycarp sat and spoke, and describe his going out and coming in, his manner of life, his personal appearance, the addresses he delivered to the multitude; how he spoke of his intercourse with John, and with the others who had seen the Lord, and how he recalled their words. And everything that he had heard from them about the Lord, about his miracles, and his teaching, Polycarp told us, as one who had received it from those who had seen the Word of Life with their own eyes, and all this in complete harmony with the Scriptures. To this I listened, through the mercy of God vouchsafed to me, with all eagerness, and wrote it not on paper, but in my heart, and still by the grace of God I ever bring it into fresh remembrance."

How precious these words from this pupil of one who had seen the Apostles of Christ! How short the chain—only three links—that connects us with the times of the Word of Life. Irenaeus, Polycarp, John, Jesus.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 836 —

### THE PENNY COLLECTION

In central Texas a rich drover, whose son had committed murder, engaged the best criminal lawyer that money could procure to defend his boy. He was acquitted. The lawyer presented his bill. It was staggering. The attorney said: "I hope you do not think it too large?" "Oh, no, not at all," he responded. "You have saved my boy. I would gladly have paid you twice the amount."

That winter a faithful pastor won that boy to Christ, and thus saved him from a continuance in drunkenness and sin. When the pastor asked the drover for a contribution toward the kingdom of God, the thank offering was—a dollar!

How much should we give to Him who saves us?

"Give till it hurts," is a term, much abused, that is current.

It sounds pat, but I'll confess that I don't like it. It sounds like cant, and we all hate cant. I believe in self-sacrifice, but not in the kind implied. What is the implication in "Give till it hurts?" Plainly that you don't want to give.

If you walk till it hurts, at the end of a week you will hobble. You've lost the force and value of the exercise.

If a man reads till it hurts his eyes, his head swims and his mind is muddled.

If we do anything till it hurts, it ceases to be beneficial. We are to make sacrifices in our giving, but they won't hurt. They wouldn't be true sacrifices if they did. A man sacrifices for the woman he loves, but it doesn't hurt—he's happy to do it. You may give with the feeling of debt-paying and duty-doing, but when love, and loyalty, and eagerness impel us the sacrifice is full of joy.

I like the Bible on that. Hear it:

"He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man as he purposeth in his heart so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."—S. W. Purvis.



— 837 —

## A STORY OF THE BLIZZARD

In the month of January, 1888, a fearful blizzard swept over the plains in the Northwest country. You perhaps read of it in the daily papers or heard others tell of the fearful suffering it caused in Dakota. The day was bright, and no one thought of danger, when, as if by magic, the sky grew black, the air intensely cold, and a hurricane swept all before it; snow came with the storm, and so fine, hard, and thick that no one could see a yard before them. Hundreds of people and even cattle were frozen to death. Mothers waited anxiously for the return of their children who had gone to school. Some perished on the way and their little bodies were taken home. Many brave deeds were done by men and women during that dreadful storm, and I will tell you about one of them.

A young girl taught in a country school-house. That day she had only thirteen scholars, and when the storm came on they became frightened; so was the teacher, but she did not let the children know of her fear. She gathered them around the stove, and told them to wrap up, as they soon would go home; but all the time she was thinking what she should do with the children to secure their safety. They were all small, and if she let them separate, some, if not all, would be lost. She determined to stick to the school-house as long as she could. But the next minute the door was blown from its hinges. Then she remembered a ball of twine which she had taken from a boy. With this she tied the children together, and then tied the end of the string to her own arm. Just then the roof was blown from the house, and she knew that they must leave. It was three-quarters of a mile to the nearest shelter. She took the youngest child in her arms and told the others to follow her, and so they went in single file. If one fell the others knew it, for they were tied together; or if one, blinded by the snow, strayed out of the way, the string brought it back. Some of the children

had their ears and noses frozen, and the teacher had her fingers and cheeks frost-bitten. But they were all saved, for the brave girl led them through the dreadful blizzard to a place of safety. They were saved by sticking together, by none of them breaking the string, and by following their brave teacher.—Edward Carswell.

— 838 —

## YOU CAN IF YOU WILL

Don Basilo was a captain in the army of Isabella of Spain, and Ramon, though a friend, was serving with the Carlists. Don Basilo, with twenty others, was captured by the Carlists and sentenced to be shot. The shooting began, and already seven had fallen. Regardless of what might befall him, Ramon rushed forward and seizing Don Basilo, cried out to his general, "Not this one! Not this one!" "Why not this one? Is he a musician?" asked the general. The Carlists were not executing musicians, for they needed them in their bands. "Yes, yes, General, he is a musician." Ramon replied. "Upon what instrument does he play?" "T-th-ah, the French horn!" The general spared Don Basilo and he was allotted to a band that was to be organized in fourteen days.

But Don Basilo had never played any instrument, did not know one note from another, and the French horn is a most difficult instrument to learn. Death for both him and his friend Ramon seemed the inevitable fate.

But Don Basilo said to Ramon, "In fourteen days I shall know music; in fourteen days I will play upon the horn!"

How he accomplished this feat which anyone would call impossible he thus tells: "In fourteen days—ah, the power of the will!—in fourteen days, with the fourteen nights (I did not sleep for half a month)—yes, you have cause to be astonished—in fourteen days I learned to play the horn! What days they were! Ramon and I went to the fields and spent our days with a musician who

came from a neighboring town to instruct me. I spoke nothing, I thought nothing, I ate nothing. My only thought was music—the French horn. I wanted to learn, and I learned it. Had I been dumb, I should have learned to speak; if lame, to walk; if blind, to see—because it was my will to do it. Ah, the will; that is the greatest power on earth. I had the will to do it; therein lies the whole deed. I had the will—and I succeeded.”—Martha Tarbell.

— 839 —

### ELIJAH'S GOD OURS

On one occasion the author of “The Bank of Faith” had been greatly exercised with debt and embarrassment, and his patience was severely tried, not only on account of himself, but his friend, who was in great distress, and stood much in need of a little relief. His never-failing resort was to the great Father of bounties, in earnest and sincere prayer. And God, who heareth the ravens when they cry, thus answered him.

It was the evening previous that he made the subject a matter of special supplication. The next morning a person knocked at the door, desiring to see him. When he came into the study, he says: “I looked at him, and perceived him to be a gentleman that I had never seen before. He told me that he had once heard me preach at Dr. Gifford’s meeting-house, and once or twice at Margaret Street Chapel, and that he had heard me greatly to his satisfaction; and the reason of his coming to see me now was that he had been exercised the last night with a dream—that he dreamed the Word of God came to him, saying: ‘If thy brother be waxed poor, thou shalt open thy hand to thy poor brother, etc.’ He asked me if there was such a portion of Scripture; I answered the words were these: ‘If there be among you a poor man, one of thy brethren, within any of thy gates, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother’ (Deut. xv:7-11). He then told

me that these words came to him in his sleep; and in the morning when he awoke, he felt the power of them. In wondering who this poor brother could be, he informed me it was impressed upon his mind that I was the brother about whom he had dreamed; and asked me concerning my circumstances. I then told him of the trial I was in; and as he was fully satisfied it was of God, he wondered much at it. At his departure, he gave me money and goods sufficient to relieve my own circumstances and also the condition of my friend.

Thus God, who commanded a widow to sustain Elijah, commanded this man to relieve me.”—“God in Providence.”

— 840 —

### THE END OF THE GAME

“When you get through with this hand I wish that you would let me use your table for a pulpit,” said a missionary to a crowd of gaming lumberjacks. The hand was finished, the service was held, every man remaining to it, and after the benediction the game was resumed.

After such a service Fred Davis entered into conversation with a man, who said: “I’m making a little money working days, but I’m making more at the card game at night, and I’m not going to quit till I have my pile. I know I ought to be a Christian, but not just yet. After a while I will.” Later this lumberjack shot a man at the card table. One day Davis preached in a California prison, and the warden told him that one of the prisoners wanted to speak to him. At the cell an arm was thrust through the bars and the man in the shadowed place said: “I’m the lumberjack you pleaded with to change my life and become a Christian. I wouldn’t because I was making money by gambling. Now look at me! Help me to get right with God.” With the bars between them they knelt and while they prayed together Christ fulfilled his promise and gave liberty to the captive.—*Missionary Review of the World.*



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## STORY OF A JAPANESE GIRL

In her lesson one day a young Japanese girl found the word "Creator," but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read, "Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things."

A startling thought to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said, "God must have made all these stars." The sun and even the trees suggested the thought, "God made them."

She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and she said to herself, "It was not you, Buddha, for I never heard that you made anything."

When she went to Tokyo an old woman in the same house said to her, "Tasshee, I am going to a meeting; come with me."

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."

"Oh, no," said Tasshee. "I do not want any of your god. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where He is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for," and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, and so eager was she to put the question, "Where is He?"

When the meeting was over, she rushed to the missionary and said, "Tell me, where is this God that made the heaven and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction.

She came to the next meeting and heard, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate of revenge. This God gave his Son. All the gods she had ever heard of never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

Thus a thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher, dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not his Son, but gave him up for all. —Church at Home and Abroad.

— 842 —

## A GOOD INVESTMENT

Several winters ago a woman was coming out of a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy, remember that."

Years passed away, and last December when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

.. "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that the simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he is now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns most satisfactory.—The Congregationalist.

— 843 —

## WHILE THEY YET PRAYED

It is said that Jay Gould and another magnate were once, while travelling, delayed in a small western town. Taking a walk they saw a crowd and heard an auctioneer crying out, "Fifteen hundred dollars!" Mr. Gould touched a tall Mexican on the arm and asked him what the sale was for. "Pard," said the ranger, "this be a knock-out for the parson." "In what way?" asked Mr. Gould. "You see, pard, the parson built this church; but the tin petered out, and now the wood-butcher is selling the whole crowd out for his coin." Mr. Gould stepped up to the auctioneer, asked for the contractor who was closing out his lien. The auctioneer pointed out the man, and Gould approached him and asked the amount of his claim. "Seventeen hundred dollars and costs," said he. "What will you take in settlement," asked Mr. Gould, "I'll settle for fifteen hundred dollars, and donate the balance," said the contractor. Mr. Gould, taking from his pocket several bills of large denomination, gave them to the contractor and took his receipt in full, with the cancelled lien. An old man going up to Mr. Gould, said: "Stranger, what are you going to do with the claim you've just bought?" Mr. Gould asked why he wanted to know. "Why," said he, "I am the steward of the church. The members and Sabbath-school scholars are in the church, with the presiding elder and pastor on their knees, praying God to come to our help and save the church." Mr. Gould gave the receipted bill and cancelled lien that he had in his hand, to the steward, and walked back to his train. The steward entered the church, now free, and told the people what the Lord had done, and they sang the doxology on their knees. Then they went out on the streets to find the stranger, and learned that it was Jay Gould. His train had gone, and only a cloud of dust on the far-away prairie indicated where their benefactor was. Mr. Gould said afterward a letter he received from that congregation, signed

by every one in it, gave him more pleasure than clearing a million dollars.—Selected.

— 844 —

## THE FATALITY OF SIN

"A professor in Scotland was lecturing to a class of students. While dissecting the body of a snake, he spoke of the fatality and the suddenness of death as a consequence of its bite, and added, 'Gentlemen, I have made a small hurt in my hand, and such is the deadliness and quickness of the poison that should I neglect or fail from any cause to cauterize the wound—' While he stood holding his finger tightly to prevent the circulation, and still talking to the class, in rushed a messenger announcing a dangerous accident to one of the members of his household; whereupon, he, forgetting to cauterize his wounded finger, rushed from the room to his home. Within less than an hour he was dead. Sin may not always be so quick in its action; but it is as fatal as blood poisoning, and equally certain to produce death to the soul."

— 845 —

## TROUBLES TURNED INTO PEARLS

Things that cause pain are often transformed into things that give pleasure. Think, for example, how pearls are formed. A grain of sand or some other foreign matter has found its way into the shell, and causes irritation to the tender body of the living inmate. This incites the animal to secrete from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance, which it is not able to eject. Around the irritating object, therefore, thin layers are deposited, one after another, until it is completely surrounded, and a pearl is formed. May it not be so with those things in our lives that are most unwelcome to us? Love to God in the heart will enable us to turn into pearls those troubles of ours which would otherwise so vex and distress us.—Thomas Yates.



— 846 —

## APPLIED FAITH

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy he was counted a great dullard. His accustomed place in the schoolroom was in the ignominious dunce corner, with the high and pointed paper cap of shame upon his head. He never seemed to have any interest in his studies or any ambition in life. So he had become an object of ridicule to the whole community. But one evening when he was a boy of twelve or fourteen, he chanced to be in a home that was entertaining a party of famous literary guests. Among them was Robert Burns, then just at the height of his fame. Late in the evening this great poet stood admiring a picture hanging on the wall. Underneath it was a couplet of verse; and when the poet asked who had written the words, none of the noted people present knew. But presently the little boy crept up timidly to his side and whispered in his ear the name of the author—and to show that he was familiar with the lines, he quoted the rest of the poem. Burns was surprised and delighted, and, laying his hand on the youth's head, he exclaimed: "Ah, bairnie, ye will be a great mon yet in Scotland some day!"

That night Walter Scott went home walking as if on air. For had not the greatest man in all Scotland said that he would be a great man some day! From that very hour there came a wonderful change in the lad, a change in spirit and ambition that made him one of the greatest literary men of the world. Discouraged and hopeless, he became transformed by putting into his life the faith and hope that a great man had for him.

Something like this must take place in the heart of every man and woman who would be successful in their Christian experience. It is not enough to believe that God has a great plan for our lives, and believes that we can work it out together with Jesus Christ. We must come to believe that of ourselves, too. Every man must come to have faith in himself—faith that he can be

what God wants him to be and do what God wants him to do.—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

— 847 —

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS BOWL

An old man sat by himself at a corner table, eating his food out of a wooden bowl. Once he had had a place at the dining table, but his hands had grown so shaky he spilled his food, and his son and daughter declared they could no longer endure his presence at the table with them. At first he had been given an earthen dish, but after he let that fall his food was always given him in the wooden bowl. The five-year-old grandson was busily hacking away at a piece of wood, for he had finished his meal before the others, and had rushed to this interrupted occupation. "What are you making there so fine?" asked the father. "I'm making a bowl," the boy promptly answered, "for you and mother to eat out of when I am big." The parents looked at each other, then rose without a word and began preparing a place at the table, and the father led the old man back to his rightful place, from which he was never again dispossessed. The parents had seen themselves in their father's place, and had been made to realize they did not love him as they loved themselves.—Sel.

— 848 —

## I CANNOT FEEL SAVED

Martin Luther was asked by his arch enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. "No," said the great reformer, "I don't feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in His Word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid. I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid."

So with you, dear reader. You must

believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you may know that you are saved.

A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! Feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and He is my surety right on to eternity; and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."—The Lutheran.

— 849 —

### THE INFLUENCE OF A TRACT

A young Frenchman who had been wounded at the siege of Saint Quentin was languishing on a pallet in the hospital, when a tract that lay on the coverlet caught his eye. He read it and was converted to God by it. You can see the monument of that man before the Church of the Consistory in Paris, standing with a Bible in his hand. He is known in history as Admiral Coligny, the leader of the reformation in France. But the tract had not finished its work. It was read by Coligny's nurse, a "sister of mercy," who penitently placed it in the hands of the abbess, and she, too, was converted by it. She fled from France to the Palatinate, where she met a young prince and became his wife. The influence which she had upon that man reached out into the reformation on the entire continent of Europe, for he was William of Orange. "How far yon little candle threw its beam!" Who knows what a power a tract may be?—Selected.

— 850 —

### GOD-GIVEN SIGHT

Congenital blindness is incurable by modern science, but God is equal to its "curing." A few months ago, in one of our Western States, a little one was born blind. Not a sign of a pupil in the little eyes. Prominent physicians pronounced him "stone blind." But the parents and the household believed God was as able and as willing to work a

miracle today as when Jesus walked the streets of Galilee, so they prayed that God would give the little one his eyesight. They knew the Word of God, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mk. 11:24. They believed and kept on believing until four months afterward the pupils appeared and the child could see, and God was glorified in their home as He had never been before.—Wayland Hoyt.

— 851 —

### FAITH CASTS OUT DOUBT

There was a good man and his wife who had kept a lighthouse for years. A visitor who came to see the lighthouse, looking out from the window over the waste of water, asked the good woman: "Are you not afraid of a night when the storm is on, and the big waves dash right over the lantern? Do you not fear that the lighthouse and all that is in it will be carried away?" The woman remarked that the idea never occurred to her now. She had lived there so long that she felt as safe on the lone rock as ever she did when she lived on the mainland. As for her husband, when asked if he did not feel anxious when the wind blew a hurricane, he answered: "Yes, I feel anxious to keep the lamps well trimmed, and the light burning, lest any vessel should be wrecked." As to anxiety about the safety of the lighthouse, or his own personal security in it, he had outlived all that.

Even so it is with me. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against the day. From henceforth let no man trouble me with doubts and questionings; I bear in my soul the proofs of the Spirit's truth and power, and I will not have any of your artful reasonings. The gospel to me is truth: I am content to perish if it be not true. I risk my soul's eternal fate upon the truth of the gospel, and I know no risk in it. My one concern is to keep the lamps burning, that I may thereby enlighten others.—Spurgeon.



— 852 —

## THE KURDISH MOTHER'S GIFT

A missionary from Kharpout, making his annual visit to a Kurdish village, saw in the congregation two faces that fascinated him. In a lad's face there was the promise of great powers; in his mother's face, a poor washerwoman, suffering and sorrow and hope and patience and passionate devotion seemed to have wrought their perfect work. At the close of the meeting he asked to have them brought to him.

"Mother, do you love Jesus?" he asked the trembling woman. "I do," she said, "I do." "How much would you give to him?" "Oh, missionary, I have nothing! yet all I earn I give, saving only enough for food for this little boy and myself." "Would you give your little boy?" "He is my all—my life!" "Think well of it tonight and pray. I return to Kharpout tomorrow." And the widow went out sobbing, "My only son, my Thomas!"

The remaining hours of the missionary's visit were very busy ones, and when the morning came and his horse was saddled, he had forgotten about Thomas. But just about the time he was ready to start there came the mother leading her boy by the hand. At the missionary's feet she laid the little bundle of clothing on which she had worked all night. She placed one hand on her boy's head, and with the other pointing upwards, said two words, "Thomai—Christos." She then went back to her lonely life. But not to a narrowed or mournful life; hers was the joy of one who made the supreme sacrifice.

Thomas made good. He led his class. He advanced by leaps and bounds. And when he was graduated he went back to his old home where the mother waited for him, then far beyond into the Kurdish mountains to preach the Gospel. And they called him "The prophet of Kurdistan." The black year of 1895 came with its awful massacres. Thomas was shot and cruelly cut and left for dead. Against all probabilities he re-

covered and resumed his work, giving himself to it with new courage and hope. The sacrifice of the mother bore its abundant fruit in the comfort he gave to orphans and brought to hundreds of widows, and they call him "The Saviour of Kurdistan."—Selected.

— 853 —

## LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY

Secretary Chase spoke of President Lincoln as "the old coward," "the old fool," "the old gorilla," "Congress ought to impeach him," and the like. All this was repeated to Mr. Lincoln. He answered it, saying: "This does not make it so, does it? Mr. Chase is a good secretary. The people believe in him and take his money. That is what we want, is it not? I think we will have to keep him at it."

Mr. Chittenden was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Chase, and he gave me this item concerning Mr. Chase's resignation. "I went over to Mr. Lincoln's offices that morning, and found Mr. Lincoln sitting there with his head down, with his chin on his chest, evidently much depressed. He handed me a letter he had just read. It was Chase's letter resigning. I read the letter and felt overwhelmed, and said: "President Lincoln, you must hold Chase to it. You cannot afford to divide the party in such a time as this. You must hold Chase to it!"

Mr. Lincoln said: "Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Chase has determined the matter, and I will hold him to that." After a few minutes without lifting up his head, he said: "Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Chase will make a good Chief Justice, and I will appoint him."

Mr. Chittenden said to me: "I had long known and loved Mr. Lincoln but when I saw him that hour, under the sting of personal insult and the shadow of threatened calamity, put that man in the highest place in the nation for the good of the Republic, he went up and up into an atmosphere of which I never dreamed. He was the greatest man I ever saw."—Bishop Charles H. Fowler.

— 854 —

## IMPERFECT MADE PERFECT

There is a beautiful story told of Professor von Herkomer, the celebrated sculptor and painter. His father, who was himself a sculptor, lived to a great age; and in his declining years the keen sight and sensitive touch, so necessary to the modeling which up to the end of his life he delighted to do, departed to a large extent from him. The modeling he did in these latter days was, of course, far from reaching his accustomed standard.

After he went to bed, however, each night the brilliant son who loved him would go into the studio where the old man had been at work, and, taking his work in hand, would correct all its deficiencies, giving it here a touch and there a touch, and rounding off its corners and crudities, as he was so well able to do. Then when the old man came to the studio in the morning, the time when his failing eyesight was keenest, he did not see the imperfections and was happy in the work, all unconscious that someone who loved him had been correcting his work and beautifying it.

I do not know if the story is true, but believe it is, and anyhow I am sure that is what Jesus does for us when we honestly do our best for Him. He Who has begun the work by inspiring us to begin, will overrule its mistakes and transform its poorness by His own beautifying touch until it is something of real value to His cause in the world. Yes! His faithfulness is our security, now and always.—Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D.

— 855 —

## MONEY NOT THE MOTIVE

Recently there came to our notice a story which very impressively teaches a lesson that needs constant repetition in these days of the reign of Mammon. We have read several stories of tempting offers of various kinds having been

made to Dr. John R. Mott to undertake certain forms of Christian or other work, but the following is the latest:

A committee of wealthy influential men in New York City called upon Dr. Mott, and offered him the presidency of a strong business corporation at a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year. On hearing the proposition, Dr. Mott became thoughtful and serious. Then tears showed in his eyes. Observing his serious mood and tears, the committee, thinking he was troubled about what his decision should be, suggested that they did not wish him to take the matter of a decision so much to heart. Dr. Mott's reply was that he was not at all troubled about how to decide, and assured them that his decision was reached the moment the proposition was made.

"What pains me," he said, "is that I should have so lived before you that it would come into your minds to come to me with such an offer."—British Weekly.

— 856 —

## STILL CHISELING

S. M. Haines gives this very apt illustration of the duty of doing one's own work and not worrying because the great plan, as a whole, is not comprehended:

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stone-cutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him.

"Still chiseling?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stone-cutter; "I haven't seen the plans."

Then he went on chiseling, chiseling. Now, that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.



— 857 —

## LOVE BROUGHT HIM BACK

Down in Jacksonville, Florida, a man, Judge Owen, quarreled with his betrothed and, to try to forget, he took a position in a hospital.

Finally he caught a disease and had almost succumbed to it. He had passed the critical stage of the disease, but he was dying. One day the lady, his sweetheart, met the physician on the street and asked about the judge.

"He's sick," he told her.

"How bad?" she asked.

"Well, he's passed the critical stage, but he is dying," the doctor told her.

"But I don't understand," she said, "if he's passed the critical stage, why he isn't getting well."

"He's dying of undying love for you, not the fever," the doctor told her.

She asked him to come with her to the florist, and he went, and there she purchased some smilax and intertwined lilacs and wrote on a card, "With my love," and signed her name.

The doctor went back to the hospital, and his patient was tossing in fitful slumber. He laid the flowers on his breast, and he awoke and saw the flowers and buried his head in them.

"Thanks for the flowers, doctor," he said. But the doctor said:

"They are not from me."

"Then who are they from?"

"Guess."

"I can't; tell me."

"I think you will find the name on the card," the doctor told him, and he looked and read the card: "With my love."

"Tell me," he cried, "did she write that of her own free will, or did you beg her to do it?"

The doctor told him she had begged to do it herself.

Then you ought to have seen him. The next day he was sitting up. The next day he ate some gruel. The next day he was in a chair. The next day he could hobble on crutches. The next day he threw one of them away. The next

day he walked with a cane. The next day he threw the cane away, and the next day he could walk pretty well.

On the ninth day there was a quiet wedding in the annex of the hospital.

This old world is like a hospital. Here are the wards for the libertines. Here are the wards for the drunkards. Here are the wards for the blasphemers. Everywhere I look I see scarred humanity.

Nineteen hundred years ago God looked over the battlements of heaven, and He picked a basket of flowers, and one day He dropped a baby into the manger at Bethlehem, and when the wise men saw Him they read: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

What more can He do?"

—Billy Sunday.

— 858 —

## NOT BY OUR GOOD WORKS

Some time since, Dr. Rogers, then of Albany, gave an account of a dream which led to the conversion of a gentleman who became a member of his church. Before his conversion, the man prided himself on the high-toned morality of his life. He was a moralist in the strict sense of the word, and felt that he was ready to go before God in judgment at any time. One night he dreamed that he left this world and went to another. He soon found himself in a large audience-room, the door of which led to the abode of the blest. Over this door were written these words: "None can enter here, but those who have led a strictly moral life, and have paid their honest debts." The words did not alarm him; he felt that he was sure of entering. He had led that moral life, and paid his honest debts. Oh, yes, he could surely enter there.

Very soon a poor, wretched old man came up to him, and said, "You cannot enter; you have not paid your honest debts." "Why, yes, I have." "Ah, no; don't you remember me? Once while on

earth you were riding in your carriage, and I asked you for alms, but you rode swiftly and scornfully by. You have not paid your honest debts."

Shortly another, seeing him, stepped up to him and said, "My dear sir, you cannot pass that door; you have not paid your honest debts." "Certainly I have." "Do you remember buying a yoke of oxen of me?" "Yes, but I paid the price you demanded." "So you did; but you cheated me; you took advantage of my necessity. You cannot enter there."

And so it was with one after another. He began to feel that his morality would avail him nothing. Shortly the letters faded away, and then came in their place, shining in clear, beautiful characters, this sentence: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." In his agony he grasped Christ as his only hope. And when he awoke, he renounced all his boast of morality, accepted Christ as his only salvation, and became a living example of faith and trust in Him.—Selected.

— 859 —

### POOR, MAKING MANY RICH

Yesterday during a call at a basement home on one of our poorest parishioners, the owner of the house, residing in another part of the city, called and was introduced. She is a Christian woman and in the conversation which ensued expressed her surprise that a Protestant church could be maintained in this community. We told her that the cost of supporting a church in New York may be very great or it may be very little, and that ours is a church that can get along comfortably on a little. To begin with, our church is not obliged to raise a salary of several thousand dollars for its pastor, as are most city churches.

"Yes," she replied, "the pastor of — church receives a salary of fifteen thousand dollars."

On the other hand, the only obligation of the members of the People's Taber-

nacle is a moral one. They are expected to give only what they reasonably can, and this, supplemented by the free-will offerings of those who believe that a church like ours should be maintained here, has always been sufficient for its support, and as long as we live and can labor we expect it will continue to be so. We told her that no man can be so poor as to be unwelcome at the Tabernacle, and that the charter of the church provides that its seats shall be free to any person behaving himself with propriety, and shall never be rented or sold.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 860 —

### THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T SPEAK IN MEETING

Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, tells how some years ago he buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate spit of sand running out into one of the long fiords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell, were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, he advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire.

Later on he visited the farm, which was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday school or attend prayer meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children."

"I was glad," says Dr. Grenfell, "that she could not speak at the prayer meetings. Perhaps, after all, we grade our Christians by a wrong standard. How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? It is one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews."—The Christian.



— 861 —

**DID NOT WANT AN EASY JOB**

One cold winter day, forty-five years ago, James Hamilton, station agent at Sioux City, stood on the platform wrapped in a warm fur coat. He was watching a gang of section hands piling cord-wood alongside the track. Wood was cheap and plentiful in the West in those days, and coal had not supplanted it as fuel.

Among the workers, Hamilton noticed a ruddy-faced youth who put more energy and intelligence into his work than any of the rest. He was agile, lost no time passing from one pile to the other and did his work as if it were the most important of the railroad. Hamilton strolled over and watched him at closer range. Finally he said:

"Say, boy, how would you like an inside job? I need an active young fellow like you to work around the station. The job would be easier than what you are doing now."

"Thank you," replied the boy, "but I'm not looking for an easy job."

"What's your name?"

"Brown."

Hamilton walked back to the platform and remarked:

"Strange boy, that; he doesn't want an easy job. You'll hear more about him some day."

And we did. This boy who was a section hand on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad at one time was the W. C. Brown who recently resigned from the presidency of the New York Central Lines. He started to scale the ladder from a lowly position, but he planted his feet on the very top round.  
—H. Twitchell.

— 862 —

**ONE PAGE WAS ENOUGH**

There was once a caravan crossing the north of India. It numbered in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and sinking down was left

to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, he whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?"

The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin"; and immediately expired with the effort.

The missionary was astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. Presently he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. Great was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur. On that page he had found the Gospel.—Presbyterian

— 863 —

**HE WAS THE OTHER FELLOW**

A shrewd world agnostic and a clergyman dressed in a modest clerical suit, says Eli Perkins, sat at the same table in the Pullman dining-car. They were waiting for the first course at the dinner, a delicious Hudson River shad. Eyeing his companion coldly for a moment, the agnostic remarked:

"I judge you are a clergyman, sir?!"

"Yes, sir; I am in my Master's service."

"Yes, you look it. Preach out of the Bible, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; of course."

"Find a good many things in the old Book that you don't understand—eh?"

"Oh, yes; some things."

"Well, what do you do then?"

"Why, my dear friend, I simply do just as I do while eating this delicious shad. If I come to a bone, I quietly lay it on one side and go on enjoying the shad, and let some fool insist on choking himself with the bones."

Then the agnostic wound up his watch and went into the smoker.—Evangelical Messenger.

— 864 —

### PRAYER IS A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH

Some two years ago a poor woman, accompanied by her neighbors, came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country; in her sorrow she went to the house of God and something I said in the sermon made her think I was personally familiar with her case. Of course I had known nothing about her. It was a general illustration that fitted a particular case. She told me her story and a very sad one it was.

I said, "There is nothing we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband."

We knelt down and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul and bring him back to his home. When we rose from our knees, I said to the poor woman: "Do not fret about the matter. I feel sure that your husband will come home and that he will yet become connected with our church." She went away and I forgot all about it.

Some months after she reappeared, with her neighbors and a man, whom she introduced to me as her husband. He had indeed come back and he had returned a converted man. On making inquiry and comparing notes, we found that the very day on which we had prayed for his conversion, he being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly upon a stray copy of my sermons. He read it. The truth went to his heart. He repented and sought the Lord and, as soon as possible, he returned to his daily calling.

He was admitted a member and last Monday his wife, who up to that time had not been a member, was received among us. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer. All the infidels in the world could not shake her conviction that there is a God that answereth prayer.—C. H. Spurgeon.

— 865 —

### THE HEAD OF THE FIRM

It makes a great deal of difference by whom our sin is covered. The trusted agent of a large firm had, in time of unusual expense, run past his allowance, and had taken company funds for a wrong use. He became distressed for fear he would be discovered and regarded as a criminal.

Thinking to gain advice he disclosed his trouble to a fellow-agent, who responded, "Oh, don't worry, I can cover that up for you."

"But you're not the man to cover it up," he replied, and he went straight to the head of the firm and explained everything to him.

"You've made a serious mistake," said the man, "but I'll cover the discrepancy for you this time," and he wrote a check for the amount.

"Ah, if you cover it, I am all right," said the relieved man.

When God buries a man's sin and puts his seal on the door of the tomb, the man will find a peace which he had never known before.—Selected.

— 866 —

### THE IDLE FOOT WAS TIRED

A lady was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept, with "never-slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in sympathetic tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that is tired; it is the foot that stands."

If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to go to for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most who are always willing to do a little more.—Selected.



— 867 —

## A LOST DIAMOND.

A quaint preacher of the olden days in our country, the Rev. Dan Baker, puts the danger of delay in the way of a story. He tells of a man who was crossing the ocean. He was leaning over the side of the vessel; it was a bright sunny day, and not a wave broke the surface of the water, just a little ripple here and there kissed by the rays of the sun. And the man, as he leaned over the rail of the vessel, was tossing something in the air, something which, when it fell through the sunlight, sparkled with singular radiance and glory; and he watched it so eagerly as he tossed it up and caught it as it fell. He tossed it up again and again and again, and it threw out its marvelous light as it fell through the sunlight.

At last an onlooker came and said, "May I ask what that is that you are tossing up so carelessly?" "Certainly," he replied, "look at it, it is a diamond." "Is it of much value?" asked the onlooker. "Yes, of very great value. See the color of it, see the size of it. In fact, all I have in the world is in that diamond. I am going to a new country to seek my fortune, and I have sold everything I have, and have put it into that diamond, so as to get it into portable shape." Then if it is so valuable, is it not an awful risk you are running in tossing it up so carelessly?" "No risk at all. I have been doing this for the last half hour," said the man. "But there might come a last time," said the onlooker; but the man laughed and threw it up again, and caught it as it fell, and again and again, and once more, and it flashed and blazed with glory as it fell through the sunlight, and he watches it so eagerly as it falls. Ah, but this time it is too far out. He reaches as far as he can over the rail of the vessel, but he cannot reach far enough. There is a little splash in the ocean. He leans far over the rail and tries to penetrate with his eager gaze the fathomless depths of deep blue

ocean. Then cries, "Lost! lost! lost! All I have in the world is lost!"

You say, "No man would be so great a fool as that; that story is not true." That story is true, and the man is here to-night. Thou art the man! That ocean is eternity; that vessel, life; that diamond, your soul, that soul of such priceless value that Christ died to save it. And you have been trifling with it! I come to you to-night and say, "My friend, what is that in your hand which you are playing with so carelessly?" You say, "It is my soul." "Is it worth much?" "Worth much? More than the whole round earth, 'for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"—Rev. R. A. Torrey.

— 868 —

## THE BEGINNING OF FAITH.

For forty-three years, Rev. A. Toomer Porter was pastor of a church at Charleston, S. C. He also maintained a school for boys, where more than three thousand were educated, many gratuitously. His was a life of trust in God, and of notable achievement. Relating an incident of his boyhood, he tells how his faith got its start.

"On the evening before the forced auction of my widowed mother's home, we had our usual family prayers, and went to bed. I could not sleep for distress.

"The light had been put out, and I was laying in bed, when I heard the buzzing of a fly. I listened for some time, and it annoyed me so much that I got out of bed and lit the candle. Up on the ceiling I saw a large fly entangled in a spider's web, and the old spider at a little distance off, looking on, ready at the right moment to make his fatal attack. The poor fly, by his desperate efforts to get out, was only making things worse.

"My sympathy was excited; so, getting on a chair and taking a stick, I managed to break the web and get the fly out. It shook itself vigorously and

flew off, while the spider beat a retreat and got beyond my reach. I went back to bed, and began to think. If I was sorry for the fly, and let it out of its danger, would not God be sorry for the widow and her fatherless children, Christians; and would He not send somebody to let us out of the trap that a worse than spider had put us in? I fell asleep."

Was the lad's trust in God betrayed? Not at all. Unexpectedly a friend of his father was present next day and bid off the property, turned it over to the family and took the boy's note for one thousand dollars.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 869 —

### PROFANITY REBUKED.

Kilstein, a pious German minister, once heard a laboring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him as follows:

"My friend, it is you I was waiting to see."

"You are mistaken," replied the man; "you have never seen me before."

"Yes, I saw you yesterday," said Kilstein, "while returning from your work, and heard you praying."

"What! heard me pray?" said the man. "I am sure now that you are mistaken, for I never prayed in my life."

"And yet," calmly but earnestly replied the minister, "if God had heard your prayer you would not be here, but in hell; for I heard you beseeching God that He might strike you with blindness and condemn you to hell fire."

The man turned pale, and trembling said: "Dear sir, do you call this prayer? Yes, it is; I did this very thing."

"Now, friend," continued Kilstein, "as you acknowledge it, it is my duty to beseech you to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul as you

have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that He will have mercy upon you."

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a true believer.—Sel.

— 870 —

### REWARDED RESCUER OF BAG.

Through an open drawbridge a woman fell by accident into the canal at Trenton, N. J., and was drowning. George Washington McIntyre, a newsboy only eight years of age, known as "Reddy Tough," jumped into the canal, kept the woman from sinking, and got her part of the way to shore, when those on the bank pulled them both out.

"Yellow" Dunn was playing ball with "Reddy" when the accident occurred, and, noticing the woman's handbag floating on the water, jumped in and made for that and saved it, paying little or no attention to the woman who was drowning. The first thing the woman did when taken out of the water was to ask for her purse, which contained \$200. "Yellow," taking off his hat, politely said, "Here it is lady, I almost drowned getting it out." The woman, opening the bag, took a new five dollar bill out and handed it to "Yellow" as an expression of her gratitude for having saved her money; but to little "Reddy," who had saved her life, she did not give a penny, only said, "Thank you, my little man."

We trust there was some mistake in the newspaper report, because it is hard for us to think that any person, man or woman, young or old, could be so lost to gratitude and so frozen with avarice as to act in such a manner, contrasting her greed for money with the little newsboy's heroism and yet her conduct suggests that of thousands of people who count health and even life as secondary to the bag with money in it floating on the water.—The Christian Herald.



— 871 —

## UNKNOWN RICHES

A few years ago an old man living in New Jersey discovered about \$5,000 in a family Bible. The bank notes were scattered throughout the book. In 1874 the aunt of this man had died and one clause of her will was as follows:

"To my beloved nephew, Stephen Marsh, I will and bequeath my family Bible and all it contains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just debts are paid."

The estate amounted to a few hundred dollars, which was soon spent, and for about 35 years his chief support had been a small pension from the government. He lived in poverty, and all the time within reach there was the precious Bible containing thousands of dollars, sufficient for all his wants.

He passed that Bible by. His eyes rested on it, perhaps his hands handled the old leather bound Book with its brass clasps, but he did not once open it. At last while packing his trunk to move to his son, where he intended to spend his remaining years, he discovered the unknown riches.

What thoughts of regret must have come to his mind. If he only had opened that Bible years ago, he then might have used the money to great advantage. Instead of that the treasure laid idle for 35 years. And he might have had it and enjoyed it all that time.—Our Hope.

— 872 —

## MIRACULOUS JOY IN SORROW

Is it practically possible to be happy while we are suffering? Or is this only the futile imagination of the visionary? Listen to the answer given by a missionary who, when his labors were unusually blessed, was stricken with leprosy. The English magazine, "The Faith and the Flock," gives this man's testimony after he was obliged to cease from active service and live a life of seclusion and of "daily dying": "I thought sometimes that the Lord had forgotten and forsaken me, that he had hidden his face

from me. But it was not so. The more sorrow I had to bear, the easier it has become; and now I am rejoicing in my Saviour every hour. You ask how I am. I have lost my eyesight now and my voice; I have no feet or ankles; no arms; but my heart is far from dead. I still feel, and long, and sympathize. . . . I have no doubts in these days, and if I had my voice, I should be singing all the day long." It takes more than a "visionary imagination" to work this miracle in a man. But the same Christ who is accomplishing it triumphantly for him can also bring your joy to flood tide in the midst of whatever suffering he asks you to endure.—Sunday School Times.

— 873 —

## ANYWHERE FOR CHRIST

A young minister was at his annual conference, and had just received the Bishop's announcement of his appointment for the following year. He was greatly disappointed. He took his grievance to Bishop Simpson, and said: "Bishop, I can not go to that appointment. The salary is too small, and it is too far away from the city."

The Bishop tenderly remonstrated with him, and told him not to decide hastily, and urged him to pray over it.

On Sunday the noble Bishop occupied the pulpit, and preached his famous sermon from the text: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

As the Bishop was vividly describing St. Paul crying after every pain and agony: "None of these things move me," a great commotion was observed in the rear of the congregation, and a voice of a young man was heard by the startled audience, crying: "Anywhere, anywhere, my Lord!"

Nobody understood that cry except the young man preacher who uttered it and the Bishop in the pulpit. But it meant a soul baptized for Christian duty.—Evangelist.

— 874 —

## LINCOLN'S FAITH IN PRAYER.

When President Lincoln left his home in Springfield, Ill., February 11, 1861, on his way to Washington, he made the following farewell address to his friends and neighbors: "My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again.

"A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied.

"I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

At a Sabbath-school convention in Massachusetts, a speaker stated that a friend of his, during an interview with the President, asked him if he loved Jesus. Mr. Lincoln buried his face in his handkerchief and wept. He then said, "When I left home to take this chair of state, I requested my countrymen to pray for me. I was not then a Christian. When my son died, the severest trial of my life—I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus." Rev. Mr. Adams, of Philadelphia, stated in his Thanksgiving sermon that, having an appointment to meet the President at 5 o'clock in the morning, he went a quarter of an hour before the time. While waiting for the hour, he

heard a voice in the next room as if in grave conversation, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir, he is reading the Bible." "Is that his habit so early in the morning?" "Yes, sir. He spends every morning from 4 o'clock to 5 in reading the Scriptures and praying."—Sel.

— 875 —

## A VOICE WITHIN.

When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example.

But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud: "It is wrong!" I held my uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice."—Dean Farrar.



— 876 —

## SCOTTISH HONESTY.

At one time in the highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strictly did the people regard their honor. There is a story of a farmer who had been to the lowlands, and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

"After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt. "And what is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper. "That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back your gold at the right time," replied Donald. "Binding ye, indeed! Well, man, if ye canna trust yoursel', I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Such as ye canna hae my gold"; and gathering it up, he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye, but the bit of paper would compel them." "Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye; but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of the right." —Selected.

— 877 —

## BREAD DAY BY DAY.

How true the saying of Jesus, "The poor ye have with you always." And perhaps it was never more true anywhere than in this city.

As an indication of this, take the following statement in an evening paper of July 20th of the year 1915: "There were 798 dispossession cases in seven of the municipal courts of New York City

yesterday." At the usual average, five persons to a family, what a procession of misery would these ejected families make, were they to march before us. Old men and women, some hobbling along with canes and crutches, little children just able to toddle, infants borne at the breasts of gaunt-faced half-fed mothers, youths and maidens with downcast eyes and shamed-faced, a procession of 4,000 persons, down and out homeless because unable to pay rent.

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubic unto his stature?" Anxiety will lessen strength and shorten life but will not increase one's stature. God only can do that. So also must the Lord give us food and shelter or we shall go without. We are to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and if God limits the supply sent (exert ourselves as we may) to the needs of the day, we should learn to trust in Him and not be afraid.

Those thus straitened may be given faith to trust God and also grace to honor Him with their gifts. The regular income of one faithful family of our church is \$5 a month, and a place to live for the janitor work done. For weeks none of the three members of that family have had regular employment. Yet last Sunday evening the wife brought for the church offering the last two cents in the house. A friend who came with her gave her ten cents and half of that also was put into the offering, and the remaining five cents was reserved for bread for the morrow's breakfast.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 878 —

## BULLET AND BIBLE.

Not long since, Rev. Charles Ingles, in an address at London, related the following wonderful incident: Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and after the meeting a gentleman put a Bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, "I want you to look at it." I took it up to look at it,

and as I opened the Bible, I found leaf after leaf had this hole through it, and I said, "What does it mean?"

He said, "Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and had got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, 'Don't put your Bible into your coat pocket,' and I put it in my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me. I said, 'Drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt.'"

The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet embedded in that Bible, and it had stopped at the 17th of St. John, where it says, "Father, keep them through thy own name."

God ever watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water.

— 879 —

### WHY YOU SHOULD BELIEVE

There are lots of things you don't understand that you believe.

Supposing I could transform this audience into a clinic and I had a dead body on the table for my subject. I bring on the scalpel; I make an incision and remove two pinkish threads and hold them up. They are just alike in form, shape and color, and the most powerful magnifying glass could not distinguish one iota of difference. One is the nerve of sight and the other the nerve of hearing.

Can you explain how it is that one nerve will take up the sounds of everyday life and through your ears portray them upon your brain, notes of harmony and discord, so that you can tell whether it is the barking of a dog, the blow of a whistle, the cry of a child? Can you explain how it is that the other nerve will take up that which is absolutely imperceptible to the former nerve and through the retina of the eyes paint on

your brain the picture of nature so that you can revel in its beauties? Do you understand it? No. Do you believe it? You have to, or acknowledge that you are a fool. Yes, there are lots of things you believe but don't understand. Then don't go to hell because you haven't sense enough to understand all there is in the Bible. There are a lot of things you don't understand.—Billy Sunday.

— 880 —

### DAILY FAMILY PRAYERS.

What America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation, and a lower tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit work a half hour earlier on Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusiness-like behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing which we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you'll find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthworks in Manchuria.—Wall Street Journal.



— 881 —

**A REBUKE TO INGERSOLL.**

Eugene Field tells in the Chicago News Record the following touching story of the aged Simon Cameron and Col. Bob Ingersoll: One cheerless, rainy night, some years ago, the venerable Simon Cameron was sitting in the office of the Ebbit House, gazing out through the window into the fog and darkness. He was lost in thought and his face was the picture of melancholy. Presently Col. Ingersoll entered, "What has happened, general?" he asked. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend." "Ah, Bob," said the old man, with a sigh. "I have just seen a cruel, pitiable sight. An aged and crippled soldier was painfully toiling up the street yonder and was making some progress, when a big double-fisted, broad-shouldered fellow kicked the crutches out from under the old cripple, leaving him feeble and helpless, to pick himself up as best he could." "I would to God I had been here!" cried Ingersoll angrily. "I'd have trounced the ruffian! I never heard of so brutal an outrage! What, abuse an old and crippled man like that! I'd make quick work of the brute!" "Wait a moment, Bob," interposed old Simon Cameron, gently. "I was that aged and crippled veteran, and I was toiling along to my grave. And it was you, Bob, who came across my path and kicked from under me the crutches that supported me in that last journey." Col. Ingersoll made no answer, and the old man continued to look mournfully out into the night.

— 882 —

**WHEN GOD ANSWERS PRAYER**

Sometimes God answers our prayers before we pray them. Several years ago, when telegraph wires were being put up in the Shetland Isles, off the coast of Scotland, the islanders, who had never seen a piece of coal or a locomotive in their lives, came by hundreds to look at the wires hanging from the poles.

They could not imagine how messages were going to be transmitted by these wires.

Among the crowd of people was a sharp, shrewd business man, and by his side stood a half-witted Christian boy. Turning to the boy the man said: "What a wonderful thing! When these wires are completed, you will be able to send a message from here to Aberdeen, two hundred miles away, and get an answer back in twenty minutes. Isn't that wonderful?"

"I know something far more wonderful," said the boy.

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Well," said the boy, "did you ever hear of people getting an answer before they sent their message?"

"What do you mean?" was the reply.

The answer came: "I mean what the Bible says: 'And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer: and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"—Rev. Charles Inglis.

— 883 —

**AN ANARCHIST WAS SAVED.**

In 1849 Dostoevsky, a Russian anarchist, was banished to Siberia. For four years he was herded with felons in what was known as the "House of the Dead." But he had with him one book, a New Testament. This he read over and over, until anger died down in his soul, and he became a disciple of Christ.

After ten years of banishment, Dostoevsky returned to his home, to be known thenceforward as a philanthropist, a succorer of the helpless and fallen, a teacher of the faith once for all entrusted to the saints. George Brandes, by no means sympathetic with the new opinions of the whilom revolutionary, asserts that the sorrow over his death was the grief of the nation, and even Nietzsche acknowledges the reality of his new life in Christ. This great change was wrought solely through the reading of the New Testament.—David M. McIntyre.

— 884 —

## GOD LEADS HIS CHILDREN.

The infallible Word, and the promised help of the Holy Spirit, and the teachings and example of our Lord and Savior are not all that we have to direct us. There is also what we may call the pillar of Providence. We sometimes talk about "special providences," because we can detect the leadings of God's hand more clearly than at other times; but the whole government of God in regard to every one of us is a complex series of special oversights and orderings.

It has not been my habit to open my Bible when in great perplexity, and to take the first text I lighted on as a direct answer from Heaven; and yet sometimes a single text has flashed on me like a lantern suddenly held out over a dark road. For instance, I was once in long and perplexing doubt whether I ought to accept a call to a distant city. I happened to open a favorite devotional volume, and my eyes rested on this passage: "Changes in life are often full of danger; 'wherefore gaddest thou about to change thy way?'" That text—which I had never noticed before—settled me. I declined the call, and have been thankful for it ever since.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

— 885 —

## SABBATH LAW NOT ARBITRARY.

The Creator in the very constitution of man ordained that nightly repose should succeed daily labor, and that six days' toil should be followed by a full day of rest—a Sabbath. All are familiar with the fact that the atheistic French revolutionists soon discovered that their prescribed week of ten days was too long. So of necessity they returned to God's plan of one day's rest in every seven.

The experience of the early gold seekers of California may not be so well known. Miller, in "Physiology in Harmony with the Bible," says: "At first

they worked, worked incessantly. Sabbath and Saturday knew no change. . . . But very soon they were obliged to pause and ponder; they had begun to dig something else than gold—they were digging graves; and no long time elapsed ere they were brought to the conviction that it was essential, on the score of mere life and strength, that one day out of the seven should be devoted to rest. And having come to that conclusion, they made a virtue of necessity. They searched out the Sabbath, of which they had lost all reckoning, and kept it, under a physiological compulsion."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 886 —

## THE COUNTERSIGN.

The following incident was often related by Mr. George H. Stuart, president of the United States Christian Commission. He was with the Army of the Potomac. Going about one dark night, he was suddenly halted by the guard, a mere boy: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend with the countersign."

"Advance and give the countersign."  
"Blennerhassett."

"Mr. Stuart," said the guard, lowering his gun, "I recognize your voice, but you have not got the countersign. Stand where you are till I call the officer of the guard."

By some unaccountable oversight the countersign of the previous day had been given him, and by the rules of war he might have been shot.

When the officer came he was admitted to the lines. Tapping the guard on the shoulder, Mr. Stuart said to him: "My boy, if you should be taken off in one of these battles, could you give the countersign at the gate of heaven?"

"Yes, Mr. Stuart, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Two days later Mr. Stuart found this boy mortally wounded. He gave Mr. Stuart his watch and a parting message to his mother, and died in the triumph of faith.



— 887 —

## AMAZING GRACE.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, years ago, related the following remarkable incident, which occurred during his pastorate at St. George's Episcopal Church, New York. It illustrates the power of the Holy Spirit to subdue a most rebellious will, and it should encourage Christian wives to be faithful to Christ if they would see their unconverted husbands brought to the feet of the Master:

"Many years since, a gay and fashionable pair lived near me and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighted in the admiration which, in society, his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for what they heard even then. But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted there, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life of folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbid her union with the church, in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the church-yard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day bringing me some tidings of his violence and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others, I never knew. The people and the generation have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

"Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I

had retired to my chamber for the night, my door-bell was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. — desired to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some scene of violence, and simply saying to my wife where I was going, in case I might be prevented from returning. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps the door was quietly opened to me, and I was directed to the parlor, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment I sat by his side and asked an explanation. 'Oh, sir,' he cried, 'can I be saved, can I be saved?' 'Yes, surely,' I answered; 'but you amaze me—what has led you to do this?' 'This angel,' he replied, with eagerness, 'you know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated you. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel wife—I have cursed her; I have persecuted her in every way. I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by the hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has prayed for me and loved me. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable, because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly. I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?' The wife sat silently and heard the whole, and then gently said, 'My dear husband seemed so distressed to-night that I took the liberty to send for you.' How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, with all its incidents and details, which I will not describe. With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this lost one thus at last aroused by that

love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt!

"We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed, indeed, was the result. The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who had taken from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and spoiled his goods. He was subdued by love, converted by Divine power. He, too, came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus. How changed the mad one became, 'sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.' He witnessed among us for years a good confession; he was honored and beloved in the church; a pattern of gentleness and fidelity at home and abroad. After some years of earnest Christian life on earth, his course was finished and his rest attained."

— 888 —

### THE BIBLE IN THE HOME

Illustrating the influence of the Bible in family life the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., recently related an incident, essentially as follows:

Years ago, a Bulgarian weaver secured a Bible from a colporteur of the American Bible Society. As he worked at his loom he read and meditated upon passages from that wonderful book; and in the evening at his supper table he related to his wife and children what he had read.

In process of time that Bulgarian family immigrated to America, and of course that precious volume came with them. Minus its cover, but prized for what it had done for their family, that old book was found not long since in the possession of the eldest son, in Cleveland, Ohio, the pastor of a church in that city.

Speaking of the influence of that Bible in the family of his father he said: "One of my three brothers is a pastor in Minnesota, another is a teacher in a Christian college and one is a Y. M. C. A. secretary. My four sisters are Christians, and all are Bible Lovers."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 889 —

### THE PROMISE THAT HELD.

On the top floor of a tenement house, one morning, I found a woman very ill. Her bodily suffering was great, but her distress on account of her sins was greater.

"Oh," she moaned, "if God would only have mercy on me! If it was only well with my soul!"

She felt she had wandered so far from God that she could not get back. She had stayed away so long He would not now receive her.

I spoke of the love Christ has for sinners, and His willingness to receive them. Yet nothing seemed to afford her relief. Finally I repeated the precious words of our Lord, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

At that her moaning ceased, and she exclaimed, "Say that again!" And I slowly repeated, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

That poor woman grasped that promise as eagerly as a drowning man would a rope, and I went away rejoicing that it was my high privilege to bear such glad tidings to lost sinners.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 890 —

### SHAMED BY HIS OX.

A farmer who had listened to an exposition of the text from Isa. I.—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know. My people doth not consider"—was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed in conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's word! This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found its way to his heart, and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.—Selected.



— 891 —

## A FORTUNATE MISTAKE

General Oliver O. Howard is famed as a capable and courageous officer, (he lost his right arm at Fair Oaks), yet his more enduring fame rests on the fact that he was justly styled the "Christian soldier."

His type of piety was not such that he was satisfied to lead a good life, and yet keep his light hidden under a bushel. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and openly acknowledged Him as his King and Saviour, and was zealous in his efforts to persuade others to become followers of Christ also. . .

General Howard was a Congregationalist, and was probably the most widely known man of his denomination in this country. And we shall always regard his becoming an incorporator of the People's Tabernacle as quite providential.

In 1898, when planning to incorporate the work, since it was to continue interdenominational in character, of course I wanted the Congregational church represented on the list of its incorporators, and thought of the desirability of securing, if possible, General Oliver O. Howard as one of them. There was one difficulty: I had no acquaintance with General Howard, and doubted if he knew of the work of the People's Tabernacle, and consequently was not intending to put forth any effort to secure him as an incorporator.

But a few days before the work was to be incorporated, calling at the office of a friend one day in the vicinity of 23d Street, he asked if I had a copy of the recently issued American Revised Version of the Bible. Learning that I had not he made me a present of one. Having business farther down town, I left the Bible at the store of the American Tract Society on 23d Street. Some time later I called at the store for the book. The clerks for the present were engaged, and being in a hurry I was somewhat annoyed by the delay in getting the book. But had I got it at once

probably I should never have become acquainted with General Howard.

While I was waiting a gentleman entered whom I took to be a ministerial acquaintance. Advancing to meet him and extending my hand, I greeted him with, "How do you do, Dr. Sproull!" He put forth his left hand and then I was aware of my mistake, and said, "I see I am mistaken, you are not Dr. Sproull, but General Howard!" "Yes," said he, "but who is Dr. Sproull? I have been taken for him before." I told him that Dr. Sproull was pastor of the church of Sea and Land.

Then I told him who I was, and that I had been wishing to meet him and why, and learned he knew something of the People's Tabernacle. When he came into the store had I known him to be the celebrated General Howard, it is safe to say I would not have ventured to introduce myself to him. But I found him very cordial, and after explaining to him the principles of the proposed charter, he remarked, "If you don't get incorporators enough without me, call and see me." I thanked him and said he could rest assured we should not have enough without him, nor did we.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 892 —

## A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

One of the workers of our new Digbeth Institute, Birmingham, works all day to earn twenty-five shillings a week, and finds refreshment and recreation at night in getting into the gap between sinners and God. He had his eye on a man that was a perfect beast—Devil-ridden, lust-ridden, battered, bruised, altogether in bondage. Night after night he went to this man's slum house and tried to keep him from the public house.

Finally one night my working-man brother came to my vestry and said, "Mr. Jowett, the eightieth time did it!" Eighty nights, seventy-nine failures; the eightieth time he got the man to the Institute. By the mercy of man he led him to the mercy of God, and tonight he is at home in Christ.—Dr. J. H. Jowett.

— 893 —

**EXPERIENCE TRUSTING GOD**

Some years ago the writer was pastor of a small home mission church at Iron Mountain, Michigan. It was his first charge, and he must say he toiled hard to make the cause of the Master flourish. The church had been newly organized, and the little band of members although devoted were poorly off as to worldly possessions. The growth of the church was at an encouraging rate notwithstanding the encumbrance of a debt, incurred by the erection of a church and the purchase of a parsonage. To meet the payments as they fell due, and also to pay the pastor his salary, which they esteemed their first obligation, taxed the financial strength of the congregation to its utmost.

For three years, his salary was paid promptly month by month, but other obligations could not be met with the same alacrity. One claim was being pressed vigorously, and the struggling little flock were becoming disheartened.

At that time, 1889, the pastor after due consideration and prayer, resolved upon a course of action contemplated for a long time. So after the sermon one Sabbath morning, he told the people that he had decided to no longer accept a stated salary while he remained their pastor. But he would take for his support what might be cheerfully given in the collections. He told the people they were now free to pay their debts and give him what they had left. He then proposed that they abandon socials as a means of money getting, and asked them to give, from love to Christ, \$900 within the next nine months, to apply on church debt. This was twice as much as had ever been raised in any year before.

Presbytery met in our church that Spring, and when the action of the pastor became known, the general opinion seemed to be voiced by one of the oldest and most influential ministers when he arose and said: "Brother Tyndall means well, but he has made a mistake. He will yet be glad to have some

of his brethren come over and help raise some money for him."

This prediction was never fulfilled. The people knew their pastor was dependent upon his salary for a livelihood, and they had no disposition to starve him out. On the other hand his example was contagious, and more cheerfully and freely than ever their gifts flowed into the Lord's treasury, and in the nine months the \$900 was paid, and the church was blessed spiritually and financially as never before.

The writer remained there two years longer, and while the money he received was \$200 a year less than it would have been had he retained his salary, yet God made it sufficient so that he always had enough and some to spare.

That experience was needed to help us face the greater difficulties of this New York City field. Here many thousands of souls were perishing without the gospel. But to come, salary must be resigned. No congregation invited, and no support was offered. But thanks be to God, we came! He has prospered our labors, provided for our needs, and kept us in peace.

If this testimony, given for His glory, shall help any one, we shall be glad.—  
Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 894 —

**FAME'S DURATION**

Henry van Dyke writes thus of fame: "One thing is certain in regard to fame; for most of us it will be very brief in itself; for all of us it will be transient in our enjoyment of it. When death has dropped the curtain we shall hear no more applause. And though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated, and our name remembered only for a moment—except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us, not because of fame but because we have helped them and done them some good."



— 895 —

## THE REWARD OF FAITH

In 1893, a year after starting the work of the People's Tabernacle, we wrote the subjoined article, which then appeared in the little paper which we have published nearly twenty-seven years.

From that time to this, 1920, the work has gone on, and our hope respecting a building has been more than realized. We have a church, a parsonage and a hotel. No debt and some endowment. Thousands of souls have been brought under the power of the gospel. Ought we not now to thank God for the past, and with increased faith trust Him for the tens of thousands, and for long continuance?

"We suppose there are some doubting Thomases who are watching for our halting. When the work was started they said it could not succeed, that we would soon get discouraged and give it up as a bad job.

"If such ones only knew how far we are from abandoning our undertaking, and that every week the likelihood of our doing so is growing less and less, they would conclude that they are more likely to die of old age while waiting for the work to cease than it is to stop.

"The task to which we felt called was indeed no easy one. It was nothing less than, with God's help and blessing, to build a church here for these poor and neglected people. Now, while we are not unmindful of the magnitude of this undertaking, we have great confidence in its worthiness and importance. It is well worth the best part of one's life to succeed in such an effort.

"What does success in this case mean?

"It means that a large commodious building, consecrated to the work and worship of God, shall here be erected. That multitudes of children shall be impressed with gospel truth in the Sabbath-school provided. That thousands of eager listeners shall be gathered within its walls to hear the message of salvation. And more important still, it means that this down-pour of blessing shall be continued for generations, until

this desert shall blossom as the rose. Yes, success means nothing less than the eternal salvation of tens of thousands of souls."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 896 —

GEN. O. O. HOWARD'S  
CONVERSION

I was preaching in Tampa, Florida, to the soldiers, just before they sailed for Cuba. General Howard was present one night, and gave us his experience.

He said: "Forty-two years ago, at Fort Brook, two miles from here, I surrendered to the Lord Jesus Christ. I went to a little Methodist Church one August night. I need not have gone, because the village is small, and the preacher preached loud enough to be heard all over the place. That night the preacher invited enquirers ('mourners,' he called them) to come to the altar and seek forgiveness of their sins, and about twenty plain people went forward. Just behind me sat two officers from the Fort in their regimentals, and they were amused by the proceedings. They kept nudging each other, and having some fun at the expense of the 'mourners.'

"That made me feel indignant," General Howard went on. "I said to myself, 'I would rather be up there with those simple people, trying to get right, than back here with these sneering officers;' so I quietly rose, walked down the aisle and knelt at the Communion-rail, not because I wanted to be a Christian, but because I wanted the people to see that I did not want to be with the scoffing crowd, but with those people trying to do right. The preacher came and knelt by my side, and I had not been there five minutes before I got more than I came for. He began to talk about my mother's Bible and Heaven, and tears dropped on the carpet. I said to myself, 'There is something in this after all; I am going to be a Christian.' I rose from my knees, went back to the barracks, and took out the Bible I had scarcely looked at since my mother gave it to me. I laid it on the table, knelt before it, then I surrendered to the Lord Jesus Christ, and peace came into my soul. I began to walk the floor

and said, "Praise the Lord for salvation!" I went out under the stars; they seemed to shine more brightly, and I spent the whole night praising God, for I did not want to go to sleep."

General Howard went on to relate how, next morning, he met an officer, who said, "Howard, I hear you have turned pious." "I have, and I am not ashamed of it," Howard replied. "Oh," he said, "if you will come to my room, I can show you ever so many mistakes in the Bible." Howard said, "I am not caring about that now; but I can tell you one thing you cannot contradict, and that is that last night I surrendered to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have been so happy that I could not sleep." The officer shut his mouth, opened his eyes, and went on.

General Howard continued: "I prayed to God to give me every soldier in Fort Brook, and before we broke camp—I think it was three years afterwards—every man was converted except one man, who became a general in the Civil War." Then Howard's voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears, as he said: "On the battlefield in Virginia, I was standing in the midst of bursting shells and whistling bullets, when General Cassard came up, covered with powder-smoke, and said, 'Howard, in Fort Brook you had something which I had not'; and there, in the midst of the battle, I preached Jesus to my old friend. God answered my prayer to the letter. In three weeks General Cassard was in eternity."—Dr. A. C. Dixon.

— 897 —

### THE LOST HANDKERCHIEF

One day, when the streets were especially muddy, in crossing Fourth avenue to Wanamaker's store, I spied on the cross-walk a large, beautiful handkerchief, lost by somebody. Its linen whiteness made it conspicuous above the black mud of the street. Just as I was stooping to pick it up, I discovered it had been trodden upon, and so was defiled by the filth of the street. As I did not want to put it into my pocket, nor

carry it in my hand, I passed on and left it to its fate.

But my interest was aroused, and I waited on the curb to see what would become of the handkerchief. As I watched, I saw one or two persons, observing it, make a motion to pick it up, but not knowing what to do with in its filthy condition, they hesitated and then passed on.

Finally a poorly-dressed boy of about twelve years came along, and I called his attention to it, saying: "There is a valuable pocket handkerchief out there. Go and get it. With a little soap and water your mother can easily make it as good as new." So he walked to where it lay, picked it up; gave it a flirt or two, and went off, evidently well-pleased with his find.

The predicament of that lost handkerchief reminded me of the condition of the unsaved sinner. The size and texture of the handkerchief were all that could be desired. But it would be of no use for one to plead: "The linen is the finest, and the most of the handkerchief is still white."

Until cleansed from its filth, it was utterly useless for the purpose for which it was made. No decent person could tolerate it as a handkerchief until cleansed.

Just so with the sinner with unrenewed nature. He may possess many admirable qualities, but his heart is corrupt. Jesus says: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man." Matt. 15:19, 20.

And if a man's heart be filthy with sin where can God find a place for him? Certainly not in His holy presence.

As the soiled handkerchief was valuable because it could be easily cleansed, so the sinner, even the vilest, because his nature may be renewed, and his sins be washed away in that fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, is precious beyond all price. But he is of no worth if he is to remain uncleansed.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.



— 898 —

### THE BIBLE AS A WEAPON

A number of years ago an incident occurred which greatly endeared the Bible to me, and caused me to feel safe without any carnal weapon.

All in a moment I found myself surrounded by six men demanding my purse. I was where I could not defend myself or obtain help from man. I confess to a strange palpitation in my heart. It seemed clear that my purse or life must go. At that instant something seemed to say:

"Tell them who you are."

With much difficulty I said to them:

"I am a minister of Jesus Christ. My business is to preach Christ wherever I go, and you know you are making a demand upon me that you cannot meet at the judgment seat of Christ."

After a little I distinctly heard one of them say:

"Let him go."

Then I knew God's revolver had taken effect. I now became calm, and pointed them to the Judgment seat, where they must meet me and this whole transaction. Strange to tell, they were silent for a little, then one by one went away, and left me alone. This was plainly the effect of preaching to them the great Day of Judgment, accompanied by the Divine Spirit.

I can never forget my feelings as I walked away from the spot, seeing "Jesus only" with me. I seemed to grasp the "Bible" with a new love and confidence, and silently said:

"I shall never need any other revolver than this."—Rev. A. B. Earl.

— 899 —

### "TO THE POOR THE GOSPEL"

One Sunday after church, learning that a little five-year-old girl of our Sunday School had been burned to death, and was to be buried that afternoon, I went around to see if I could be of any service. After speaking a few

words of sympathy, I asked the father if he was going to have a minister. He said: "I am a poor man and not able to pay a minister." I told him I never charged for such services, and would like to come if he desired it. Bursting into tears, he said he would not have me to come for nothing, but if I would come for a small sum, he would be thankful. Then he told me that his wife had been so insane since the death of an older child, that she would never own this little girl. And that he had been both father and mother to her.

That afternoon, as I stood by that little casket, I was thankful for the privilege of trying to comfort that father, broken hearted over the loss of that sweet child. Is it not too bad, that it is possible for the poor to feel that they must bury their dead without the comfort of the Gospel, because too poor to pay a minister?—Rev. Henry M. Tyn-dall.

— 900 —

### DUTY MORE THAN LIFE

Some time ago, in a deaconess hospital, fire was suddenly discovered in the frail wooden structure which contained the patients. All from the first and second floors had made their escape. Suddenly a girl's white face appeared at the third-story window. It was the nurse, Minnie Baumer, in whose charge was a patient strapped to a bedstead, under treatment for a broken hip. "Help me save my patient!" she cried. But the lower part of the house was a mass of flames, and no one could help. "Jump and save yourself!" they shouted back. She could have dropped to the broad roof of the veranda. Eager hands were waiting to assist her, but she only replied, "I can't leave my patient," and disappeared. When it was over, they found the poor charred body fallen by the bedside, the hands still clutching the cruel fastenings which bound her helpless charge, in a last attempt, in blindness and pain, to undo them. Selected.

—901—

## HELP SENT VIA CHICAGO

I sat down to read a portion of God's Word in a Pullman sleeper early one morning, when a young gentleman, an entire stranger, in passing, paused, and upon inviting him to a seat by my side, he gave this experience, says a writer in the Sunday School Times.

"I am a 'bond' salesman from Chicago. Returning from Freeport, Illinois, one day, I discovered that I should reach Chicago too late for my work in the office that day; so I determined to stop off at a small town between trains and pay an old friend a visit. It was to be a surprise. Upon going to his home, I found the house locked up, and the neighbors informed me that my friend had gone away for a three weeks' stay. This was a disappointment.

"A wait of five hours for the next train confronted me, but I determined to make the best of it; so I walked out into the country to pass away the time, and came upon an aged man in a field by the roadside, who was slowly turning hay, preparing it for the barn. After exchanging greetings, I engaged the old man in conversation, but I soon discovered that while he was very courteous and kind in his replies to my questions, he kept at his work. The thought came to me, 'Why not help him?' Telling him of my disappointment, I took an idle fork standing near by, and side by side we worked and talked. When the hay was all raked up and gathered in small heaps, I found that I must return to the station. Extending my hand to bid him good-bye I remarked that my disappointment had been turned into genuine pleasure by his acquaintance.

"Holding my hand," he said, "Let me tell you something before you go. This morning, as we awoke, mother and I talked about getting up this hay. I remarked that I was feeling so badly that I feared I should be unable to accomplish the task; but mother encouraged me, and assured me that the Lord would help me. At family prayers we both

asked our heavenly Father for his help. I arose feeling refreshed, and felt sure that in some way he would help, 'but,' he added, as he pressed my hand tighter and a tear glistened in his eye, "I really did not expect the Lord to send a man from Chicago with kid gloves and patent-leather shoes to help me do it."

—902—

## TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT

The following is a striking example of the manner in which sometimes the enmity of men is turned to good.

Soon after Tyndale's New Testament was published, 1526, a royal proclamation was issued to prohibit the buying and reading of such translation or translations. But this served to increase the public curiosity, and to occasion a more careful reading of what was deemed so obnoxious. One step, taken by the Bishop of London, afforded some merriment to the Protestants. His lordship thought that the best way to prevent these English New Testaments from being circulated, would be to buy up the whole impression, and therefore employed a Mr. Packington, then at Antwerp, for this purpose; assuring him, at the same time, that, cost what they would, he would have them, and burn them at St. Paul's Cross.

Upon this, Packington applied himself to Tyndale (who was then at Antwerp), and upon agreement, the Bishop had the books, Packington great thanks, and Tyndale all the money. This enabled Tyndale immediately to publish a new and more correct edition, so that they came over, thick and threefold into England, which occasioned great rage in the disappointed Bishop and his friends. A man named Constantine being soon after apprehended by Sir Thomas More, and being asked how Tyndale and others subsisted abroad, readily answered, "It is the Bishop of London who has been their chief supporter, for he has bestowed a great deal of money upon them in the purchase of New Testaments to burn them."—Selected.



— 903 —

## A SCOFFER SILENCED

In the early days of the People's Tabernacle, I went one Sunday evening after church to a home, where I was a stranger, to baptise a little child. It was the first-born, and much was made of the occasion, and a score or more of the friends of the parents were present. During the evening the father had helped himself so freely to the wine served to the guests that when I arrived his face was flushed, and tongue unloosed. After the ceremony, addressing me he said, "Of course this is only a form. None of us believe in religion. It is all a humbug. Ministers are preaching for money. They are after the money, just as we all are." Such remarks from her husband greatly mortified the wife, who was an estimable lady, and in embarrassment she left the room. Assuming he only expressed his honest conviction, and that he intended no offense, I encouraged him to free his mind. And he referred to certain instances which he thought proved his opinion correct.

When he had freely expressed his views, he turned to his circle of friends, all strangers to me, and said, "We all think alike here." There were smiles of approval on the faces of some, and exclamations of dissent from others.

Then it was my turn. I told the company that I was glad for the expression of such sentiments, not that they were true, but because they were secretly held by many, as it afforded me an opportunity of expressing my mind on the subject. I remarked that all coins are not genuine, neither are all counterfeit. Each one is tested separately, and we do not refuse a good piece of money because of having been imposed upon some time by a counterfeit. Then to clear myself of the charge of preaching the gospel for money, I said that when I left my church in the West, and came to New York, it was because I believed I could do more good here. At this point I was interrupted with,

"Now, do not say it was because you could do more good here, but be honest, and say it was because you got a larger salary." I said, "I must admit that my salary here was larger, but just wait a little before you judge."

.. I then related how three years before, I found myself living in a district of about a mile square, and learned that for its sixty or seventy thousand people there was not one Protestant church, and for swarms of its children there was no Sabbath School. I told how I tried but in vain to induce those having money to do something to supply this need. Then with my family to support and no other income, I at last gave up my salary of \$1,500 a year at the Broome St. Tabernacle to work in this field. And though there was no congregation here to invite me to come, and no promised support from any quarter, yet I was willing to expend my savings of less than \$500 to start this work, and to trust God to provide for it and for my family.

I said my salary here for the first three months was \$17.79, and for the first year \$438, about \$1100 less than it would have been had I remained where I was. Now if you think I am preaching the gospel for money, please explain why I should have done as I have." Of course no reply was attempted. I then showed how God had sustained and prospered the work. That although no one had ever been asked for a dollar, yet in answer to prayer, money had been sent from eighteen different states to help the work, and nearly all was given by strangers too.

I ended by speaking of my own conversion. How at that time God gave me a love for souls, and that since then it had been my joy to labor for their salvation. And that for eighteen years I had been proving that religion is a divine reality and no humbug.

To say that my skeptical friend was abashed, and that our attentive listeners were impressed by the turn matters had taken, would but lightly express the effect of that short talk on the evidences of Christianity. I found some present

who were glad to hear more on the same subject, and I exhorted them to come to the great Teacher himself and learn of him. My critic was very apologetic, and when, during a call some time after, I urged upon him the claims of Christ, he had no doubts to offer, but seemed willing to concede that I was in earnest, and evidently knew more about the subject than himself.

I was thankful to be in a position to refute so easily that slander against the ministry, and to be able to present an unanswerable argument, founded upon personal experience and conduct, in favor of the truth of the gospel. It was one of the compensations given me in lieu of a large salary.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

—904—

### GOD'S JUDGMENTS

A few years ago, on the island of Martinique, the people were so wicked that they drove the missionaries from the island. They got so heinously full of the devil that they crucified a hog in derision of the Lord Jesus Christ. God could not abide their crime. There lay near the foot of Mt. Pelee, a city of some 35,000 people

When God got ready to pronounce His judgments upon those people and upon that city, the rumbling of the mountain was heard; and when the experts went up there to see if there was any danger, they reported, "All is safe." But the rumbling began again, and the experts again reported, "All is safe." But the very reptiles, lizards and birds of the mountain side, had more sense than the people in the city, for they left the mountain. God uncapped Pelee, and it vomited out its contents, and buried St. Pierre beneath its ashes.

Early one morning a few years ago, God began to shake San Francisco, probably the wickedest city in this nation. I have lived in that city, and conducted mission work there, and I know something of its crimes before high Heaven.

God Almighty shook San Francisco until the buildings toppled down, and the earth opened up, and the people rushed to the streets, and were killed by the hundreds, the city was in a conflagration, and \$200,000,000 worth of property went up in smoke.—W. E. Shepard.

—905—

### HOW MARY BUILT THE BARN

Do you know how Mary built the barn?

Her parents were dead, and she and her two brothers worked the farm. They had no barn, and year after year, they stacked the grain, and much of it was wasted. Mary insisted that they ought to build a barn. Her brothers were over-grown, able-bodied, good-natured fellows, but altogether too easy-going. They admitted that they needed a barn, and they meant to build one, but kept putting it off from season to season. Finally, Mary said she should wait no longer. She herself would build the barn. But her brothers only laughed at her, and thought it all a joke.

However, Mary was in earnest. She had a load of lumber drawn to the spot for the barn. And to the amazement of her brothers, she took a saw, an ax and a hammer, and started for the lumber-pile, and began pounding away.

Her brothers now saw she was really in earnest and that something would be built. So they concluded to take hold and help her. This was what Mary expected, and the work went forward until the barn was completed. Mary alone could not have built it. But she could start it, and by her earnestness of spirit win the aid of her brothers.

Encouraged by this story, and acting upon the principle underlying it, we have undertaken here the erection of a church. We cannot do it alone. But we can do what we can, and we mean to. Already many have come to our help, and others will, and with God's blessing no doubt a church will be the outcome.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, November, 1893.



— 906 —

## GOD THE ONLY HELPER

The story is told of two beggars, one of whom as he went through the streets of the city would cry out: "He is helped whom the King helps!" The other beggar, his companion, possibly with more faith in the Deity would raise the cry: "He is helped whom God helps!"

It so happened that one day the King heard his two begging subjects as they uttered their respective cries, and he directed his footman to tell the beggars to call at the royal bakery at a certain hour the next day. Meanwhile, the King's baker was instructed to make two loaves of equal size and appearance. But in the loaf to be given to the beggar who cried in honor of his King, a number of gold coins were to be put. This was done, and the heavy loaf was given to the King's favorite.

The two men received their loaves gratefully. But after their departure the one receiving the heavy loaf, discovering it by balancing the two in his hands, and having a keen relish for light bread and wanting the best, proposed trading loaves with his companion, and this was accordingly done.

Shortly after, to the King's surprise, the beggar to whom he had given gold enough to relieve from want for a long time was seen by his majesty begging and crying as lustily as ever: "He is helped whom the King helps!"

Calling the man to him he said: "Why is it that you are still begging? Did you not get the loaf which I ordered my baker to give you?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I thankfully received the loaf. But as I always prefer light bread to heavy, I persuaded the other fellow to trade with me."

The King made no explanation, but as he drove away he said: "Indeed, he is helped whom God helps!"

"Man proposes, but God disposes." God cares for all his creatures, but his providence is especially gracious towards those who honor Him. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put con-

fidence in princes. Psalm 118:9.— Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 907 —

## A LOVING REBUKE

Rev. Dr. J. G. Paton, missionary, was on the steamship "Hero," Capt. Logan, for New Zealand. Fast men and gamblers returning from Melbourne races were on. Their language was extremely profane. Praying over it, at the second day at dinner, he said:

"Gentlemen, will you bear with me a moment? I am sure no man at this table wishes to wound the feelings of another or to give needless pain."

Every eye stared at him as to what was meant.

"Gentlemen, we are fellow passengers for a week or more. Now I am cut and wounded to my very heart to hear you cursing the name of my Heavenly Father and taking in vain the name of my blessed Saviour. It is a God in whom we live and move, and it is Jesus who tried to save us, and I would rather ten times over you would abuse me, which no gentleman here would think of doing, than profanely use those Holy Names so dear to me."

There was a silence and faces crimsoned with anger and shame. A consumptive banker replied with oaths and wrath. Dr. Paton, calmly, kindly eyed him and responded:

"Dear sir, you and I are strangers. I pity you in your heavy trouble and hacking cough. You ought to be the last to curse that blessed name, as you may soon have to appear in His presence. If the Saviour was as dear to your heart as he is to mine you would better understand me."

Little was said that meal. An hour later Capt. Logan said in his room: "I am a Christian, sir. My hour with my Bible is more than all the pleasure of the world. You did your duty, now leave it to their conscience and to God."

He heard not another oath on that ship. The banker met Dr. Paton in New Zealand and took him to his home.

Better pray than swear. Kindly rebuke sin.—Presbyterian Witness.

— 908 —

## THE AMBITIOUS SHOEMAKER

Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, was a native of New Hampshire. His parents were poor, and it was the poverty which strong drink so often causes. The family name was Colbath; and to free himself entirely from surroundings so unhappy and repulsive, the young man left his home and changed his name. He set out for Natick, Mass., going by way of Boston, and visiting Bunker Hill. The expense of his journey of about one hundred miles, mostly performed on foot, was one dollar and five cents. In Natick he was employed in the shoe shop of one William P. Legro, who agreed to teach him shoemaking for five months' work. It was rather a hard bargain as Wilson soon found, and he at length agreed with his employer to release him for fifteen dollars; and so at the end of seven weeks, instead of five months, he had mastered the trade, and was earning regular wages.

The present division of labor in the shoe trade was then unknown. Each man made an entire shoe, instead of learning to polish a heel, or put on a sole. As each man began and completed his shoes himself, Wilson, eager to help his father and mother, and to obtain an education for himself, soon began business on his own account, and often worked sixteen hours a day. He knew enough about strong drink to let that alone to the end of his life. Mrs. Parry, with whom he boarded, said, "He was a very good young man, We liked him very much, but he kept us awake at night by his continual pounding."

This was the way Henry Wilson attained success and won his way. "Continual pounding" made him independent and prosperous; "continual pounding" gave him education and influence; "continual pounding" sent him to Congress, and "continual pounding" afterwards made him an associate with Grant, and Vice President of the United States.

The Safeguard.

— 909 —

## PRAY FOR YOUR PREACHER.

It is said that Dr. John Watson, better known to many as Ian Maclaran, in the early years of his ministry determined to preach without manuscript. He took into the pulpit a single sheet of paper containing a few notes. Sometimes his memory failed, and he would say:

"Friends, this is not very clear. It was clear in my study on Saturday, but now I will begin again." The people never showed any impatience. After a sermon one Sabbath morning a gaunt Highland editor went to him, and said:

"When you are not remembering your sermon, just give out a psalm, and we will be singing while you are taking a rest, for we are all loving you and praying for you."

In after years Dr. Watson said: "I am in the ministry to-day because of the tenderness and charity of those country folk, those perfect gentlemen and Christians." The generous behavior of the people to whom he ministered acted upon his nature as spring sunshine and showers act upon vegetable life; it called out all that was best in him.—Selected.

— 910 —

## AN UNINTENDED REBUKE

An impressive little story is told of how, one day when walking through Wales, Mr. Hone, the author, stopped at a cottage door and found a little girl reading the Bible. Being very thirsty from his long walk, he asked for a glass of water, but the little girl replied, "Oh, yes; mother will no doubt give you some milk." He went in, and after a little conversation with the girl, asked how she liked learning her task out of the Bible. "Oh, it is not a task to read it. I love it." Seeing his surprise, she added, "I thought everybody loved the Bible." The arrow went home. Hone pondered over it, and was led to read for himself, and from that time was a great reader and ceased being an opponent of the Bible.—Selected.



—911—

## FROM GLOOM TO GLADNESS.

While God provides for our temporal needs, he evidently means to strengthen our weak faith. How this is done, the following will show. For nearly a month, all that had been sent for the support of the work amounted to only \$6.50. Our total expenses for the month were about \$100.00. We had all along been praying God to send money, but it came in small sums, with long intervals between.

Finally one Monday morning, after wife and I had talked the matter over, my faith brightened somewhat, and at family worship I had the courage to ask that \$100.00 might come that week.

The next morning my faith wavered. A hundred dollars seemed almost too much to ask the Lord to send in a week. So I told Him if a hundred dollars was too large a sum, to give us what was best. But Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday passed, and not a dollar came. We were sorely tempted to believe that all those who were interested in this work, had already given to its support, and perhaps we had been too confident of God's willingness to maintain it. But you may judge how the tide turned, and our hearts rejoiced, when on Friday, \$91 came, sent by five different persons. Had our faith not wavered, undoubtedly the whole hundred dollars would have come. God gave \$91 in one day, to show us how easily he could have given the amount asked for at first.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, May, 1893.

—912—

## AFTER MANY DAYS

An English minister told the following: "I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it and found it was a part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spur-

geon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you find this newspaper?' I asked. 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.' A sermon preached in London, cabled or sent to America, and there printed in a newspaper, which was sent to Australia, part of it being torn off there for the parcel sent to England, which reached the heart of a woman, that probably could not easily have been reached in any other way, not many miles from where the words were originally spoken. What a comment on Isaiah 55:11."—Selected.

—913—

## WHAT SHALL I RENDER?

There can be no recompense for divine grace. This does not mean, however, that we are to be indifferent to certain obligations which it puts upon us. David asks, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me," and, immediately answers, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon his name: I will pay my vows unto him in the presence of all his people." Other return can no man make, and nothing more is required of us. This involves love and loyalty and faithful service; which involves an acceptance of Christ and a life of unswerving devotion to him.

Not long ago a ship sailed into New York Bay and reported, among other events of the voyage, the saving of a life. It happened this way: There was a cry, "Man overboard!" The boatswain was leaning over the taff-rail at the time, and, without a moment's hesitation, he leaped into the water and swam to the rescue. On being brought aboard, the man was unconscious for a long while; then, opening his eyes, he faintly asked, "Who saved me"? When the boatswain was pointed out, being unable to rise, he crawled with feeble strength along the deck until he reached him and kissed his feet.

Go thou and do likewise.—Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

— 914 —

**SENATOR WILSON'S COURAGE.**

After Henry Wilson's first election to the United States Senate he gave his friends a dinner. The table was set with not one wine-glass upon it.

"Where are the glasses?" asked several of the guests merrily.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget the rock whence I was hewn and the pit whence I was dug. Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape, I fled from my early surroundings. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and my adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat, and, if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming; but wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I escaped."

Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admire the man who has the courage of his convictions.

He afterward filled the office of Vice President of the United States.—Selected.

— 915 —

**HUMBLE WORK DONE WELL**

Whatever you do—even the very smallest act of service—do it well; do it as under the eye of the Lord, and in view of the fact that your service will be rewarded. If you have served your earthly master or mistress worthy of God and faithfully, then you will hear "well done" from the Master's own lips. Never mind if your lot in life be very mean in the eyes of men—fill it for God, and do your work well.

Two young men were candidates for the same situation. The one who was rejected sought to throw contempt upon his rival by saying—with a sneer loud enough to be heard all over the room. "He was once my father's shoe-

black." The other heard the remark, and smilingly said, "Yes, and didn't I black them well!" There could nothing be said by his opponent to the contrary, and so it went to the young man's credit, and the other slunk away.

A young girl was brought to the Lord one evening in a Gospel tent in Glasgow. She served as underhousemaid in a worldly family, and when it became known that she had professed conversion, they tried to tease her. But her mistress gave the following testimony to a lady who called to inquire after Mary's character and abilities as a servant, previous to engaging her. "Mary was rather careless for a time, but ever since she professed to be a child of God, her work has been faithfully done. The rooms have been well done, and Mary has been a truly good and trustworthy girl." You see she began to do her work as under her new Master's eye, and with a desire to please Him.

—Youth's Counsellor.

— 916 —

**WRONG CHEERFUL GIVING.**

In the "Sunday School Gem," J. A. Detter of Martinsburg, Pa. tells how one boy made cheerful giving easy:

Howard's father gave him a quarter and a dime on Sunday morning, telling him to put the one on the contribution plate and he might keep the other for his own use. After the service he was asked which coin he gave. He replied: "I gave the dime. I did feel at first that I ought to give the quarter, but, just in time, I remembered that the Bible says, 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and then I found it much easier to give the dime."

This boy was simply frank enough to speak right out what is true of the giving of a great many people. They want to make giving easy, and one of the handiest ways to do it is to cut down the amount. And some perhaps even try to make themselves believe that a small amount given cheerfully is more acceptable than a larger amount that must carry with it some of the red blood of the giver's heart and life.



—917—

**A DRUNKARD'S DEATH.**

There died a few days ago, in a house where I frequently visit, a man only 24 years old, yet a confirmed drunkard. He had stripped his home by pawning almost every thing he had to satisfy his craving for drink. One day he came home with burning thirst and empty purse, and said, "Mary, where are the little clothes you made, and put away?"

He actually robbed his unborn child of the clothing prepared by its mother, and pawned it for twenty-five cents. He pawned his wife's shoes, so she had none to wear to his funeral, and also the last sheet of her bed, so that he died on one borrowed of a neighbor.

His death was no less disgusting and horrible than his life. He continually clamored for the drink with which his indulgent yet suffering wife tried to supply him. One of his chums had sent him a present of some whiskey, and he would call for "Morris's whiskey;" then for lager beer. And when unable to speak, he motioned to be given a pencil and paper, and wrote, "Mixed Ale."

The last words he uttered were, "Lager Beer!"

It was brought and put to his lips. His teeth were set, and he could not drink. Then, with almost superhuman effort, he raised himself in bed, eagerly clutched the glass, and drained it twice. He then fell back, and with beer-mug in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other, his spirit took its everlasting flight.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

—918—

**KEEP YOUR DISTANCE**

Next to sinning itself, is going needlessly close to sin. Electricity is not the only force that sometimes works by induction, leaping across space and seriously interfering with currents that it was meant to have nothing to do with. Evil is as expert as electricity at that feat. Therefore the question that Robert E.

Speer has put to young people has a very practical value: "How wide is the margin between us and evil?" No man can afford to let that margin grow narrow. It is not a sign of strength but of weakness, to dally with temptation.

—S. S. Times.

—919—

**ANSWERED WHILE ASKING**

In the columns of our paper, now known as the "Little Evangelist," in March, 1893, five months after starting the People's Tabernacle and having resolved to make no personal appeals for its support, appears the following statement and incident.

We are willing to show the poor people among whom we labor that the Lord does provide for the temporal need of those who "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." Daily have we prayed God to send money to maintain, and to enlarge the work, and almost daily he has answered us. At times he has tried our faith, but only for the purpose of increasing it.

One Monday, I remarked to my wife that I would pray that \$25 might be given that week for the work. Not that we then had urgent need of that amount, but that we might thus more clearly recognize the answer when it came.

Day by day, I prayed and was watching for the answer. Friday night came, and only \$1.75 had been received. The thought then came, "God can yet easily answer by disposing some one to give \$25." However, the week closed, and no more money having come, it began to look as though my prayer had been disregarded. But the Tuesday following, I received the \$25 prayed for. The letter had been written the Saturday previous, and the check was then dated, and was from one to whom I was a stranger.

While I was speaking God had answered, but was pleased to keep me in doubt of it for several days. My joy at this manifestation of His favor may be imagined. Far greater it was than what the money alone could have given. — Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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## GUIDED TO LIFE'S WORK.

The niche filled by myself in the work of the People's Tabernacle was not of my own choosing. I had not the remotest idea when I came to this city in 1891 of starting any such work. Had I known such a work awaited me, perhaps I should have shrunk from it. But God knowing our weakness, leads us by easy stages along duty's pathway never overtaxing our strength.

The twelve or thirteen months spent at the Broome Street Tabernacle were but preliminary to the many years of service at the People's Tabernacle.

The choice of one's residence may determine one's life work. Knowledge must precede interest. We read that God appoints to men their bounds and their habitations. A very little thing may control great results.

When myself and family came to this city had our home been in Brooklyn, as we had decided it should be, we would not have known of the religious destitution of the district in which the Tabernacle was afterwards located, nor would we have been interested in it. But to Brooklyn it had been decided to go, and a truckman had been engaged to take our household goods to the freight station for shipment to Brooklyn.

Just as he was starting, the thought came from somewhere, "Why not have them put in the basement of the Broome Street Tabernacle? You can thus save a month's rent before your family comes." This plan was mentioned to the truck-driver, and to my surprise he preferred to do it at the same price, though the distance was much greater, as there he said he could unload at once; and at the railroad depot he thought several teams might be ahead of his and delay his unloading.

So, apparently, this thought that came in just the nick of time, and the drayman's approval, determined my place of residence and consequently the field in which I should do my life's work. My

household goods being stored in the church basement I had leisure to look around, and finally fixed my home at 105th Street and Madison Avenue, three blocks from where the Tabernacle was afterwards located.—Rev. Henry Tyn-dall, March, 1920.

—921—

## WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

A missionary once related the following:

A king's son was a prisoner, who after several years, was released upon the condition that he permit himself to be led at the hour of noon through the city.

"Oh," said the young man, "how will the people look?"

"You do not know how you will be led," answered the king.

When the hour arrived, he placed in his hands a vessel filled to the brim with milk.

"As soon as you spill a drop you must die," said he.

Close behind the young man walked the executioner with dagger in hand, to stab him as soon as a drop fell to the earth.

From afar the people had come together to see the king's son upon his perilous journey; head by head the crowd stood upon the streets. All the windows were crowded and some even climbed upon the roofs. When the youth had passed through the terrible ordeal, the king stepped up to him and said:

"Well, what kind of faces did the people make?"

"Oh, king," answered the youth, "I saw not one. I only saw my life in my hands and death behind me."

Let us be like this youth! let us not look around, but take care of ourselves, for we carry the happiness of lives ever with us; and it is only by walking very carefully and heeding the Divine voice that says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," that we can safely reach the goal which is life eternal.—Selected.



— 922 —

## HOW SHOWN THE WAY

Our venture to begin the work of the People's Tabernacle was made more easy by the following incident:

We called upon John H. Haar, at 100 Broadway, to explain to him that the Sunday School Committee to whom we had referred the matter, would not rent his building for a school, as we had previously told him we were sure they would. After explaining the situation, and expressing our great regret that a Sunday school could not be opened where so much needed; this man of business and of the world, to our great surprise said:

"Mr. Tyndall, I am not a rich man, I lack a good many hundred thousand dollars of being a millionaire, but if you want to see what you can do, I will let you have the use of that floor for a time free of rent."

This surprising offer, coming from such a man, a stranger, seemed as providential as the offer of the heathen King Artaxerxes of help to Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem.

While the property was for sale, and we had no assurance that our occupancy of the building would be longer than a few weeks, yet we believed that the finger of God moved the heart of that man to thus open the door for our entrance into this field.

We had become convinced that not only was a Sunday school needed, but also that gospel meetings should be held regularly, and that pastoral work in the homes of the people was essential. Consequently the decision was reached to sever our connection with the work of the Broome Street Tabernacle, and to be entirely devoted to this more needy section of the city.

To be sure there was no church here to extend a call, nor was there any committee to promise aid or comfort, nor was there financial support assured from any source. The resources at our command would enable us to carry on the work for five or six months without other help. And so hand-bills were cir-

culated announcing the opening of the People's Tabernacle Sunday school, October 2, 1892, at Hayes' Ribbon Factory, 235 East 102d Street.

All children were invited and also any who would act as teachers were requested to come, and the statement was made that a gospel meeting would be held at that place the same evening.

Outside of our own family, we knew of only two or three persons who would lend a hand, yet at the time appointed children began to pour in off the street, heads of some uncombed and faces unwashed, but every one a diamond though in the rough, until there were 125 gathered in the first session of the school; and there were also several young women who were ambitious to try their hand at teaching. If they were poor instructors, they were good at controlling these street urchins, for they lived among them and knew them.

We had seats for only 100 and papers for only 65, and every child wanted a seat and was anxious for a picture paper; so we had a lively time at that first session.

The majority knew no more about a Sunday school than they knew about Greek. Every day to them was alike, and every meeting was a Sunday school, and it was months before they ceased to ask the question, "Is there going to be Sunday school to-night?"

The next Sunday we had seats enough. Twenty rough planks laid on boxes made benches to seat about one hundred and fifty; and later chairs were bought, and in less than three months our Sunday school had an average attendance of two hundred and fifty.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 923 —

## THE SHORT LIFELINE.

Not long since the "City of New York" became disabled in midocean, and the high sea running destroyed a portion of the bowsprit. The engines were stopped and a volunteer was sent out over the ship's side to make repairs. The man kept his balance for a while when finally

a great tidal wave licked him off into the maw of the sea and swept him to some distance from the ship.

An officer, appreciating the situation, volunteered to save the man, and with a lifeline attached to his waist attempted to get away from the ship's side. He was thrown back again and again, badly bruised, but finally, expert swimmer that he was, was able to clear the ship and start on his rescue mission. The man who had been swept overboard was also a strong and powerful swimmer, and the people on deck watched with deep interest the slow approach of the rescuer. They hear him encourage the sailor and bid him keep up courage. The sailor was heard to reply, "But you must hurry." When within ten feet of the man, the lifeline attached to the officer paid out; he could go no further. The sailor could no longer keep up; strength was gone; throwing up his hands, he was lost to sight forever. The captain of the ship reported on his return, "A man lost at sea."

The point of that illustration, borrowed from a recent daily paper, expresses my conception of the urgent need for rescue work among the souls of men. Men are perishing because of the grip sin has upon them. The gospel which we preach is sufficient. What we need is a band of rescuers to carry it to the struggling sinner; and never need we fear that the gospel will fail or be inadequate. There is enough gospel in the world for everyone. What is needed now is someone to carry it to those who are perishing, and for those who are to be rescued to accept it, must appreciate, however, a man must do his part, and accept the saving power of the gospel; failing to do so he will be lost.—John Willis Baer.

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### A BRAND.

A poor man who fell into bad habits, on being rescued, reformed and converted, often spoke of himself as a "brand plucked from the burning." "What do you mean by that?" asked one of

his former associates. "Come, go with us, and have one more drink."

"Look here!" answered the man. "You know there is a difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark fall on a brand that has been partly burned it will soon catch fire again. Not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire; and I dare not venture into the way of temptation for fear of being set on fire again."

All of us who trust that we have been saved by Christ are as brands. Hence our only safety is in keeping as far as possible out of the way of temptation. Even indulgences that seem innocent may kindle anew the fire of unholy passions. A spark that falls harmless in a field of green grass may kindle a conflagration if it falls on a field of dry stubble.—Selected.

— 925 —

### DECEIVING CHILDREN

Robert Hall once said to a mother, "If you do not wish your child to grow up a liar, never act a lie before her. Children are quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken."

One author tells us of a gentleman who took his little son on a railway excursion. The little fellow was looking out of the window, when the father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying, "I'll whistle it back." A little later he whistled and the hat re-appeared. Not long after the little fellow threw the hat out of the window, shouting, "Now papa, whistle it back again." A roar of laughter in the car was sufficient to arouse the father to the power of his influence upon his son.

This deception is sometimes carried into our religious life and festivities. Who doubts the logic of a little child's question after a Christmas festival, when being told that there is no Santa Claus, innocently asks, "Well, is there a real Christ?"—Norman E. Durkee.



— 926 —

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

In New York, years ago, a city missionary found a poor Jew. He strove to lead him to Jesus, and succeeded. In after years that Jew became a missionary himself, and a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and translated the Bible for millions of people. No one knows the name of this missionary but a few of his friends, thousands knew the name of the distinguished convert.

Years ago, in Russia, a priest so preached that a young mechanic became a missionary and translated the Bible twice over for two different nations, learned nineteen languages, and was a most useful man. Few ever heard of the priest, but many thousands knew of his convert.

Probably no preacher ever had as great success as Mr. Spurgeon. He had many thousands added to his church, and established thirty-six missions in London. Yet, as he tells the story, he was converted by the preaching of an obscure preacher, whose very name is scarcely ever heard.

Japan owes the late Joseph Neesima a boundless debt of gratitude for his wise and unceasing labors for the Kingdom in his native land. But does it owe nothing to those who in this land led that student to Jesus?

It may be that God shall use you for the conversion of a Moody or a Spurgeon or a Moffat. A child can light a match that shall set a city on fire. So in spiritual things, one though feeble, can start a succession of causes that shall result in blessing untold millions of fellow creatures.—Rev. A. F. Shauffer, D. D

— 927 —

## THE CAUSE OF HIS INTEREST.

While traveling down the Ohio River on a steamboat my attention was called to the pilot who was a coarse-looking man. The captain informed me that three weeks ago, as the boat was going through the rapids, the pilot called him to take the helm. He had just seen a

boy struggling in the water. He sprang into the boiling waters and saved the boy. I went up to the brave man and spoke to him.

"Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?"

"Yes," he answered, "at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me."

"And how do you feel when you see him?"

"More than I can tell you," he replied. "More intense interest than in any of my own seven at home, for whom I have run no such risk."

Thus there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Thus Jesus will regard those whom he has saved with more interest than the angels.—Selected.

— 928 —

## THE GIFT HE ACCEPTED

The German poet Uhland was a clever but modest man. The King of Prussia was so pleased with him that he offered to give him the badge of an order that many famous people were very anxious to possess. He did not accept the king's offer. As he was explaining to his wife the reason for his refusal of the great honor there came a knock at the door. When it was opened a little peasant girl entered with a bunch of sweet violets, saying, as she did so: "This is a gift from my mother." "Your mother, child?" said the poet, "Your mother died last autumn." "Yes," said the girl, "that is true; and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you kindly sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave. I have plucked them, and I like to think she sends them to you with her greeting." The tears stood in the poet's eyes as he held the flowers in his hand, and turning to his wife said: "There, my dear, is not that an order more valuable than any king can give?" It is love like that that makes the world a fit place to live in.—Selected.

— 929 —

## POOR JACK

The following account is given by the Rev. Legh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, five years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war passing by discovered the plank and the child; and a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—(presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society). It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, five years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Judge if you can of his feelings at recognizing in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! And judge of the feelings of the dying penitent at finding that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea; and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister, in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "Sir, I am poor Jack."—Selected.

— 930 —

## THE POWER OF PRAYER

An old Scotchman on his way to a religious gathering stopped by the road and prayed, "Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf and want a seat on the front bench, and ye see my toes sticking through my shoes and I want a pair of new ones, and ye ken I have no silver and I want to stay through the meetings."

A young brother traveling with him reproved him for his undue familiarity with the Lord. "Why, my son," said the Scotchman, "He's my father and weel acquaint with me, and I take great liberty with Him."

On his arrival at the place of meeting the old man took a back seat and placed his ear trumpet to his ear, but was immediately invited to occupy a front pew. At the close of the service a lady, noticing his old shoes, asked him if they were his best ones. "Yes," said the old man, "but I expect my Father will get me a new pair soon." "Come with me, and I will provide them," the lady said, while another lady invited him to be her guest during the meeting. So all his wants were supplied, and the young fellow-traveler of the old man learned a lesson of faith in the power of prayer.—Forward.



— 931 —

## FINDING TABERNACLE NO. 2.

In October, 1893, the work of the People's Tabernacle removed from 102d Street to a vacant store at 230 East 104th Street. There it flourished until the Sunday school numbered 400, and was divided into three sections, meeting at different times on Sunday, and yet the place was so crowded that for the extension of the work I wanted to obtain a second store in another quarter of the district. But the receipts for the support of the work continued so small and the rental of a suitable place would likely be so much that I had little heart to look for one.

Finally one Wednesday morning, November 25, 1896, after much thought and prayer, I resolved to start out in quest of a place for another Sunday school. As I walked down Madison Avenue I saw several stores for rent, but knew the price would be so high that I had no heart to inquire. Three or four blocks below I saw several buildings standing a block or so apart from others; and the thought came, "should there be a store there it might be rented for a moderate price, for it would not be desirable for business." I hastened to the place, and lo! there were two beautiful, new stores, unoccupied.

Inquiring of the janitress, I learned the owner of one lived eleven blocks away. But while we were speaking the bell rang, and in he came. He was pleased to show the store, and it took me only a moment to see that it was just the place I desired, and I told him so. But I expressed the fear I should be unable to give him the rent he would require. He wished to know what I wanted it for, and when told, he remarked, "I told the janitress this would be a good place for a bakery or a Sunday school!"

When he wanted to know what I could afford to pay for it, I replied I hardly knew; that our work was sustained entirely by voluntary offerings, and that I did not know from one month to another what the receipts would be.

(As a matter of fact the receipts had been so small that the balance left for the Pastor's salary, after paying his house rent, had been only \$120 for the preceding five months.) But he was assured that he would certainly get whatever I promised.

In less time than it has taken to tell it, he had agreed to let me have the store, built to rent for \$75 a month, for the next three months for \$75, and he offered also \$25 toward that amount. The offer was thankfully accepted; and while on the way to the Pastor's home to get the \$50, Mr. Mellick, the landlord remarked, "I was telling my son he ought to call and see a minister I saw preaching on Fifth Avenue, and speak to him about renting the store for a Sunday school."

I inquired where on Fifth Avenue the minister was preaching, and to my surprise learned it was our own open-air meeting. And while he knew nothing of me, nor of my desire for a place for a Sunday school, strange to say he had thought of sending his son to see me to try to rent me the store for a Sunday school!

Do you wonder that my heart was filled with praise to God for His guidance, and goodness, and that I was so confident that God would enable me to meet this increased expense that I was saved from all anxiety?

The Pastor was responsible for the support and extension of the work, and when this new venture was made some of his friends became alarmed. They feared financial disaster would overtake him. A balance of only \$13.80 for his support just the month previous, and the small receipts for the preceding five months occasioned the alarm. But God wonderfully provided for this increased expense.

In addition to the \$25 per month for rent, the expenses were further increased in a few weeks by his engaging two more missionary helpers making four, (two having been engaged three months before). But the minister, instead of being made poorer because of this increased expense, was made richer.

The receipts so increased that there was at the end of that year \$100 more for his salary than he had ever before received in the work.

The work prospered at this new point greatly, and we retained that store three years at a rental of \$25 a month, until it was rented for business for three times that sum. But two years later, in the wonderful providence of God, we moved into our own new building, where there is room in abundance.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, March, 1920.

— 932 —

### CLAIM YOUR FREEDOM

During the Civil War, Mr. Lincoln made a proclamation to emancipate all slaves, and wherever our armies went the soldiers posted up bills that the slaves were freed. Most of those slaves couldn't read, and they would get other people to read the proclamation to them; and sometimes the masters would say to the slaves: "Those Yanks are fooling you. You are not free." One time an old black dinah said to a soldier: "Now, Masser, I want you to tell me honest now, be I free or been't I? These soldiers tells me I'se free, and ole Masser tells me I ain't; and now tell me, be I free or been't I?" Do you not see, she did not believe that she was free, and until she believed it she wasn't free. She was going right along serving the old master, because she did not believe that she was free. It is just so with the slaves of Satan. Until you take God Almighty's promises to your heart, and just walk out in faith on His Word, and declare you are free in Jesus Christ, you will walk right along in the old bondage, the slave of the devil. But when you dare to walk out on the promise in John 3: 16, you find, that the chains fall, and Jesus is your master, and whom Jesus makes free is free indeed; and you know the joy of salvation.—Rev. A. M. Hills.

— 933 —

### THE LOCKED UP PARDON

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day

walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, gray, ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the Island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf and a pardon was sent, but it fell into the hands of his bitterest enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored in the Island, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of "The Spinning Wheel."

We must feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man, who, having the pardon for his fellow creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us refrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point His finger at most of us, and say:

"Thou art the man! Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast not thou kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?"—Selected.

— 934 —

### ONLY A SLIGHT ERROR

Sometime ago the United States Ship "Galena" was lost off Block Island Light. Commander Bicknell gave his testimony at the official investigation. He stated that the usual precautions had not been taken of ascertaining before sailing the exact deviation of the "Galena's" compass. The compass of the tug "Nina," which accompanied the "Galena," was taken as the standard, and it proved to deviate one point westerly. That single point of deviation was fatal. It wrecked the warship, and sacrificed nearly a hundred lives.—Selected.



— 935 —

## WHY NOT BE ZEALOUS?

I read in the life of John Wesley a story of Methodists meeting in a barn, and how certain of the villagers, who were afraid to break through the door, resolved to place one inside who would open the door to them during the service, that they might disturb the congregation. This person went in before service began, and concealed himself in a sack in a corner of the barn. When the Methodists began to sing, he liked the tune so well that he would not leave the sack until he had heard it through. Then followed a prayer, and during the prayer God so worked on the man in the sack that he began to cry for mercy. The good people looked around and were astonished to find a sinner in a sack seeking his Saviour. The door was not opened to the mob after all, for he who had intended to do so was converted.

It does matter why the people come to hear the Gospel: God can bless them in any case. If Christ is preached, men will be saved, even if they come to disturb.

"Sir," said one to me, "I had been to bargain about a pair of ducks on Sunday morning, and I passed by the door, and I thought I would just look in. There and then the Lord met with me, and those ducks were forgotten, for I found a Saviour." He is not far from any; and in answer to believing prayer He can deal with men and turn their hearts to Himself.—Spurgeon.

— 936 —

## A PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD

I have a friend in England who once said to me:

"I have been trying for years to take God into partnership with me in my business. When I was eighteen years old, I was converted. I was then just starting business as a kind of caterer, in a very humble way, in a little shop. My godly mother said to me, 'Are you

going to take God into partnership?' I had never thought of such a thing before. It grew upon me, and I wrote out a covenant with God, that I would take Him into partnership, and every night I would count up the profits, and make an even division. So I did it."

He laid aside one-half for the Lord and took the other half for himself. That man has now about 800 men in his employ, and at 8:30 every morning, everything stops for the reading of the Scripture, song, and prayer. He has never had a man in his employ three years, who has not become a Christian. The whole work is carried on as in the presence of God. You cannot go there without feeling that God is there. He keeps up the habit of reckoning up his profits, and dividing at the close of the day.

One day, years ago, it rained so hard, that, being on the first floor, he could not open his doors on account of the rain, and not a customer had been in all day. At quarter to six, he went to the Lord and said, "I have nothing to divide with you to-day. I have not taken in a penny. Now, Lord, you can send one customer from the ends of the earth, this last fifteen minutes, to make up for the whole day."

And before the store was closed an Armenian came in and bought all the silverware he had. What he wanted it for, he never knew. The Lord had sent a man from the ends of the earth, and that one sale was equal to a week's ordinary profits.—Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

— 937 —

## ROSES AND THORNS

The sentence which has most influenced my life is, "Some persons grumble because God placed thorns among roses; why not thank God because He placed roses among thorns?"

I first read it when but a mere lad. Since that it has occupied a front room in my life, and has given it an optimistic trend.—Rev. Benjamin Franklin.

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### THANKING GOD FOR OUR THORN

Dr. George Mathewson, of Scotland, totally blind, was said to have been one of the most learned and gifted men in Great Britain. He was a member of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast in 1884, and no man in that body of great men was listened to with more attention. These words from his pen are most touching and suggestive.

"My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

—939—

### A WILL LOST AND FOUND

There is a quaint story told of a rich man who lost his only son, and after his own death his will could not be found. After searching vainly, the State attorney took up the case and ordered his property sold and his estate settled.

On the day of the auction a poor old woman who had once nursed his only child begged the auctioneer to let her buy the picture of the boy. She had only a shilling, but nobody seemed to care for it, so it was knocked down to

her. And she went home happy in having the portrait of the child she loved so dearly.

One day when repairing the back of the picture she found a legal document hidden in the wooden back. She hurried to the lawyer and delivered it up with much concern. After he had glanced at it he called her to him and said:

"You have certainly made a great find. This is the old man's will, and in it he has left all his property to anybody who loved his boy well enough to buy his picture at the auction sale when the estate is settled."

God, too, has left a will by which all His fortune becomes the inheritance of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ well enough to take Him for their own.

—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

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### THE WONDERFUL BOOK FOUND

A Bohemian colporteur who has been laboring among Bohemians, Slovaks, Croats, Ruthenians, and other Slavic immigrants in Wisconsin, tells the story of a conversation with a Croatian who had been longing to obtain a copy of the Bible for himself. He writes:

"The other day I was in a Croatian saloon with my Bibles. A man came to me asking what I had to sell. I told him 'the inspired book of God.' When he looked at the Bible, he surprised me by clasping it to his breast with the words, 'Oh, that's the book!' Then he told me that years ago he was an agent for the International Harvester Company in Budapest, Hungary. There he knew a group of people who read a strange book at their meetings. The lives of these people were very different from that of others. He left Budapest not knowing the name of the wonderful book which had done so much for them. 'I am so glad I have found it,' he said. He took me to the home of his relatives and I read them the last chapters of the Gospel of John. They listened with tears in their eyes. They bought the Bible and the New Testament."



— 941 —

**COMPENSATION FOR WHAT?**

The liquor interests often demand, with a show of righteous indignation, that they shall, as a matter of equity, be compensated for loss that may come to saloon property by the refusal of a license. They should remember the ancient rule that those who seek equity must do equity and enter a court of equity with clean hands. Do they compensate the mother when they drag her boy down to ruin? Do they compensate the wife when they destroy the earning capacity of her husband? Do they compensate the children whose lives are blighted by a father's dissipation? Do they compensate society when they convert wealth producers into paupers? Do they compensate the state when they blunt the sensibilities of citizens and make a drink more potent than an argument in securing votes?

The man who profits by cultivating in others the appetite for strong drink ought to be the last one to insist upon recovering compensation for any loss that he may suffer because of the enforcement of laws enacted for the protection of society.—William Jennings Bryan.

— 942 —

**LINCOLN'S FAITH IN PRAYER**

General Sickles lost a leg at Gettysburg. He was in the hospital at Washington. Mr. Lincoln called upon him. General Rushing was present at the interview. I have this statement of the interview from the lips of General Sickles and also General Rushig.

General Sickles asked: "President Lincoln, were you not alarmed during the Gettysburg days?" Mr. Lincoln answered: "No, General, I was not; some of our people were, but I was not. Stanton thought we better put the archives on a gunboat, but I thought we would come out all right." General Sickles asked, "President Lincoln, why were you not alarmed?" Mr. Lincoln

hesitated a little, and said: "Now, General, you have asked me, I will tell you. I went into my room, locked the door, got down on my knees and said, 'O, Lord, Lord, I have done absolutely everything I can, and now you must help,' and God told me he would give me Gettysburg, and I believed him."—Bishop Fowler.

— 943 —

**NO SECRECY FOR SIN**

Charles H. Spurgeon once told of a man who broke into a small church in Scotland with the intention of stealing the communion plate. Hearing steps, he hurried to the end of the church, where, seeing a long rope hanging to the ground, he laid hold of it for the purpose of climbing out of sight. But it proved to be the bell rope, and his weight rang the bell, which attracted his pursuers immediately to the spot. The man, of course, was caught, and, submitting with as good a grace as possible, he thus wittily addressed the bell:

"If it had not been for thy long tongue and thy empty head, I should not have been in my present predicament."

This story has its lesson for us. Those who sin are pretty sure, sooner or later, to turn king's evidence against themselves. There is a voice in wrongdoing; and its long tongue will not keep quiet. All unaware, the offender puts out his hand and pulls the bell which tells against himself and summons vengeance to overtake him.

— 944 —

**HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY**

Daniel Webster was present one day at a dinner-party given at Astor House by some New York friends, and in order to draw him out one of the company put to him the following question: "Would you please tell us, Mr. Webster, what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?" Mr. Webster merely raised his head, and, passing his hand slowly over his forehead, said, "Is there any one here

who doesn't know me?" "No, sir!" was the reply; "we all know you, and are your friends." "Then," said he, looking over the table, "the most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God." Upon which subject he then spoke for twenty minutes.—Selected.

— 945 —

### LITTLE, POOR AND PROUD

The teacher of the Primary class of our Sunday-school, one day observed a little girl on one of the benches, who seemed to be trying to hitch away as far as possible from the little girl next to her.

They were both poor children, neatly but plainly dressed. The teacher said, "What is the matter, why do you not sit still?" "Oh," she replied, "I have a silk handkerchief, (which she was displaying in her hand,) and she has a cotton one, and I don't want her to sit by me."

The teacher improved the opportunity to rebuke that display of vanity. But was there not very much of human nature in the spirit of the child?—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 946 —

### "CROSSING THE BAR."

It is not every poet that has the gift of hymn writing.

As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one day at his bedside, she said to him: "You have written a great many poems, sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying on your sick bed. It might help and comfort many a poor sufferer." The next morning the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying.

"Here is the hymn you wished me to write."

The hymn given proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster Abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which, although some would not call it a hymn, has touched many hearts.—Selected.

— 947 —

### PRAYER MEETING FORSAKEN.

In a western city a few years ago I heard the pastor of a large church of from twelve to fifteen hundred members make an appeal for people to come to prayer meeting. I thought he would have perhaps three or four hundred, but he had a comparatively small crowd of about seventy-five. At the close of the meeting he said to his wife, "Take the keys, I am going to the theatre." She didn't understand what he meant, but he went there to find out how many of his people were at the theatre and he counted seven hundred and fifty. They had no time for the prayer-meeting but loved the house of pleasure. The next Sunday morning he told them plainly, "I thought I had a people who loved God but I find out you are lovers of pleasure and you need to be converted again."—Rev. S. A. Jamieson.

— 948 —

### HINDRANCES THAT HELP

I asked an acquaintance, a French professor, a friend of mine, a man of a good deal of spiritual insight: "Professor, what is your thought about it? Why do you suppose Christ anointed the eyes of that man with clay?"

"O," said my friend, "I don't know, sir, unless it made him a little more willing to go to wash."

Well, now, may not that be a chief reason? There is much in it. You know our Lord often puts us into a position by his providence wherein, because of our new straits, or discomfort, or embarrassment, we become willing to take some other needful step; and if it were not for that trial, or sorrow, or humiliation, we never would advance a step.

Of these providences often so dark, trying, and troublous, how often we say, "O, if God had not sent that upon me!" But that very event is the one condition indispensable, on which the Lord leads us to take some further step. —Rev. H. C. Mabie, D.D.



— 949 —

### SAVE OTHERS AND THYSELF

"There is an old story of two Russians who, traveling in winter, saw a poor man perishing from cold by the roadside. One wished to get out and help him. The other refused, saying they were nearly freezing themselves. But the merciful man got down, rubbed the exhausted and half-frozen wayfarer and restored him to life, only to find on returning to the sledge that his companion was stiff in death."

The above story, read in my boyhood, reminds me of the following incident told me by Mr. E. P. Stowe, of Brooklyn, leader of the orchestra which has furnished music for many of the outings of our congregation:

Some years ago, in a winter storm, a ship went ashore off the coast of Long Island. The hull became submerged and the crew took refuge aloft in the ship's rigging. Owing to the distance out and the roughness of the water the coast guards were unable to rescue the imperiled men. As through their glasses they watched the men tied in the rigging, as darkness fell, they observed one who was whipping his arms around his companion to keep him from freezing. With the dawn of morning, the sea subsided, and the life-savers put out to the wreck, only to find all the crew frozen to death excepting two. The one who had thus tried to save his fellow had succeeded, and in so doing had saved himself also.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 950 —

### WHY NO PERSONAL APPEALS FOR MONEY

When the opening of a Sunday school by myself was under consideration the foremost question was: "From whence will the money come to pay rent?" Finally I thought it ought to be possible to find a few Christians in the district each of whom would agree to give twenty-five cents or so a week to support a Sunday school.

My acquaintances in this part of New

York were very few, but I had talked with a store keeper on Third Avenue who seemed to be a Christian. I called at his place of business and spoke of the great need of a Sunday school. With this he was fully agreed, but when I spoke of its maintenance and suggested that he might be willing to give twenty-five cents a week to support it, at once he was full of excuses. While he was yet giving them, his wife came in and so the plan was unfolded to her. But she quite agreed with her husband. They wished the enterprise success, but they had to respond to so many calls for aid that they could not help it financially.

That by the mouth of three witnesses every word might be established, and my mind convinced, God so ordered it that while the wife was yet speaking, a grown-up son came in and was a listener to the conversation. And he too was told what it was about. But neither of those three persons were willing to promise twenty-five cents a week to support a Sunday school.

If that effort at personal solicitation brought no money, it did bring to my mind the firm conviction that that was not God's method for the maintenance of His work by me. And from that day to this I have never from any individual solicited money.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 951 —

### BE READY

Signor Caruso, the Italian tenor singer of celebrity, went to a New York bank to cash a check, but was asked to prove his identity. After reasoning with the cashier, who had heard the real Caruso in opera music, but did not recognize Caruso in him, it occurred to him that he might prove his identity in song, and began in a romance entitled "Tosca," and while he was singing the cashier began preparing the money. At the close of this remarkable scene the bank clerks gave rousing cheers. "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in you."—Selected.

— 952 —

## DR. CONYER'S CONVERSION

About one hundred and twenty years ago, Dr. Conyers was vicar of Helmsley, and the ambition of his life was to become a pattern village pastor. The parish was a very extensive one: but with surprising energy the doctor set to work, and soon proved to an admiring world what one pair of hands can achieve when they belong to a person who can labor with self-denial. The poor and the sick were visited to have their sorrows lightened, and wants relieved. Schools for boys and girls, young men and maidens, were provided as they had never been before in that part of the country. The church became well attended, week evening meetings for prayer and general improvement were instituted, and the outside world was loud in its praises of the indefatigable pastor. Still Dr. Conyers was not happy; and unable to divine the reason, he fasted more rigidly than had been his wont, and on the communion table of the church signed covenants by which he bound himself to be more holy and more diligent in serving Christ.

A man in such a condition may be deluded by fatal error, but he may at the same time be treading the very border line of the land of liberty.

So it happened with Dr. Conyers. He was a diligent reader of the Bible, and one day while searching the Scriptures, truth which he had never understood before entered his soul, and he felt like a new man. Amazed and overwhelmed with delight at the goodness of God, the vicar could not restrain his emotion. "I went upstairs and down again," he tells us, "backwards and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy, and crying, 'I have found Him! I have found Him!'"

He did more than vent his gratitude in private, however; he announced to the congregation the particulars of his recent experience, giving out for his text the words, "By grace are ye saved." Conversions became very numerous, for God was with his servant. After labor-

ing zealously for twenty-seven years, the good Doctor was taken to rest, four hours after preaching his last sermon.—Selected.

— 953 —

## HOW A BIBLE SAVED HIS BOY

The London Christian gives an interesting account of a colporter's work.

A roughly dressed man came to the pastor receiving contributions for Gideon Bibles, and said he wanted to help. He was a Roman Catholic and his children had been raised in that church and had not been Bible readers.

One of his boys worked his way up in a mercantile house to a fine position, but one day he defaulted with money, and left the city. Later in a hotel, he picked up a Gideon Bible and began reading it.

As he read chapter after chapter, he was convicted of sin. He immediately returned to his employer, turned over to him all the money he had, and offered himself for punishment. His position was retained for him, so that he was soon able to make good the balance due.

The father said he had not much money, but if a Gideon Bible saved his boy it would another, and he wanted to pay for one Bible at least to that end.

— 954 —

## ON THE RUBBISH HEAP

A young man in Argentina who possessed a Bible that his father had given him, became engaged to a Roman Catholic girl. Her confessor informed her that before she could marry, the bridegroom's Bible must be burnt. She told her fiancé this ultimatum, so the young man very reluctantly took his Bible, and, as he had not the courage to burn it, left it on a rubbish heap. A woman passing the rubbish heap saw a book which looked new, took it home with her, examined it, and, as she said, "from that memorable day all of us have read it, and the reading has resulted in the conversion of several of our family." "My word shall not return unto me void."—Bible in the World.



— 955 —

## A SERMON TO NOBODY

The workings of the Holy Spirit are mysterious as the viewless winds. The natural man knows nothing of these things. The spiritual man is taught and led and guided and prompted and helped by wisdom and power divine, and thus accomplishes what the worldling could never accomplish and would never attempt. In the journal of Stephen Grellet, an approved minister of the Society of Friends, were many instances of divine guidance; and doubtless many instances occurred which were never given to the world.

The following incident in the life of this good man is well worthy repeating. On one occasion, after much waiting on the Lord, he was directed by the Spirit to take a long journey into the backwoods of America and preach the gospel to some wood-cutters who were felling the forest timber. The Spirit-guided man went his journey in great peace and joy of soul, and went direct to the place told him of in his prayers. He found a number of shanties, but to his surprise there was silence. The timber-cutters had gone away deeper into the forest. But he, who had his message from God, could not be deceived. Finding a large shanty that appeared to have been used for the meals of the men, he entered, stood up, and preached the everlasting gospel, finished, and returned supremely happy in having done the will of his Father in Heaven. Years passed away, and Stephen Grellet heard nothing of his visit in any way, but he was happy in knowing that he had followed the Holy Spirit's guidance.

Years afterward he came to Europe in the service of the gospel, and visited England. One day, walking across London Bridge, a man somewhat rudely took hold of him:

"I have found you at last; I have got you at last, have I?"

"Friend," said Stephen Grellet, "I think you are mistaken."

"But I am not," said the man. After many more exclamations on the one hand and replies from the servant of the Lord on the other, the stranger said,

"Did you not preach on a certain day and at a certain place in the backwoods of America?"

"Yes," said the good man, "but I saw no one there to listen."

"I was there," was the reply. "I was the gauger of the woodmen. We had moved further into the forest, and were putting up more shanties to live in, when I discovered that I had left my lever at the old settlement. So after setting my men to work, I had gone back alone for my instrument. As I approached the old place I heard a voice. Trembling and agitated I drew near, saw you through the chinks of the timber walls of our dining shanty, listened to you, and was deeply convinced of sin, but I left and went back to my men. The arrow stuck fast: I was miserable, miserable for many weeks. I had no Bible, no book of any kind, no one to speak to about divine things.

"I felt more and more wretched. At last I possessed myself of the sacred treasure. I read, and read, till I read words whereby I obtained eternal life. I told my men the same blessed news, and they were all converted to God. Three of them became missionaries, and were mightily used of the Holy Spirit to bring sinners to the Saviour, and," added the strange man, "I became possessed of a very strong desire to see you, to tell you that I knew that your sermon in the old quarters had been the means of the conversion of at least one thousand souls."—The Christian.

— 956 —

## HANG OUT THE ROPES

Several miles above Milton, Pa., when the ice was breaking up, a farmer got into one of his boats, purposing to pull it out of the river.

A floating mass of ice struck it, breaking it loose from the moorings and

carrying it with him out into the current. A neighbor, seeing the danger, mounted a horse and with all possible speed rode down to Milton. The people of the town gathered all the ropes they could secure; they went out on the bridge and suspended a line of dangling ropes across the river. They could not tell at just what point the boat, with the farmer would pass under, so they put a rope down every two or three feet all the way across.

Soon the farmer was seen standing in the boat, which was half full of water, drifting down the rapid current. When he saw the ropes dangling within reach, he laid hold of the nearest one and was drawn up and saved.

One rope might not have answered the purpose—could not have answered the purpose unless it had hung in reach of the man. This row of ropes across the river made almost certain the rescue of this life.

The pastor hangs the rope of salvation from the pulpit and here and there as he may have the opportunity, and sometimes a soul drifting in the currents of sin is rescued by the pastor's rope.

But how many more chances would the drifting sinner have if business men would hang out ropes; and Sunday school superintendents and teachers would hang out ropes; and young men and women would hang out ropes; and mothers and wives would hang out ropes?

This is the secret of soul-saving.

—Selected.

— 957 —

### SURPRISING CONFIDENCE

When pastor at Iron Mountain, Michigan, Dr. John D. Cameron an elder in my church told me the following incident:

One day his associate, Dr. Crowell, asked his assistance at an operation he was to perform. The patient was a miner who resided at the "Location," in one of the many houses built on the same plan, and of the same color, red

trimmed with white.

By mistake the doctors entered the wrong house and went up stairs. In a bed, in a room similar to that in which Dr. Crowell had seen his patient, lay a man. The doctors proceeded to make their arrangements for the operation. They opened their bags, took out their instruments, got a basin of water, a towel, etc.

The man who evidently knew them, watched their proceedings with interest.

When all was in readiness, Dr. Crowell approached the bed, and turned down its covers to show Dr. Cameron the spot demanding an operation. To his surprise he couldn't find it, and then they became quickly aware that they were in the wrong house.

When the man, a Swede, was asked why he had said nothing, he replied: "I supposed you knew what you were about, and that it was all right."

We cannot commend the judgement of a man who would allow doctors to go so far as they did in this case. But when God's providence in His dealings with us seems strange, our confidence in Him should be so great as to keep us quiet, and enable us to await developments. For we know He is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 958 —

### "I THOUGHT OF YOU, MOTHER."

"A boy who afterward became governor of the state of Massachusetts, once came near being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile; but finally he reached the shore in safety. When he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim, she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. 'I thought of you mother,' replied the boy, 'and kept on swimming.' The thought of mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and to the nation."



— 959 —

## TALMAGE'S CONVERSION

A mother was one evening pleading with her son to remain at home and not go out to spend the night in dissipation. He answered, "I'm of age and too old to be tied to your apron strings." She said, "My dear boy, I can't force you to stay, but please remember that your mother will be all night on her knees praying God to save your soul."

The young man went out and spent the night carelessly, forgetting all about his mother. About four o'clock, in the morning he returned home, partially intoxicated. Seeing a light in his mother's room, made him think of her last words. He crept up to the window and looked in. There on her knees beside the bed was his mother, with upturned face, crying, "O God, save my poor lost boy!" Quickly he turned away and went up stairs to bed, but not to sleep. He tossed and turned until he was forced to get up and throw himself upon his knees before God and call for mercy. He rose from his knees a saved man. The news of his conversion went like wild-fire around the country and upward of five hundred young people were converted shortly afterward in that little village of Summerville, N. J. This young man married and had children born to him. They all grew to manhood and became ministers of the gospel. One of them attained world-wide recognition as America's best preacher and religious writer of his day. His name was De Witt Talmage.—S. S. Lesson Illustrator.

— 960 —

## THE THANKFUL HEART

Thankfulness comes from the heart, not from the circumstances. "In everything give thanks." 1 Thess. v. 18. Matthew Henry, the commentator, robbed of his purse, remarked: "Let me be thankful, first, because I never was robbed before. Second, because, although they took my purse, they did

not take my life. Third, because, although they took my all, it was not much. Fourth, because it was I who was robbed, and not I who robbed."

A poor cobbler was always praising God, even in misfortune, believing it to be by God's permission. His wife scolded him daily for thanking God for nothing. One day the poor but happy cobbler fell downstairs and broke his right leg. The wife came rushing to the scene of the accident to hear her espoused fervently saying: "Thank God." "Are you fool enough to thank God for a broken leg," she shouted in vexation.

"Thank God I did not break both legs," was the unexpected reply of the smiling cobbler.—Selected.

— 961 —

## HE COULDN'T LET THE BABIES FREEZE

In the railroad yards of a central Wisconsin town a little chap, who afterwards said he was twelve years old, but looked to be only nine or ten, was trudging down the track with a bag slung over his shoulder, which it took no shrewdness to guess was a bag of coal. A friendly approach soon enticed the sturdy youngster to confidential conversation. "Yes," said he, "it's been cold this winter and I've been picking up coal along the tracks every day. Made no difference if I wuz cold, but them babies at home, you bet I wuzn't going to let them freeze. And I kept 'em good and warm all winter too." And as the little fellow turned off down a side street leading to some rickety homes he shouted back with his good-bye, "I'm going to keep on picking up coal until the weather gets warm."

The world boasts of its heroes, but in its dark corners it cradles nobler heroes than its trump of fame ever heralds. Where the guardian angels of little children keep their wiser records of true greatness, there shall surely be an enduring memorial for that little chap who can be cold himself but cannot let the babies freeze.—The Continent.

— 962 —

## CLIMBERS OR FLYERS?

A story is told of a traveler who sat down to rest by the wayside. Soon he noticed a large beetle trying to climb over a rock. The rock shelved outward at the top, and every time the beetle got up to the under side of that ledge he fell back to the ground again. At last the beetle seemed to get discouraged. Instead of resuming his climb as before, after another fall, he stood and looked at the rock. Then he opened his wings and flew over it with ease.

Why didn't he do that at first? Who knows? He was not in the habit of using his wings, and perhaps, was a little afraid to trust himself to them.

Every climbing Christian might be a flying Christian, and then instead of continually falling down again he would be able, like the beetle, to fly over his obstruction. Why can't all Climbers become Flyers? It may be only because they are afraid to trust their wings; or, it may be that some natures are so constructed that a certain amount of gymnastics of the climbing kind is necessary before they are able to use the wings of faith successfully. — Selected

— 963 —

## MEN ABOVE PRICE

When the liquor men began casting about for a man to contest Constitutional Prohibition in the courts, they decided to look for some one of social prominence.

They laid down on a table in front of Charles Evans Hughes a check for \$150,000. The great jurist replied, "I would not champion this cause before the courts for any sum of money you could name."

Failing to buy Mr. Hughes, they next went to William Howard Taft, and placed before him a signed check, telling him to fill it in for any amount he wanted. The reply of this statesman will be memorable: "Gentlemen, you could n't pile enough gold on this continent to induce me to take your case before

the courts and before the public, for I will have you know my conscience is not for sale."—Christian Century

— 964 —

## VALUE OF TRACT GIVING

A woman in Lebanon, Ky., heard Moody preach, and resolved to do something. She gave a tract to a young man. He gave himself to God. He was Dr. Lorimer, the noted Baptist minister. He led to Christ Russell Conwell, now pastor of a large church in Philadelphia.

A commercial traveler went into a store and asked a young man named Sayford if he wanted to put his name on a prayer list. To please the traveler he assented and forgot it. Soon after he was converted, and became an evangelist to young men in colleges of America. Obert gave himself to Christ through hearing him, became an evangelist and went to Cornell University. John R. Mott heard him and was saved, becoming a well-known evangelist in colleges, as well as in other world-wide work.—J. E. Tiffany.

— 965 —

## JONAH AND THE WHALE

Last winter in the Japan Sea was captured what is thought to be the greatest whale. It took three Japanese ships to convey the skeleton of this monster to Monji. The whale was two hundred feet long. Its jawbones were twenty-five feet in length and the skeleton weighed fifty-five tons. Captain Carl Meier with the steamship Oregonia, brought the skeleton of this great whale from Monji, Japan, to the dock at Brooklyn. It was purchased in the Far East by a representative of the Museum of Natural History in New York City. Those who find physical difficulties in accepting the Bible story of Jonah on account of the smallness of the throat of the fish, might easily believe that such a whale as the one whose remains have been brought to New York would have no difficulty in swallowing one or even a dozen men.—Christian Herald.



— 966 —

## WHY HE MISSED THE TRAIN.

It was probably in the early nineties that Mr. Hudson Taylor conducted some very blessed meetings in the city of St. Louis, and in the church of which the late Dr. James H. Brookes was the beloved pastor.

He had been in our city a good many days, and great interest in the work of the China Inland Mission had been manifested, both through large gifts, and through the establishment of centers of intercession for the work in China. While here he was the guest of Dr. Brookes.

After his meetings in our city, he was booked for a small town in Illinois where he was to give an address at eight o'clock in the evening. In order to reach the town, he was to leave St. Louis by an early train on Monday morning.

Dr. Brookes was most punctilious about meeting all engagements promptly. He therefore ordered his coachman to have the carriage at the door at quite an early hour.

The hour arrived but the coachman did not. As there seemed still abundance of time, they awaited his arrival with little concern. But at last Dr. Brookes became much concerned, and they started to try to catch a street car. It was in the days before telephones were much in use. On the way to the car they met the coachman with the carriage, entered it, and bade the coachman drive as quickly as possible.

Dr. Brookes watched the time and was much concerned about missing the train. But Mr. Taylor was quite at ease, and said quietly, "My Father runs the trains and I am on His business."

Upon reaching the station, they found that the train had gone, and were told that no train would be leaving for the town mentioned before evening. Dr. Brookes expressed great regret and concern; but again Mr. Taylor reminded him that "my Father runs the trains."

Just as they turned from the ticket office, a man rushed up to Mr. Taylor, saying, "Oh, I was afraid that I had

missed you. I want to tell you how God has used you to bring blessing to me." As he turned away he slipped an envelope into Mr. Taylor's hands, which was found to contain \$75, marked "For your personal use."

Mr. Taylor said to Dr. Brookes, "You see that my Father has just sent me my railway fare." Dr. Brookes was amazed and asked, "Did you not have your railway fare, and if not, why did you not let me know?" He replied, "I told my Father," and he added "I never use money except such as is marked for personal use."

Then Mr. Taylor walked leisurely to a man standing among outgoing trains, and asked if he knew of any way by which he might reach the town in Illinois that evening. The man replied that a train would be leaving soon, which passed through Springfield, Ill., and that a train from Chicago passed through Springfield en route to the town mentioned. But he said that the Chicago train would pass through Springfield an hour before the train from St. Louis was due in that place. Mr. Taylor said with great assurance that the St. Louis train would reach Springfield first that day.

So he bought his ticket and boarded that train, bid Dr. Brookes to be comforted as his Father certainly did run the trains. For the first time in one and a half years the Chicago train was an hour late; Mr. Taylor stepped from one train to the other, reached his destination in good time and wired to Dr. Brookes, "My Father runs the trains."

On the next day the papers reported a wreck of the train on which Mr. Taylor had proposed to journey. "According to your faith, be it unto you.—China's Millions.

— 967 —

## HIS SUBSTITUTE

I was reading a day or two ago, about a farmer who was found kneeling at a soldier's grave near Nashville. Some one came to him and said: "Why do you pay so much attention to this grave? Was your son buried here?" "No," he

said. "During the war, my family were all sick. I knew not how to leave them. I was drafted. One of my neighbors came over and said: 'I will go for you, I have no family.' We went off. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He was carried to the hospital and died. And, sir, I have come a great many miles that I might write over his grave these words: 'He died for me.' Christ was our Substitute. He went forth to fight our battles. He died. Oh! that we might write over His grave to-night, each one of us: 'He died for me!'"—Talmage.

— 968 —

### WASHING THE WOOL

A clergyman walking near a brook, observed a woman washing wool in a stream. This was done by putting it in a sieve, and then dipping the sieve in the water repeatedly, until the wool became white and clean.

He asked the woman if she knew him.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said; "I shall have reason to bless God to eternity for having heard you preach some years ago. Your sermon was the means of doing me much good."

"I rejoice to hear it. Pray, what was the subject?"

"Ah, sir, I can't recollect that, my memory is so bad."

"How then can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about?"

"Sir, my mind is like this sieve: the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through, it cleanses the wool; so my memory does not retain the words I hear, but as they pass through my heart, by God's grace they cleanse it. Now I no longer love sin, and every day I entreat my Saviour to wash me in his own blood, and to cleanse me from all pollution."—Selected.

— 969 —

### DRIVING WITH OIL

I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of timber. I bored a hole of the right size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole was rough. I made slow progress, and was beginning to split the wood.

Then I thought of the oil can. I oiled the bar; I poured oil into the hole; a few blows of the hammer sent the iron into its place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, or enlarged that of the hole. It had only relieved the friction. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer.

How slow some good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it just as they do, and whoever does not is hammered at without mercy. Such uncharitable zeal provokes opposition. It excites all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformer be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love.—Dr. Babb.

— 970 —

### JUDGE PAYS A PRISONER'S FINE

Mr. Frank Weaver, at one of the tent meetings, told the following story: "Two men who had been friends and companions in their youth, met in the police court, the one on the magistrate's bench, the other in the prisoner's dock. The case was tried and the prisoner found guilty. Would the judge, in consideration of their friendship years before, forbear to pass judgment? No, he must fulfil his duty, justice must be done, the law of the land obeyed. He gave out the sentence—fourteen days' hard labor or a fine of £10. The condemned man had nothing to pay so the prison cell was before him. But as soon as he had pronounced the sentence, the judge rose from the bench, threw aside his magistrate's robes, and, stepping down to the dock, stood beside the prisoner, paid his fine for him, and then said, 'Now, John, you are coming home with me to supper.' It is just so with the sinner, God cannot overlook sin. Justice must be done, and sentence pronounced, but Christ Himself pays the debt and the sinner is free."—Selected.



— 971 —

## THE RESULT OF A PROMISE

One day a Scotch lad, not yet sixteen, started from home to take charge of a gentleman's garden in Cheshire, England. He bade farewell to father, brothers and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here for a few minutes. I wish to ask one favor of you before you depart."

"What is it, mother?" asked the son, "Promise that you will do what I am going to ask you."

"I cannot, mother," replied the cautious boy, "till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I want you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home now with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scripture daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise, and every day read the Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother; not from any pleasure he found in the sacred book. At length, inattentive though he was, the truths he daily came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy, and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up to one book, the Bible.

He did not pray until his unhappi-

ness sent him to his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistle to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The apostle's words appeared different, though familiar to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God.

That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighboring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries, told him by his mother, came up vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffat a missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.—*Religious Herald*.

— 972 —

## THE SPIRIT OF TOLERANCE

To what extent should we exercise a spirit of tolerance toward those who differ from us in religious belief? This is a question that should not be answered unwisely or rashly.

Early in the eighteenth century, when Sir Robert Walpole stood at the helm of the British Empire, it was noted that he transacted business of state with a remarkable degree of courtesy toward the men who had bitterly abused him in Parliament. When asked how he could do so, he replied,

"The king's business requires union. Why should my master's affairs suffer loss by the private quarrels of his servants?"

Mr. Fletcher, in commenting upon this incident, says: "May the time come when the ministers of the King of Peace shall have as much regard for his interests as that minister showed for the interests of his royal master."—*Wesleyan Methodist*.

— 973 —

**BELIEVED HIMSELF BLIND**

The curious case of an ex-service man, blinded in both eyes as he believed, is given in the "Rochester Times Union," May 13, 1920. He was so blind that neither eye could perceive an uplifted hand at any distance. Blind eyes may as well be shut as open. So he kept his closed.

Examining physicians pronounced him eligible for retraining; and he was about to be admitted to the Maryland Workshop for the Blind, under the Federal Board for Vocational Training, when another doctor, who believed the man's eyes to be good, persuaded him that he could see. This treatment by suggestion was persevered in until the supposedly blind man opened his eyes and tried, and lo! he saw, and was presently discharged completely cured.

Sin blinds the eyes of those who believe not. They see no beauty in Christ that he is to be desired. But to those in nature's darkness and spiritual death, the Word of God sounds out, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5:14.

Man's weakness because of sin is a fact and not a fancy. But if in obedience to God's command we arouse and open our eyes, He will make us see and give us light and power.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 974 —

**EVIL COMPANY**

Sophonius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day, when he had refused to permit her to go, in company with her brother, to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "father, you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter.

"It will not burn you, my child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her tender white hand black; and, without thinking, she touched her white dress, and it was also blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be too careful enough when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! So is the company of immoral persons."—Selected.

— 975 —

**THE BOY CHURCH BUILDERS**

A prominent minister, now quite aged, tells a story of two boys who began right in the matter of giving to God's cause. The people of his church were anxious for a new church building, and one Sunday morning subscription papers were passed through the congregation for that purpose. As one of the deacons came near two bright-faced lads, one of them fifteen, the other younger, he said to them smilingly, "Well, boys, are you going to help build the church?"

When the older of the two boys answered quietly, "Put my brother and me down for fifty dollars," the good man could hardly believe his ears. "Why, Henry! What do you mean?" he said in astonishment.

But Henry was not to be discouraged. "We have saved twenty-five dollars already," he said, "and I think we can get the rest by the time the church is done." And the pledge thus made was kept and every cent of the money paid on time.

The sequel of this story is just what might be expected. One of those boys is still living, a well-known and successful minister of the Gospel. The other died a few years since, wealthy, and beloved throughout his native State. They had honored God with their substance, and he had rewarded them with blessings and prosperity.—Richard Miller.



— 976 —

## THE INFIDEL CONVERTED

A youth of sixteen entered Providence college, now Brown University and graduated with the highest honors of his class. His most intimate friend was E——, who was very bright and witty, and remarkably winning in his person and manners, but a confirmed infidel. The ambitious youth came fully under the influence of his gay and brilliant companion, and when he left college, he, too, could ridicule the Bible, and crack his jokes at the expense of weak minded people who believed it to be the word of God.

For a time he was quite undecided what literary field to select for the display of his talents. During this period of hesitation he concluded to travel on horseback through some of the New England States and New York.

One evening he stopped at a country inn, and the landlord apologized for the necessity of putting him into a room adjoining an apartment occupied by a young man who was extremely ill, and in a dying condition. The youthful infidel smiled at the apology, for what was death to him? However, in the stillness of the night he heard through the thin partition the groans of the sick man, groans of suffering, groans, it seemed to him, of despair. He was ashamed to find that these hollow and hopeless groans not only disturbed, but appalled him, and he covered his head with the bed-clothes in profound mortification, when he reflected that the intellectual and sarcastic E—— would laugh him to scorn if his weakness were ever discovered.

At last all was still, and he fell into an uneasy sleep. When he awoke, descending to the office, with assumed indifference he inquired after his fellow-lodger.

"Dead," was the blunt reply of the landlord.

The infidel was startled, but again asked in careless tones, "Do you know who he was?"

"Oh, yes, he was a graduate of Providence College, and a fine fellow! His

name was E——, and it's a pity he died so young, for he would have made his mark."

And so the groans that forced the young stranger to think of E——, as a refuge from his unmanly fears, were the groans of E—— himself, the wicked and mocking deist, in his dying hour.

This young skeptic afterwards became the devoted and distinguished Dr. Adoniram Judson, the "great missionary" of Burmah.—Selected.

— 977 —

## CLAFLIN AND THE YOUNG MAN

The following story is told about Horace B. Claflin, a prominent merchant who was as quaint and humorous as he was keen witted and rich:

On a certain evening, about five o'clock Claflin was sitting alone in his office when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Claflin," he said, "I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payment, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Claflin; "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man; "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then."

"No; I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room; "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claflin. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No sir; I am superintendent of the — Sunday-school."

"Well," said Clafin, with tears in his eyes and choking voice, "you shall have it and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you."

— 978 —

### CHECK YOUR PASSIONS

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to his youthful companion.

"Pull up the least one."

He obeyed with ease.

"Now the next."

He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move the roots, but he succeeded.

"Now the fourth."

In vain the boy put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble. He could not move the earth and no effort could dislodge it.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth. "This, my son, is just what happens with your passions. When they are young and weak one may by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our soul there is no human power that can uproot them. For this reason, watch well over the first movement of your soul and study by acts and virtue to keep your passions well in check.—Selected.

— 979 —

### CONTROL VOICE AND TEMPER

A London merchant once had a dispute with a Quaker about a bill. The merchant said he would go to law about it; the Quaker tried all means to keep him from doing so. One morning the Quaker resolved to make a last attempt, and he called at the merchant's house, and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant heard him, and,

knowing his voice, called out from the stairs, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." The Quaker looking up at him, calmly said; "Well, friend, God grant thee a better mind." The merchant was struck with meekness of the reply, and he looked into the disputed bill, and found that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He called to see him, and, after confessing his error, he said: "I have one question to ask you: How were you able so often to bear my abuse with patience?" "Friend," said the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I had once as bad a temper as thou hast; I knew that to yield to this temper was sinful, and I found that it was unwise. I noticed that men in a passion always spoke loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should keep my passion. I have therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have, by God's help, mastered my temper."—Selected.

— 980 —

### KIND AS WELL AS GREAT

In addressing a Sunday-school in Detroit, some time ago, Rev. Dr. Broadus related the following story:

An old man used to sweep the street-crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the House of Parliament, for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiring he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the Word of God to a street-sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to the poor.



— 981 —

**SANDY OR SAFE FOUNDATION?**

A careless living woman spoken to by one of the missionaries of the People's Tabernacle respecting her salvation replied, "Oh that is a matter I attended to long ago!" Probably years before she had been the subject of some religious ceremony, baptism or confirmation. Having had the benefit of all this, she supposed her salvation certain.

A man to whom one of the members of the Tabernacle spoke about going to church replied, "I have not been to church in more than thirty years. When I was confirmed I made up my mind that would end my church-going, and it did!" He evidently thought he was graduating from the service of Christ instead of enlisting in it. Such ignorance of the gospel is pitiable and all too common. Humanity is so prone to trust in some service, ceremony or something, instead of in Christ alone.

Said a very sick woman, whom the Pastor visited in the hospital not long ago, "If only a prayer could be said for me in church, I would be willing to go!"

She had not lived as she wanted to die, but she had suffered long, and there was no prospect of improvement, so she would be resigned to die if only a prayer could be said for her in church!

She was pointed to Christ as the only one who can do helpless sinners good. She was told that He invited all to come to Him, and would turn none away who truly came. That better than dying, would be the privilege of going to her home again and there by living a new life prove the reality of her faith in Christ. But God ordered otherwise, and in a few days she passed out of this world.

Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John 14, 6.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 982 —

**NOT TO BE BRIBED**

The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a

young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded he would be theirs if properly asked, they sent his old school-fellow, the lord treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting the lord treasurer slipped into his hand £1,000, and then went to his chariot. Marvel, looking at the paper, called after the treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and the servant-boy was called. "I ask, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right, child; what have I for dinner today?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade bone to broil?" "It is so; very right, child, go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided: there is your piece of paper, I want it not; I know the sort of kindness you intended; I live here to serve my constituents, the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."—Selected.

— 983 —

**ANSWERED WHILE SPEAKING**

A company of Covenanters had been pursued by their persecutors until their strength was exhausted. Reaching a hill which separated them from their pursuers, their leader said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed: "Twine about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over puir old Saunders and these puir things!" Before he had done speaking a mist rose up about the hill, and wrapped the devoted little band about like the very cloak of the Lord he had prayed for. In vain their enemies sought to find them, and, while they were wearying themselves in the efforts, an order came which sent them on an errand in a different direction.—Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

— 984 —

**"I THANK YOU, SIR!"**

"When I crossed the ocean in my boyhood to seek my fortune in America, all the English I knew was 'I thank, you, sir,'" said a gentleman, now a highly prosperous and respected American citizen.

"That one sentence served me in good stead. The captain and crew of the vessel were Englishmen, and it was marvelous how my 'I thank you, sir,' won smiles and kindness from them. It was the same when I reached New York. When other words failed me, it was my passport, and it opened many a door and many a heart to me." We wonder how many of our young people have learned that sentence so that it comes easily to the lips. To remember to say, "I thank you, sir," in response to the courtesies we receive in the course of a day, and to keep the sentence in readiness when other words fail, is to possess a vocabulary far from meager in its scope, especially in the way it acts upon hearts.—Selected.

— 985 —

**CHURCH GOING**

Take church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grip of some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel inert, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts; and when he is there how interested he is—how absorbed, how alert, how devoted. That is store-going.

And now take the same man and look at his church-going. What a contrast! "I have a headache; I do not think I shall go to church." "It rains hard and it is so cold; I shall not venture out." "I feel tired; I shall stay at home and rest." And often, when he goes, how he lolls about and looks around and lets his mind wander.

Yes, you say; but one is business to which we must attend; we shall lose our place or our money; and the other is—

well, what is it? Is it not an important thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very holy, a very solemn, a very urgent affair? Does not the welfare of the soul depend upon it? Can it be neglected with impunity?

Think of those words of your Master in Malachi, "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then, I be a father where is my fear?"—Clinton Locke, D. D.

— 986 —

**MULLER'S MIGHTY FAITH**

"When the son of God cometh shall he find faith on earth?" The notable nonagenarian among living Christians is George Muller, of Bristol, England, who has recently passed his ninetieth birthday. Both his age and his piety are patriarchal. Since 1835 Mr. Muller has been engaged in orphanage work, and has been used of God in the uprearing of numerous colossal buildings for the accommodation of his orphans, who are providentially brought under his care, from year to year. Through the faith and prayers of this great and good man, the Lord has enabled him to gather, feed, clothe, educate, and rear to manhood and womanhood 120,763 orphans during the sixty years' management of the Lord's orphanages. He has never asked assistance from men; not as much as the value of a single penny. He has asked the Lord only for the dollars he has needed, and for all his orphanage supplies. In answer to his prayers God has given into his hands all the dollars he has needed, and all the supplies that his orphans needed. In the sixty years of his orphanage work there has been expended the immense sum of \$6,866,743; and the Lord has given into his hands precisely the sum of \$6,866,743. The faith of this wonderful man is sublimely simple. "Ask, and receive"—that's all. But he seems superhuman among ordinary humans on account of the superhuman work he is doing, and the superhuman faith that he brings to its accomplishment.—Selected, 1896.



— 987 —

## PERSEVERANCE REWARDED

Missionary Labor at Tahiti was apparently in vain for from fourteen to sixteen years, and, notwithstanding untiring, earnest and faithful effort, but one solitary instance of conversion had taken place. The wars of desolation continued, and abominable idolatries and iniquities reigned. "The heavens seemed as brass and the earth as iron"; and when God's time to favor the work in Polynesia came, the beginning was such as to turn all attention to himself. For at the time the war had driven the missionaries from the island and cut off all communication. Two native servants, formerly employed in the missionaries' families, had unknown to them received favorable impressions, and had united together for prayer. They had been joined by others, and at the return of the missionaries to Tahiti at the termination of the war they found a number of praying people, and had little to do but to aid in a work which God had thus singularly begun.

These years of fruitless and apparently hopeless toil had almost determined the directors of the London Missionary Society to abandon altogether the work at Tahiti. Dr. Haweis, chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, one of the founders of the Society, and the father and liberal supporter of the South Sea Mission, earnestly opposed such abandonment by a further donation of a thousand dollars. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, the pastor of Mr. Williams, declared with great emphasis that he would sell the clothes from his back rather than give up the mission, and proposed instead of abandonment that a season of special prayer should be observed for the divine blessing. Such a season was observed; letters of encouragement were written to the missionaries, and—mark it!—while the vessel was on her way to carry these letters to Tahiti, another ship passed her in mid-ocean which conveyed to Great Britain, October 1813, the news that idolatry was entirely overthrown in the Island,

and bore back to London the rejected idols of the people; and so was fulfilled literally the Divine promise, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D.

— 988 —

## GOD'S CARE SHOWN

As truly as God is God, and has given us our faculties, just so truly will He assist us in the right use of these faculties. And if at time He, in wisdom, sees fit to thwart our plans, it is in order that a greater good may come to us, as in the case of Job.

On one occasion I was many miles from home. I supposed I had money enough for my necessary expenses, but in offering a ten-dollar bill it was declared to be a counterfeit. Several business men said they would not have hesitated to take it. But I, fearing God, could not pass it. I took a pen and wrote across the face of the bill "Counterfeit." But how should I get along? I needed just that \$10 to take me home. I stopped in Janesville, Wis., and was invited to preach in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Some one unknown to me took up a collection, and besides the usual small change found in the hat at such times, there was a genuine ten-dollar bill.

I do not preach for money, and never asked for a contribution for myself. If one cannot see the hand of God in thus rewarding right doing, and trust in Him, he must be void of discernment.

Another time I was away from home attending meeting. My horses were in a barn quite a distance from where I stayed at night. In the night a gentleman came and called me up and wished me to look after my horses, for a Godly woman in his house insisted upon his coming to inform me that my horses were in trouble. I went, and found one of my horses thrown down in a way that must soon have resulted in death. This woman knew nothing of the facts, but was impressed that something was wrong, although her home was a long way from the stable.

"He that spared not His own Son,

but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"—Rev. C. W. Smith, Aurora, Ill.

— 989 —

### THE SEVEN LETTERS

Several years ago "The Presbyterian" related the following incident on the authority of a private letter from Paris:

"At a Bible reunion, held at the house of an English Congregational minister, where several colporteurs, teachers, and others meet for devotional reading and conversation, a brief anecdote was related by a clergyman living in La Force, who established there an institution for epileptics, where he has now three hundred, supported entirely on the principle of faith, Like Muller's orphanage.

"At one time he found himself in debt to the amount of five hundred pounds. After a sleepless, anxious night, he found on his table seven letters. Opening five, he found them to be all applications, some of them most painful in their details, for the admission of new inmates. His excited mind could not bear it. Without opening the other two letters he threw them to his wife. 'Put them into the fire,' he said, and turned to seek relief in the open air. 'John,' said a sweet voice, 'this won't do. Come back.' So he did, taking up the sixth letter, which proved to be from a stranger, enclosing a check for three hundred pounds. The other envelope gave him just what was needed, just that and no more. He thanked God, and took courage. Will he ever again hear the sweet, sad voice, 'Wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

— 990 —

### THE SHOEMAKER'S PLAN

A shoe-maker being asked how he contrived to give so much, replied that it was easily done by obeying St. Paul's precept in 1 Cor. 16:2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." "I earn," said he, "one day with another, about a dollar a day, and

I can without inconvenience to myself or family lay by five cents of this sum for charitable purposes; the amount is thirty cents a week. My wife takes in sewing and washing, and earns something like two dollars a week, and she lays by ten cents of that. My children each of them earn a shilling or two, and are glad to contribute their penny; so that altogether we lay by us in store forty cents a week. And if we have been unusually prosperous, we contribute something more. The weekly amount is deposited every Sunday morning in a box kept for that purpose, and reserved for future use. Thus, by these small earnings, we have learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The yearly amount saved in this way is about twenty-five dollars; and I distribute this among the various benevolent societies, according to the best of my judgment."

— 991 —

### "OBEY YOUR PARENTS"

The celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson in a letter written in 1767, relates how his sick father had once asked him to stand in the market stall and sell books for him on a certain day, and he refused, committing thereby a breach of filial piety which for half a century troubled his conscience, until fifty years from the day when pride kept him from proper obedience, he went into the very market where his now dead father's book stall used to be, and there in penitent contrition stood half an hour with his head uncovered and bare, with crowds gazing at him in wonder. Carlyle calls the act "one of the saddest and proudest we can paint."

The sting of the remembrance of unkindness in a conscientious heart is not easily quieted. It is better not to speak sharp hard words to a parent. The words at the head of this article are a heavenly admonition. See that thou refusest not Him who speaks to thee from heaven. Unkindness to parents brings bitter sobs, and remorse, when the dear old faces disappear from sight beneath the coffin lid.—D. T. Taylor.



— 992 —

## THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, went one day to take a walk with a professor, who was commonly called "the students' friend," such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed must belong to a poor man who was at work in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying—

"Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of others, especially of the poor; but you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves behind the bushes."

The student did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see what words of joy he might express.

The poor man had soon finished his work, and come across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes, but, feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.

Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides to see who might have put it there, but could see no one. Then he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on his other shoe; but how great was his amazement when he found the other dollar. His feelings overcame

him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving to God, in which he spoke of his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I hope never to forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—Selected.

— 993 —

## HIS HEART IN IT.

A manufacturer in Philadelphia once told a friend the story of one of his superintendents.

Many years ago a boy applied to him for work. He was employed at low wages. Two days later the awards of premiums were made to manufactories at the Centennial Exhibition. Says the manufacturer:

"Passing down Chestnut Street early in the morning I saw Bob spring over the bulletin board in front of a newspaper office. Suddenly he pulled off his cap with a shout.

"What is the matter?" asked one.

"We have taken a medal for sheetings!" he exclaimed.

"I said nothing, but kept my eye on Bob. The boy who could identify himself in two days with my interests would be of use to me hereafter.

"His work was to deliver packages. I found that he took a real pride in it. His wagon must be cleaner, his horse better fed, his orders filled more promptly, than those of the men belonging to any other firm. He was as zealous for the house as though he had been a partner in it. I have advanced him step by step. His fortune is made, and the firm has added to its capital so much energy and force."—The Central Christian Advocate.

— 994 —

## GUIDED ARIGHT

Writing for our paper of the annual excursion of the People's Tabernacle, a week after the event, July 10th, 1897, we said: "Our excursion last Saturday was one of the most successful we ever had."

Three weeks later we wrote:

Do you remember what a fearfully wild storm prevailed in this city and its vicinity July 23rd? It was said to have been one of the worst for a long time, and it was especially dangerous and disagreeable for excursionists.

For some time we had been waiting to see what the weather of July 23rd would be. The reason of this was that was the date we at first fixed upon for our excursion. The contract had been signed and we had returned home, but we had some misgivings as to the date selected. The pleasure and success of such an outing depends largely upon the weather, and as God alone knew what it would be, we were praying for His guidance.

It is sufficient to say that we were so influenced by certain considerations that we sent down the same day and had the excursion changed to another date which was still open. Some may ascribe this fortunate change to merely a notion or to good luck, but we thank God for it, and shall continue to believe that He answered the prayer of those who were seeking His direction.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 995 —

## A POWERFUL DREAM

A correspondent of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly" gives the following testimony to the fact that God answers prayer:

"My father, a minister of the Gospel, was prostrated by sickness. A large family of little ones was dependent upon him for support. Funds ran low. One evening my mother remarked that she had broken her last dollar. My father lay awake most of the night, praying to his God for help in this emergency.

That same night a man in a parish not many miles distant was much impressed by a dream. He dreamed that a minister who preached in his church not long ago was sick and in want. He knew neither his name nor his place of residence. He arose at the first dawn of day, and going to his own pastor inquired the name and address of the stranger who had recently preached for them. These obtained, he mounted his horse, and knocked at our door just as my mother drew up the window shades. She answered the knock, when, without a word, a stranger placed an envelope in her hand and immediately rode away. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill, which we all believed was the Lord's answer to our father's prayer. Afterwards these facts were disclosed by the pastor to him whom the Lord chose to dispense his bounty."

— 996 —

## START THINGS RIGHT

Thelwall once said to Coleridge: "I think it is unfair to influence the minds of children by inculcating opinions before they shall come to the years of discretion so they may choose for themselves." Coleridge made no reply, but asked his friend to visit his garden. When inside he said:

"This is my botanical garden."

"How can that be," asked Thelwall, "for it is all overgrown with weeds?"

"Oh," said Coleridge, "that is only because my garden has not come to the age of discretion. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil in favor of roses, berries and delicious fruits."

You get nothing good out of a garden till you put something good in. There must be seed or there are sure to be weeds. Do not make a mistake. The word of God must be planted in the heart if good results are to be attained. A precious harvest only comes from sowing precious seed, and caring for it after it is sown.—The Christian.



— 997 —

## THE TWO SENTINALS

Two soldiers, Andrew Harmer and his comrade, were on duty in the citadel of Gibraltar. The rock is honey-combed with galleries, through which sounds are conveyed a great distance, and sentinels are posted at the ends of these galleries. It happened to be their turn to stand both of them sentinels the same night. Harmer was in great distress of mind, and was groaning under the burden of unforgiven sin; he felt his sin to be almost intolerable, while his comrade had obtained peace through the love of God in Christ, and was rejoicing in a sense of sins forgiven. By and by the officer of the guard came around to ask for the pass-word, and asked it of the soldier who was rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Forgetting military discipline, and not thinking of counter signs, he shouted, in tones that startled the officer,—

“The Precious Blood of Christ.”

Right through the gallery went the words of the converted soldier to the heart of Andrew Harmer at the other end. It seemed to him a mysterious voice from heaven. In a moment he saw it all: he was liberated from the chains of sin; he was reconciled to God, and enabled to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. Ere long he procured his discharge, entered the service of God as a missionary, and in missionary labor he at last finished his course.

What is “the precious blood of Christ?” Why should these words convey peace to the troubled conscience? What does Peter mean when he writes, “Ye were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot?” It does not mean literal blood of a mere man? that could not save. It means the life-blood of Christ, the Son of God. The life is in the blood. “It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul.” Turn to the 12th chapter of Exodus, and see the figure of the slain

lamb. God has signed the death-warrant of all the first-born in Egypt; there was to be death in every house. “But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue.” He provided a deliverance for His own people Israel. He commanded the head of every family to kill a lamb of the firstlings of the flock, a male without blemish and without spot. The father of the family was to kill it, and to take hyssop and dip it in the blood, and sprinkle the lintel and door-posts with the blood; so when the destroying angel came to kill the first-born in Egypt, he would “pass-over” every house whereon the blood was sprinkled. “When I see the blood, I will pass over you.” And so it came to pass that, while there was death in every Egyptian house, there was peace in every Israelitish family. The blood was their security.

Has not this a lesson for us? Does it not point to the Lamb of God slain for our sins? Does it not show God’s estimate of the value of the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, which cleanseth from all sin?” We live in a doomed world; the day is coming when “the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.” Deliverance has been provided. “Behold the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sins of the world.” His life has been given and accepted in our place. Whosoever is marked by that blood—whosoever believeth in him—is passed over, pardoned, saved, accepted.—Henry Drummond.

— 998 —

## “TOO LATE”

There are no more melancholy words in the language than these: “Too late!” I have heard them uttered by a brother, as he hurried home to see a dying father; he arrived only to be told that he had breathed his last. And not soon shall I forget the agony they then expressed. Too late! I have known them uttered

by a skilful surgeon, when he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, and have marked the sadness to which they gave birth.

Too late! I have known them uttered by an anxious crowd, as they stood gazing on a burning building, and sadly saw the failure of those who sought to save the inmates from destruction. Too late! I have known them uttered by a noble crew of the life-boat, when, as they put out to the sinking ship, they beheld her go down before their eyes, and "the frightened souls within her."

But, O! none of these circumstances are half so heart-rending as those in which the sinner who has despised his day must find himself when the terrible discovery is made that he is too late to enter heaven.—W. M. Taylor.

— 999 —

#### WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD?

"A sailor in Gloucester, Mass., had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great, and he was dying. His comrades gathered around him in a little fishing house, and the physician said: 'He won't live long.' The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But, within a few minutes of his death he looked around, and calling one comrade after another, bade them goodbye, and then sank off into sleep. Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, one of the sailors rousing him, said, 'Mate, how are you now?' He looked up into the eyes of his friend and said: 'My anchor holds!' These were his last words. And when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, how powerful was the impression made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words: "My anchor holds!"

— 1000 —

#### SOUL WINNING

I knew one who used to have a man call upon him in the way of business and bringing certain articles which he bought across the counter. This tradesman said one day to himself. "I have

dealt with that man nine or ten years and we have scarcely passed the time of day. He has brought in his work and I have paid him across the counter, but I have never tried to do him any good Surely this cannot be right. Providence has placed him in my way, and I ought at least to have asked him whether he is saved in Christ." Well, the next time the man came, our good brother's spirit failed him, and he did not like to begin a religious conversation.

The man never came again, but a boy brought in the next lot of goods. "How is this?" said the shop keeper. "Father is dead," said the boy. My friend, the shop keeper, said to me: "I could never forgive myself. I could not stay in the shop that day. I felt that I was guilty of that man's blood; but I had not thought of it before. How can I ever clear myself from the guilty fact that, when I did think of it, my ungracious timidity prevented me from opening my mouth?" My own dear friends and comrades, do not bring upon yourselves such cutting regrets! Avoid them by daily watching to save men from the second death.—Selected.

—1001—

#### BRILLIANT BUT USELESS

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon "en chef" of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

"Ah, but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times."

"How many times did you save life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the bland amazement of Sir Astley's face.

"I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of the one hundred and sixty?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I lose dem all; but de operation was very brilliant."

Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given? Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant.—Spurgeon.



—1002—

## THE LORD HELPS

A poor weaver once lived in the little German town of Wupperthal. He trusted in God at all times. "The Lord helps," he was accustomed to say under all circumstances of trouble. One day, an account of depression, he was discharged. "The Lord helps," he said. When his wife heard the sad news she bewailed it terribly. As the days went on poverty pinched them sorely. At last came the day when not a penny was left—no bread, no fuel in the house. Starvation stared them in the face. The window was open, and possibly the words which the weaver kept repeating, "The Lord helps," were heard outside, for a street-boy looked saucily in and threw a dead raven at the feet of the weaver. "There, saint; there is something for you to eat," he said tauntingly.

The weaver picked up the dead raven and said, "Poor creature. It must have died of hunger." He felt of its crop to see if it were empty and noticed something hard. Wishing to know what had caused the bird's death he opened the gullet, when to his surprise a gold necklace fell into his hand. "The Lord helps," cried the weaver. In haste he took the necklace to the nearest goldsmith and told him how he had found it. The goldsmith recognized it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked.

"Yes. I would gladly return it."

The goldsmith said it belonged to the owner of the factory from which the weaver had been discharged.

He took the necklace to his former employer. It was received with joy, for suspicion had fallen upon a servant. The merchant was ashamed and touched. He had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was discharged.

"Yes," he said. "The Lord helps. You shall not only go home richly rewarded, but you can return to work. You shall henceforth be no more in need."—H. L. Hastings.

—1003—

## WHY HE COULD NOT SLEEP

A young man in the State of Indiana, not long ago left home for a business opening in Ohio. There, a gentleman from his own native place found him, and was shocked to discover that he had become a profane swearer. Returning home he felt constrained to tell his pious parents of his awful degeneracy. They said little, and, in doubt whether they had understood him, he called the next day and repeated the statement. The father calmly replied, "We understood you; my wife and I spent a sleepless night on our knees pleading in behalf of our son; and about daybreak we received assurance from God that James will never swear again." Two weeks after the son came home a changed man. "How long since this change took place?" asked his rejoicing parents. He replied that just a fortnight before he was struck with a sense of guilt so that he could not sleep, and spent the night in tears and prayers for pardon. Mark—there had been no time for any parental appeal, or even for a letter of remonstrance—while they were praying for him, God moved him to pray for himself.—Selected.

—1004—

## "OF COURSE HE WILL"

Mr. Moody gives the story of a little child whose father and mother had died, and she was taken into another family.

The first night she asked if she could pray, as she used to do.

They said, "Oh, yes!" So she knelt down, and prayed as her mother taught her, and when that was ended she added a little prayer of her own: "Oh, God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were." Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting an answer, and added, "Of course he will."

How sweetly simple was that little one's faith; she expected God to "do," and she got her request.

— 1005 —

## THE LOWER LIGHTS

"I don't believe I'll go to church to-day," said Ruth one Sunday morning at the breakfast table. Somehow I don't feel like it, and nobody will ever know the difference whether I'm there or not.

"My dear," said her aunt, "I've often heard you singing, 'Let the lower lights be burning,' I wonder if you know the story that suggested it?"

"No," answered Ruth, "I never so much as heard as there was one."

"Some year ago a steamer in a terrific gale was trying to make the harbor of Cleveland, Ohio. There were two lights at the entrance of the harbor, one the upper light on the bluffs of the shore, the other the lower light on a bar at the other side of the entrance. The pilot peered out anxiously to catch a glimpse of the friendly lights, and presently caught sight of the upper one. But that alone was not sufficient, he must also see the other to know just where to go. But for some reason it was not lighted in time.

"Beaten by wind and wave, the steamer staggered on as best she could, while the hearts of all on board trembled with fear. If she missed the entrance there was little hope of her escaping the rocks. Suddenly the lower light appeared, but; alas! it was too late—the steamer had missed the entrance, and in the attempt to turn about went down with all on board."

"I suppose," said Ruth, with a laugh, "you mean that even if I am the humblest member of the church, and sit in the very back seat, it's my duty to be there in my place?"

"If we are not each one of us faithfully doing our duty, be it small or great, there is silence or discord when there might have been music. More than that, our lives are bound together—we must needs lift up those about us or drag them down. We are bidden to sow our seed at all times, for we know not 'whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.' The

cobbler, as I once heard a minister say, could not paint, but he could tell the artist of the figure in the picture that the shoe tie was not right, and so might help towards making it perfect."—*Zion's Herald*.

— 1006 —

## NOT LEFT SHELTERLESS

"The Christian Era" tells of a Dutch preacher who held a meeting one evening in a strange city. When he was preaching, and enforcing upon the hearts of his hearers the doctrine of the Cross, a police officer came into the room and forbade him to go on. He even commanded him to leave the city. As he was a stranger in the place, and the night was dark, he wandered around the city gates. He was not, however, without consolation; for he remembered Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always. I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

He had long been in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the slightest intimations of His will. While he was thus wandering around, suddenly he saw a light in the distance. "See," he said to himself, "perhaps the Lord has provided me a shelter there," and, in the simplicity of faith, he directed his steps thither. On arriving, he heard a voice in the house; and, as he drew nearer, he discovered that a man was praying. Joyful, he hoped that he had found here the home of a brother. He stood still for a moment, and heard these words, poured forth from an earnest heart: "Lord Jesus, one of thy persecuted servants may, perhaps, be wandering, at this moment, in a strange place of which he knows nothing. O, may he find my home, that he may receive here food and lodging."

The preacher having heard these words, glided into the house, as soon as the speaker said "Amen." Both fell on their knees, and together thanked the Lord, who is a hearer of prayer, and who never leaves nor forsakes His servants



— 1007 —

## A PASSION FOR CHRIST

Professor Tholuck was remarkably successful in turning wayward youth into right paths. He gives the following account of the growth of his passion for Christ.

From the age of seventeen I have always asked myself, "What is the chief end of man's life?" I could never persuade myself that the acquisition of knowledge was the end. Just then God brought me into contact with a venerable saint who lived in fellowship with Christ, and from that time I have had but one passion, and that is Christ and Christ alone. Every one out of Christ I look upon as a fortress which I must storm and win.

I was in my eighteenth year when the Lord gave me my first convert. He was an artillery officer, a Jew, a wild creature, without rest; but soon he became such a true follower of Christ that he put me to shame. And when I look back upon the thousands of youths whose hearts have opened up under my influence, I can only say the Lord hath done it. In working thus to save souls, my life has been one of joy rather than toil. Among the students are many frivolous, careless ones. I just now remember one whom a mother laid on my heart, but who soon fell among companions who led him astray, so that he could be found at home only at six in the morning. More than once I have visited him at this hour, and also in prison, but all seemed in vain, till one day in the sermon I said: Ah, yes, we preachers should have hard work were it not that we have one in league with us in every heart, even the most careless, that says while we are preaching: "Well the preacher is right." The next evening I received a letter from him, in which he promised to give up evil and enter upon a new life. Alas! four or five days later a card came from him with only these words: "Tholuck is sighing, Tholuck is praying, but I am drinking like a brute." Yet my labor

was not in vain, for he is now a noted preacher of the Gospel of Christ. And what a number of those who were once my students have risen up and can now say like myself: "I have one passion, and that is Christ and Christ alone!"

— 1008 —

## HIS COMMUNION WITH GOD

A missionary, some years ago, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things, he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftan sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus, he continued, alternately, to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."

As I read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Ps. xxvii:8, flashed over me. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee: Thy face, Lord, will I seek." —The Watchword.

— 1009 —

## THE NAME OF JESUS

One of our missionaries some time ago knocked at one of the doors of a tenement house. The young woman who responded to the knock was asked

if there were any children in the family to come to Sunday school. Hearing this question the half drunken mother of the girl came to the door, her eyes had been blackened, evidently in some drunken quarrel, and her appearance was most wretched. In a threatening manner, and in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the house she yelled, "Get out of here, you black Protestant, with your religion! You old Salvation Army, you!" Nothing frightened, the missionary stood her ground calmly looking at the excited woman until the torrent of abuse had subsided somewhat, when she said, "I do not belong to the Salvation Army, I belong to Jesus. Your Jesus is my Jesus."

At the mention of this name a change came over the woman instantly, and she said, "I believe in Jesus, and in the Blessed Virgin, too." The visitor replied that she also believed that the mother of Jesus was a good woman, but that she needed a Saviour as well as we, and that Jesus was the Saviour.

In apparent surprise the woman said "You believe in Jesus, do you? Well, you are the first Protestant that I have seen who believes in Jesus!" Then after a few more words from her caller the woman said "I believe you are doing a good work. The Lord bless you. Good bye." The missionary handed the daughter a paper and bade them good bye, feeling that Jesus through his name had given her the victory, and she was resolved to call again.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1010 —

#### A WAY WHERE THERE'S A WILL

The Rev. Mr. M. Swadener, who is at the head of the Church Extension Missionary Society, in Cincinnati, Ohio, speaking of the first start he made in evangelistic work, said:

"I worked in a Cooper shop and it was while there that I was converted. As nearly all know, the men about a cooper shop are often a very hard lot, and this shop was no exception to the rule. After I became a Christian I felt

a responsibility for these men and began asking them to attend church, only to be flatly refused.

"Finding that I was making no progress whatever, and that my influence seemingly was having no weight with them, I asked them if they would attend a meeting at the cooper shop Sunday. They said they would if I would preach to them. I agreed, and the next Sunday I found there thirteen men, some lying in the shavings, some sitting on barrels, all more or less under the influence of liquor. At the close of the first service they asked me if I would not hold another the next Sunday. I agreed to if they would try to bring some one else in. Next Sunday we had seventeen; the next Sunday twenty. The number kept increasing, every Sunday. I felt the interest was growing.

"One Sunday about this time, one of the men said, 'This is too dirty a place to have church in. Why don't we clean it up?' I agreed to meet them on the next Saturday to clean up the dirty floor and put it in shape. A number met there for that purpose, and from that time the place was crowded. God wonderfully blessed the work; souls were saved through the instrumentality of the cooper shop services."

Mr. Swadener has been eminently successful as an evangelist, and the people in Cincinnati are fortunate in having him at the head of the city evangelistic work of the Methodist Church.—Union Gospel News.

— 1011 —

#### "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME"

A father and his son went out together to steal corn. When they came to the field, the father climbed up on the fence, and looked carefully around that no eye might see him. He then began to fill his bag with corn. "Father," said the boy, "there is one direction in which you did not look." "Ah, my son," replied the father, "and where is that?" "Oh, father you did not look up." The man returned home with an empty bag and a stricken conscience.



— 1012 —

## WHAT A SONG DID

The power of sacred song is strikingly exhibited by an incident of the Crimean war, told in a volume of Scotch anecdotes.

Duncan Matheson, a Bible reader to the soldiers of the Crimea, was returning one night to his lodgings in an old stable. Sickened by the sights he had seen, and depressed by the thought that the siege of Sebastopol was likely to last for months, he trudged along in the mud, knee-deep.

Happening to look up he saw the stars shining calmly in the clear sky. Weariness gave place to the thought that in Heaven there is rest, and he began to sing aloud the old hymn:

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!

When all this bright array?"

The next day was wet and stormy. While going his rounds Matheson came on a soldier standing on the veranda of an old house. The man was in soiled and ragged clothing, and his shoes were so worn that they did not keep his feet from the mud. The Bible reader drew him into conversation, cheered him by encouraging words, and gave him money to buy shoes.

"I am not what I was yesterday," answered the man, his heart opening to Matheson's sympathy. Last night I was tired of life and this blundering siege. I took my musket and went down yonder, determined to blow out my brains. As I got round that hillock I heard some one singing 'How bright those glorious spirits shine!' It recalled to me the Sabbath school where I used to sing it, and the religious truths I heard there.

"I felt ashamed of being such a coward. I said to myself, 'Here is a comrade as badly off as I am, but he is not a coward—he's bearing it!' I felt that that man had something which I did not possess to make him accept with cheerfulness our hard lot. I went back to my tent, and today I am seeking that thing which made the singer so happy."

"Do you know who the singer was?" asked Matheson.

"No."

"Well, I was the singer seeking comfort and hope in the song you heard."

The tears came into the soldier's eyes as he thrust the money back into Matheson's hands, saying: "After what you've done for me, I can't take this from you."—Selected.

— 1013 —

## THE PRICE TOO SMALL

A number of young men were sitting together in a country store one evening, telling what they did not believe, and what they were not afraid to do. Finally the leader in the group remarked that so far as he was concerned, he would be willing at any time to sign away all his interest in Christ for a five dollar bill. "What did I understand you to say?" asked an old farmer, who happened to be in the store, and who had overheard the remark. "I said that for five dollars I would sign away all my interest in Christ, and so I will."

The old farmer, who had learned to know the human heart pretty well, drew out his leather wallet, took therefrom a five-dollar bill, and put it in the storekeeper's hand. Then calling for ink and paper, he said, "My young friend, if you will just step to the desk now, and write as I direct, the money is yours." The young man took the pen and began: "In the presence of these witnesses, I, A—B—, for the sum of five dollars received, do now, once for all, and forever sign away all my interest—" then he dropped the pen, and with a forced smile said: "I take it back, I was only fooling."

That young man did not dare to sign that paper. Why? He had an accusing conscience. He knew that there was a God. He believed in religion. He meant to be a Christian sometime. And so do you, reader. Notwithstanding your trifling conduct, your boasting speech, you would not today for ten thousand dollars sign away, if such a thing were possible, your interest in Jesus Christ. You do not desire or expect to lose heaven.—The Congregationalist.

— 1014 —

## THE BOYS THAT GET AHEAD

I knew an old man in Pennsylvania once, the head of a great manufacturing concern, who went to his foreman and asked him to recommend one of the boys for a superior position which was vacant. The foreman said that all the boys were good. "But there must be one better than the others," said the employer. "It is now five o'clock; quitting time. Tell all the boys to work until six o'clock."

The ten boys went to work willingly enough, but as the clock pointed near six, the nine boys began to cast glances at it. The tenth boy was too busy to look at the clock, and he got the promotion. That boy now controls an establishment working thirty thousand men.

Eighteen years ago there was a fifteen-year-old boy employed in carrying drinking water to the men in a steel works. He did his work so well, however, and always had such cool water and was so diligent in looking after the men's wants that he attracted the attention of the workmen.

A little later an office boy was needed, and this boy was remembered and rewarded with the job. There he pursued the same policy, and in five years a superintendent's assistant was needed. He was given the place. A little later he became manager, then superintendent, and now he is the president of the Carnegie Steel Company, employing sixty thousand men. That water boy is now President Cory.

I know of another fifteen-year-old boy who was in a manual training school established by me at Homestead, Pa., fifteen years ago. One night after all the other boys had left one of the officials found him experimenting with an electric machine, he gave all his spare time to this machine, and his perseverance attracted the attention of his teachers, and he was given an opportunity to go into the works with which the school was connected. There he pursued the same policy of concentration. He became in time assistant manager.

A few months ago I went to the works

and calling all the heads of the works together I unfolded a great project and asked who was the man to be intrusted with it. To a man they all pointed to this former boy in the training school, and he was intrusted with the place, and is now making a name for himself by doing what he had to do a little better than the others. This man is A. L. Dinkey, now general superintendent of the Homestead Steels Works.—Charles M. Schwab.

— 1015 —

## CONQUERED BY KINDNESS

When Major Goodell took charge of the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., he was told there was one particular convict who was such a desperate villain that he could not be kept in subjection except by the lash. The first time Major Goodell met this convict was in the yard of the prison. He spoke to him kindly, inquired of his situation, where he came from, and when he entered the prison, and whether he was comfortable. The major then told the convict what he had heard concerning the necessity of checking his iron and revengeful conduct by the lash—how he had been informed that there was no other method of keeping him in awe.

"Now," said the Major, "I do not believe this. I believe you can and will obey the rules of the prison, without incurring severe whipping. I am placed over this prison to keep you at work, and prevent you from escaping—to see that the punishment contemplated by the laws for crime, is executed. But I also wish to be your friend—to make you just as comfortable as your situation will permit. In return, I expect that you will be a friend to me, by obeying the rules of the prison, and by performing your duty." All this, and much more, spoken in kind tone and manner, softened the feelings of the convict so that he was soon in a perfect gush of tears. Nor was that all: from that day forward it was not necessary to strike him a blow, for there was not a more faithful convict in the prison.—Selected.



— 1016 —

**BISHOP SIMPSON'S START**

Trained religiously, I had reached a young man's years before making a public profession of religion. Prior to my conversion, thoughts of the ministry sometimes flashed across my mind; but it was only a flash. After my conversion, I was earnest for the welfare of others, and wanted to promote the interests of the church and of humanity. The conviction grew upon me that I must preach; yet I tried to put that away, because I feared I could never succeed. I saw the greatness of the work, and the reproachful poverty then connected with the itinerant ministry. There were two special difficulties in the way. First, I had no gift of speech. My voice was poor, and in school I always shunned declamation. I firmly believed I could never make a speaker, and so chose the profession of medicine, which I studied three years in a professional school.

I think I should have resolutely rejected the idea of the ministry, except that it seemed inseparably connected with my salvation. I fasted, I prayed for Divine direction; but I found no rest until reading in the Bible one day, I found a passage which seemed especially written for me: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." I accepted it, and resolved to do whatever God in his providence should indicate by opening the way. I never lisped to a friend the slightest intimation of my mental agony, but I took a more earnest part in the church services.

One Sabbath I felt a strong impression that I ought to speak to the people at night in the prayer meeting, as we had no preaching. I said to myself: "How shall I? for my friends will say I am foolish, as they know I cannot speak with interest." Especially I dreaded an old uncle, who had been a father to me, and superintended my education. While I was discussing this matter with myself in the afternoon, my uncle came into the room, and, after a moment's hesita-

tion, said to me: "Don't you think you could speak to the people tonight?" I was surprised and startled. I asked him if he thought I ought. He said: "Yes; I think you can do good."

That night, for some strange reason, the house was crowded, and I made my first religious address to a public congregation. It was not written. It was not very well premeditated. It was simply an outgushing of an honest heart.

My mother was a widow. I was her eldest son, the only child remaining at home. I feared it would break her heart to leave her, and feared it would be impossible to do so. One day, after great embarrassment, I was induced to speak to my mother on the subject of my mental struggles, and tell her what I thought God required of me. I never shall forget how she turned to me with a smile, and said: "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born!" She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that, if it were His will, I might become a minister; and yet that mother had never dropped a word of intimation in my ear that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in the Divine call, that she would not bias my mind with even a suggestion of it in prayer.

That conversation settled my mind. Oh, what a blessing is a sainted mother! Today I can feel her hands on my head, and I hear the intonation of her voice in prayer.—Bishop Simpson.

— 1017 —

**"IT TAKES TWO"**

A lad of seventeen, the apprentice of a carpenter, had been sent to a saloon to take the measures for a new counter. It was very cold weather, and he arrived shaking with cold, for his coat was thin. The saloon keeper immediately mixed a hot drink, and pushed it over the counter to him. "It will cost you nothing," he said. Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy." "He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice as he told the story.

"That's what made it harder to push back; and I didn't want it." It must have been a big temptation," said his friend. "Well," replied the lad, "it takes two to make a temptation. There is no saloon keeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one that I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. I don't take much credit to myself for refusing that drink and, if I had taken it, why I wouldn't put all the blame on the saloon keeper, as some folks do. It takes two every time to make a successful temptation."—Selected.

—1018—

### WON BY THE BOOK

A colporteur went thirty miles to sell his books at an Indian festival, swimming a river in flood, and narrowly escaped with his life. All the sale was one solitary Gospel! He carried home the rest of his stock, and a heavy heart with his heavy bag. But next year when he came again, a man accosted him: "Last year you sold me a Gospel. A living man, a sinning man, has been brought into contact with the Word and Spirit of God! That is something worth while. But there is more. My brother and I have been reading it." Once more Andrew had found Peter, and both of them had found the Lord. The colporteur went home with the man, thirty miles away, where he found not only the two brothers, but three or four families ready to accept Christianity. Soon afterwards, sixteen persons were baptized in that village. The Bible colporteur may well learn to "trust God with his failures."—Selected.

—1019—

### GEN. HARRISON AND WINE

A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House in Chester, for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one gentleman from New

York, in offering another, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied:

"Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

—1020—

### YOU CAN IF YOU WILL

A young man of high position in London, after his conversion realized that he ought to do some Christian work. He truly wished to help his fellow-men to Christ; but the difficulty was to think of something he could do, for his training had not included experience in or even knowledge of religious enterprises. He had no gift for personal appeal, and felt himself too young a learner in Christ's school to attempt to teach others.

But the eyes which are eagerly searching for chances to save souls God soon guides to success. You could never guess what he undertook. He took the place of a cab-driver, night after night on his round, so that the man might go to Moody's meetings. A young English gentleman could drive. That was a talent; and thus he put it out at usury.

You will not altogether wonder—though it was a vast result and not to have been expected, great as is the usual result from our poor effects—that the cabman sought the Saviour and felt that he found him during those meetings.—Selected.



— 1021 —

## THE KING AND THE THIEF

Among the Hindus a remarkable tradition is preserved, which a missionary correspondent describes in a recent letter. A thief, upon whom sentence of death had been passed, suddenly thought, while in his cell, of a plan by which he might save his life. He sent for his jailer and told him that he had a secret to impart to the king, by which his royal master might become possessed of enormous wealth, but that he would only impart it in a personal interview with him. Word was taken to the king who ordered the condemned thief to be brought before him. After many salaams and prostrations, the man informed his majesty that he knew the secret of making gold grow on a tree in the same way as fruit, and offered to make the experiment at once.

The king was naturally anxious to profit by the man's knowledge, and placing himself under his directions, he, accompanied by his chief minister, the high priest, and a few of the most favored courtiers, went with the thief to a place outside the city wall. The thief selected a spot, and, taking a gold coin from among his rags, said: "If this be sown in the ground at this spot, then it will bring forth a tree upon the branches of which there shall hang clusters of gold coins as thick as the clusters of grapes upon a vine, but there is one essential condition: it must be planted by the hand of a man who has never been guilty of a single dishonest action. My hands are not clean, so I pass the coin to his majesty, the king."

The king then took the coin, and held it nervously in his fingers for a few seconds; then, as he passed it to his chief minister he said, "I remember when I was young I took a small sum from my father's treasury, and therefore I think the chief minister should plant it." The minister, with words of caution, said "Your majesty, I should not like this most enterprising experiment to be exposed to the possibility of failure through any oversight on my part; and

as I receive the taxes from the people, and am subjected to so many temptations, it is just possible that my hands are not altogether clean; so, with your royal permission, I shall pass it to the commander-in-chief of the army." But the general would have nothing to do with it, with military brusqueness he said, "No, no; I handle the army money, buy the rations, and pay the forces; give it to the high priest." Even the priest was not prepared to take the responsibility, and said, "You forget that I collect the tithes and allot the sacrifices; I cannot take it."

Then quickly out spoke the thief, "Your majesty, why hang me as a thief, when of the four highest men in the kingdom, not one will answer to his own honesty?" The king saw the force of the argument, and pardoned the thief.

This, of course, is but a story, but it bears a strong moral. All have sinned and some short of the law of God; we have broken God's law, and not one can say to his brother, "I am better than you," for all are under condemnation; but behold what good news is brought unto us. There is one righteous One, and the fruit of his righteousness is the wealth of salvation to all who believe.—Selected.

— 1022 —

## CAST ALL UPON CHRIST

A man carrying a burden was overtaken by a rich man who was driving along and invited to get up behind him in the carriage which he thankfully did. After awhile the rich man looked around and saw the burden still strapped to the traveller's back; he therefore asked him why he did not lay down his pack on the seat behind him. But he answered that he could not think of doing that; it was quite enough that he himself should be allowed to sit behind in the carriage without putting his burden on the seat also. Thus often do believers fear to lay too much on the Lord who has bidden us "cast all our care upon him," and assures us that "he careth for us." He who carries us will carry our burden also.—Selected.

— 1023 —

**YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.**

A Christian business man, residing in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., during the course of a crowded day came into possession of a sum of thirty dollars under such circumstances that at evening prayers he felt impelled to ask God if the money had been placed in his hands for some special purpose in harmony with his will; in which case he desired direction in its use. Instantly came the answer, "Send it to D——." The person indicated was a missionary worker among the Zulus in South Africa, who months before had been a guest in his home.

Accordingly, on the following morning, a draft was secured and the money was forwarded. Accompanying the draft was a note from a gentleman stating the circumstances under which the money was sent, and asking whether, on the day in question, any particular necessity had arisen on the field which would explain the evident direction of the Holy Spirit.

In due time came a reply stating that, on a given day, a native woman, the cast-off wife of a cruel chief, had come to the mission house in a pitiful condition begging to be taken in and cared for, and eagerly questioning concerning the Way of Life. The missionary was perplexed, as there were no means apparent whereby another mouth could be fed. However, he and his wife resorted to prayer, arising from their knees with a marked sense of divine blessing and the assurance that He would provide the thirty dollars necessary for the woman's support for a year.

God had made provision for supplying the need which had arisen in Africa, through one of his children thousands of miles away in America.—Missionary News.

— 1024 —

**LEE'S GREATNESS**

General Lee, the leader of the Lost Cause in the Civil War of 1861-5, was one of the world's true heroes. On the

battlefield by common consent he ranks as one of the foremost soldiers of the ages. Those who fought against him as well as those who fought under him, are one in this verdict of praise. But his character as a Christian man was equally strong and beautiful. When he offered his sword to Grant at Appomatox, he was poor indeed. Like his Lord while on earth, he had not where to lay his head. And his people who would gladly have shared their all with him, were also in the depths of poverty. Just then Satan sought to slay him. The Louisiana Lottery offered him ten thousand dollars a year for the use of his name. His answer, which should be known and cherished by all men, was, "My name is all that I have left, and that is not for sale."—Rev. M. M. Davis.

— 1025 —

**THE BISHOP'S PRESCRIPTION**

A noted physician, and infidel, said to Bishop Kavanagh: "I am surprised that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as Christianity."

The Bishop said, "Suppose years ago some one had given you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had taken it, and had been cured of the terrible disease. Suppose you had used that prescription in your practice ever since, and never known it to fail; what would you say of the man who could not believe in your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool," replied the infidel.

"Twenty-five years ago," replied the Bishop, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation to others, and never known it to fail. I have seen it make the proud man humble, the drunken man temperate, the profane man pure in speech, the dishonest man true. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young, have alike been healed of their diseases."

"You've caught me fairly, Bishop. I have been a fool," was the admission of the skeptic.—Selected.



— 1026 —

## THE DEVIL DEFEATED

During the great revival of religion in America, which took place under Mr. Whitefield, and others distinguished for their piety and zeal at that period, Mr. Tennant was laboriously active, and much engaged to help forward the work; in the performance of which he met with strong and powerful temptations. The following is from his own lips:

On the evening preceding public worship, he selected a subject for the discourse intended to be delivered, and made some progress in his preparations. In the morning he resumed the same subject, with an intention to extend his thoughts further on it; but was presently assaulted with a temptation that the Bible was not of Divine authority, but the invention of man. He instantly endeavored to repel the temptation by prayer, but his endeavors proved unavailing. The temptation continued, and fastened upon him with greater strength as the time advanced for public service. He lost all the thoughts which he had prepared on the preceding evening. He tried other subjects, but could get nothing for the people. The whole book of God, under that distressing state of mind, was a sealed book to him; and, to add to his afflictions, he was "shut up in prayer"; a cloud, dark as that of Egypt, oppressed his mind.

Thus agonized in spirit, he proceeded to the church, where he found a large congregation assembled, and waiting to hear the word; and then he was more deeply distressed than ever; and especially for the dishonor which he feared would fall upon religion through him that day. He resolved, however, to attempt the service. He introduced it by singing a psalm, during which time his agitation increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer commenced, he arose, as one in the most perilous situation, and with arms extended to heaven, began with this exclamation: "Lord, have mercy upon

me!" On the utterance of this petition he was heard; the thick cloud instantly broke away; and the light shone upon his soul. The result was a deep solemnity throughout the congregation; and the house, at the end of the prayer, was a place of weeping. He delivered the subject of his evening meditations, which was brought to his full remembrance, with an overflowing abundance of other weighty and solemn matter. The Lord blessed this discourse, so that it proved the happy means of the conversion of about thirty persons. This day he ever afterwards spoke of as his "harvest-day."—Selected.

— 1027 —

## A CHILD'S PREVAILING PRAYER

At the close of a prayer meeting, the pastor observed a little girl about twelve years of age, remaining upon her knees, when most of the congregation had retired. Thinking the child had fallen asleep, he touched her, and told her it was time to return home. To his surprise he found that she was engaged in prayer, and he said: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." She looked at her pastor, earnestly and inquired: "Is it so? Does God say that?" He took up a Bible, and read the passage aloud. She immediately commenced praying: "Lord, send my father to the church." Thus she continued for about half an hour, attracting by her earnest cry the attention of persons who had lingered about the door. At last a man rushed into the church, ran up the aisle, and sank upon his knees by the side of the child exclaiming: "What do you want of me?" She threw her arms about his neck, and began to pray: "O Lord, convert my father!" Soon the man's heart was melted, and he began to pray for himself. The child's father was three miles from the church when she began praying for him. He was packing goods in a wagon and felt impressed with an irresistible impulse to return home. Driving rapidly to his house, he left the goods in the wagon, and hastened to the church,

where he found his daughter crying mightily to God in his behalf; and he was there led to the Saviour.—Selected.

— 1028 —

### CHEAP YET NOT CHEAP

A preacher of the gospel had gone down in a coal mine during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy—a full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied:

"Oh, it is too cheap. I cannot believe in such a gospel as that."

Without an immediate answer to this remark, the preacher asked: "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that is very easy and simple; but do you not need to help raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But how about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at a great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we would never be able to get to the surface.

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth in the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap! too cheap!' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death

was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of his own Son."—Selected.

— 1029 —

### HOW THE 25 CENTS CAME

The Rev. Geo. C. Cromer, of Louisville, Ky., who for fifteen years has conducted a non-sectarian home for orphaned children, supported entirely by voluntary offerings, tells in his little paper "The Helper," for June 1920, how 25 cents much needed came in answer to prayer.

"Early one Sunday morning we called our good house physician to see one of our babes who was real sick.

He wrote a prescription costing 35 cents, saying that we must get it filled that morning.

"All right," we said to the doctor, though we knew that we had only ten cents in the world. (We always pay cash at the stores.)

Soon as he had departed we came to the Lord in a special prayer for twenty-five cents, just as earnestly as though we needed many dollars, and asked Him to forgive our sins, to have mercy on the sick child and send us twenty-five cents at once.

We never doubted in our hearts God's willingness or ability to answer the prayer. The fact that mail is never delivered on a Sunday morning did not discourage our faith.

Soon as the prayer was over I started to get ready to go to the drug store. By the time I was ready, the door bell rang. A lady and little boy were there and asked to see the babies (this never happened early on a Sunday morning before or since).

As they went up stairs to see the babies the boy dropped a quarter in our free-will offering box by the banisters, sure as you are alive!

All the infidels in the world could not weaken our faith in the efficacy in prayer.

That kind of deliverance has come to us so many times in these 15 years. How could we doubt the Lord?"



— 1030 —

## WHERE HEAVEN IS

A minister one Sunday preached a sermon upon Heaven. Next morning he was going to town and met one of his older wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon on Heaven; but you didn't tell me where Heaven is."

"Ah," said the preacher, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just returned from the hilltop up yonder. In that cottage there is a member of our church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor meat, nor any bread. If you will go down and buy a sovereign's worth of things—nice provisions—send them up to her, and then go there and say, 'My sister, I have brought these provisions in the name of the Lord and Saviour,' then ask for a Bible and read the 23rd Psalm, and then go down on your knees and pray—and if you don't see heaven before you get through, I'll pay the bill."

The next morning the man said: "Pastor, I saw Heaven and spent fifteen minutes in Heaven as certain as you are listening."—Selected.

— 1031 —

## "THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS"

Not long ago I stood by the deathbed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fiber of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said; "don't let me die. Hold me fast. Oh, I can't go!"

"Jennie," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you."

But she cried out again despairingly, "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there." She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier, the fields were her home. In vain

we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried; "don't let me go." But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist, and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story.

They were filled with light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go, where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would gladly have died in her place: "Mama," she was saying, "mama, they are not strangers. I'm not afraid."

And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes, till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves; and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among its pillows, and she was gone.—Selected.

— 1032 —

## SOWING AND REAPING

Two Scotchmen emigrated in the early days to California. Each thought to take with him some memorial of his beloved country. The one of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honey bees. Years have passed away. The Pacific Coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand the forests and fields are fragrant and laden with the sweetness of honey which is one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Even so does every Christian carry with him some sort of thistle plucked from the old man, or honey from the new man, with which to bless or curse men, according as he makes choice for God.—Selected.

— 1033 —

## A MODERN GIDEON'S FLEECE

God often honors a faith-filled prayer for a sign of his will. Gideon asked for two, and we have the same God as he had. A Christian mother in a New York town was sick unto death. She knew that to die was gain, but she wished, if it were God's will, to live for the sake of her children. After long and earnest prayer that God would spare her life for this purpose, she turned to the Word of God, and asked God if he would not give her a sign that he had answered. Her eye fell upon the words, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows" (Luke 12:7), and after thanking God for that word of comfort, which she interpreted to mean that her life was precious for a longer time on earth, she asked for a confirmation of that conviction. Then turning her head upon the pillow of her sick bed, she saw just outside her window a sparrow. "Beautiful; wonderful!" she cried and a moment or two later a flock of sparrows fluttered about her window, as if the Lord were saying, "These are the many sparrows that you were just reading about!" And as the Spirit of God clothed himself with Gideon and wrought a miracle, so did he with this sign-asking and sign-believing Christian mother, who recovered from her illness, led one of her older children to Christ, and had her whole life filled anew with fruitful service. —The Sunday School Times.

— 1034 —

## JENNY LIND'S REPLY

The Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, won great success as an operatic singer, and money poured into her purse. Yet she left the stage when singing her best and never went back to it. She ignored the applause of thousands, but she was content to live in privacy.

Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing machine on the sea sands, with a Lutheran Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset. They talked and the conversation drew near to the inevitable question, "O, Madame Goldschmidt,

how is it that you ever came to abandon the stage at the very height of your success!"

"When, every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible) and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?"

— 1035 —

## A MOONSHINER'S CONVERSION

A little girl who lived on the slope of a great smoky mountain was trudging home with a Bible which her Sunday School teacher had given her. She was afraid to take it home for fear her grandfather would not let her keep it, for he was a rough, wicked man. She knelt down by the side of the road and prayed: "Dear God, please make grandpa to love the Bible and be a good man, and let me keep it. And bless the little girl up North, for Jesus' sake, Amen." The Bible had been given by a little girl in the North.

She showed it to her mother who said: "My child, I am glad you have something to make you happy." When she showed it to her grandfather he said, "You may keep it, but you need not read it out loud."

A picture card dropped from the Bible as the little girl was putting it away. Her grandfather picked it up and read, "The Lord is my Shepherd." He had heard that text years before the war and it made a deep impression on his mind.

He was what is called a "moonshiner," because he made and sold liquor contrary to the law. That night he quietly took the Bible and opened it and read these words. "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink." He hastily closed the book and went to his troubled sleep. He kept continually thinking, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink."

It had such an effect upon his mind that the old man went and searched more in the Scriptures. One Sunday a few weeks later he was seen kneeling in prayer penitent and happy. The Word of God had such power over his mind that it brought him to repentance and to Christ.—Sent of God.



— 1036 —

### “A DEEP SPIRITUAL CONCERN FOR YOUR SOUL.”

In a small country town there was an infidel blacksmith. He was a hard-headed, well-read man, strong in argument. An old deacon in the town became deeply interested in this infidel blacksmith and determined to lead him to Christ. He studied up as best he could all the infidel arguments and the answers to them. When he thought he had all the infidel arguments and answers at his fingers' ends, he called on the blacksmith and engaged him in conversation, but the blacksmith was far more than a match for him in argument and in a few moments had fought the old deacon to a standstill. The old deacon knew that he was right, but he could not prove it to the blacksmith. He burst into tears and said, “Well, I cannot argue with you, but I simply want to say, I have a deep spiritual concern for your soul,” and then left the shop.

The deacon made his way home and went in to his wife and said, “I am only a botch on God's work. God knows I am sincere and that I really do desire the salvation of the blacksmith, but I could not meet him in argument. He laid me out cold in five minutes.” Then the deacon went into his own room by himself and knelt down. “Oh, God,” he cried, “I am only a botch on Thy work. Thou knowest that I sincerely desired to lead the blacksmith to Thee, but I could not talk with him. Oh, God, I am only a botch on Thy work.”

But soon after the deacon had left the blacksmith shop, the blacksmith went into the house and said to his wife, “Deacon —— brought up an argument to-day that I never heard before. He said he had a deep spiritual concern for my soul. What did he mean?” His wife was a canny woman and said, “You had better go and ask him.” The blacksmith hung up his apron and went cross

lots to the deacon's home. Just as he stepped on the front porch, through the open window he heard the deacon's prayer, “Oh, God, I am only a botch on Thy work. Thou knowest that I sincerely desired to lead the blacksmith to Thee, but I could not talk with him. Oh, God, I am only a botch on Thy work.” He pushed the door open and went into the room where the deacon was kneeling and said, “Deacon, you are no botch on God's work. I thought I knew all the arguments for Christianity and could answer them, but you brought up an argument I never heard before. You said you had a deep spiritual concern for my soul. Won't you pray for me?” and the blacksmith broke down and accepted Christ. Real earnestness and love succeed where all argument fails.—Selected.

— 1037 —

### HOW BILLY SUNDAY WAS WON

Billy Sunday's revival campaigns have resulted in thousands of conversions in nearly every place where he has worked. They have also cleaned up the town. It is therefore interesting to know what influences were responsible for his career:

He was to speak to a conference of ministers in Ohio, and at the hotel he was introduced to Dr. Homer Stuntz, former missionary to the Philippines.

Billy Sunday jumped up like a rubber ball and exclaimed: “What, are you Homer Stuntz, of Nevada, Iowa?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “I am the same man.”

“I am mighty glad to see you, for you are the one who started me in the right direction.”

Billy Sunday was placed in the orphanage when he was a boy. He was taken out of the institution by a rich stock raiser by the name of Bill Scott. Dr. Stuntz was then a law student living in Nevada. One evening he came across the boy when he was standing under a street-lamp, swearing like a young pirate. Dr. Stuntz approached

and began jollying him, which made the boy swear all the more. He then invited the boy to join his Sunday school class, and, after repeated invitations, succeeded in getting him to come.

Dr. Stuntz says, however, that young Billy was bullheaded, irreverent, and belligerent, the worst boy in the class. He was constantly asking questions that nobody could answer, but in it all he revealed unusual intelligence. During this time Dr. Stuntz talked about going to college. The result was that Sunday spent four years at Northwestern University, and says that Dr. Stuntz was the man who started him in that direction.

Afterwards young Sunday joined a professional baseball team at Marshalltown, and as he was about to leave, Dr. Stuntz gave him a Testament. That was the last he saw of Billy Sunday for twenty years.

In the address to the conference later in the day on "Why Some Ministers Fail," Billy Sunday told the story of meeting Dr. Stuntz and used it as an illustration, adding the remark, "That man had the goods, he didn't fail."—Evangel.

— 1038 —

### A STORY OF SHEAVES

The Bishop of London told a beautiful story in one of his mission sermons:

"All the children were coming up with their sheaves to be let into the great Harvest Home. An angel was standing at the door, and one of the children had no sheaves at all. The angel said no one could come in without sheaves.

"Then the other children, one by one, began to plead for this child. 'Let him in,' said one; 'do let him in, dear angel. He had several sheaves earlier in the day, but I was tired and he gave me one of his sheaves; one of these belongs to him.' Another said: 'Do let him in, dear angel. I was thirsty as I passed along, and he went and filled

me a cup of cold water to refresh me.' One said this, and another said that.

"Finally the angel stretched his arm round the door and took out a bundle of sheaves. 'There are his sheaves,' he said. 'Yes, I know all about it; he thought of others more than of himself.' And turning to the child, he said: 'Lead the way in'"—The Christian Intelligencer.

— 1039 —

### JOSEPHUS ON CHRIST

Josephus (Flavius), historian of the Jews, was born at Jerusalem in 37 or 38 A.D. In his book, "Ancient Relics of the Jews," he says: "Now there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call Him a man, for He was a doer of wonderful works, a Teacher of such men as received the truth with pleasure. He drew over to Him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was (the) Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved Him, at the first, did not forsake Him; for He appeared unto them alive again the third day; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning Him. And the tribe of Christians so named from Him, are not extinct at this day."

— 1040 —

### AN UNPROFITABLE ENGINE.

A man who was visiting a railroad yard, saw a big engine sidetracked.

"That engine looks as if it could go," he said; "why have you switched it off here to rest?"

"Oh, it can run itself all right, I guess," said the workman, "but there's something wrong about it, and it can't pull anything. Engines are not run for the fun of running them. They've got to draw a train of cars."

The Christian who just keeps himself going isn't much of a Christian. It's the business of a Christian to draw others after him.—Selected.



— 1041 —

## TRANSFIGURED MUSIC

Two travelers, one summer evening, were descending a steep mountain path in the Alps. Suddenly music came floating around them from an unseen source; pure, impersonal music, so distilled that no sediment of mere sound remained to blur the divine harmony. It was clearer than any piano note, finer than any strain of violin, more resonant than any peal of bells, richer than any organ swell, sweeter than any human voice.

The travelers stood listening to determine whence it came. The rugged mountain of rock rose above them half a mile high, and at the top was splintered into crags. The music came from the mighty wall of stone. The whole mountain seemed full of it, pulsing and throbbing with its burden of song. Again and again it pealed forth like a mighty cathedral bell, so grandly sweet, so all-encompassing that all the atmosphere around seemed pregnant with glory. It seemed as though angels had come back to earth and sung as they sang at Bethlehem. What did it mean?

A mile down the path the travelers came upon a mountaineer with his Alpine horn, a big wooden instrument, ten feet long, the flaring end of which fitted into a box like a hopper. He blew them a mighty blast, but it was only a loud, rasping noise, that was unpleasant and almost painful to the ear. Yet it was that rude horn blown by that rough mountaineer far down in the valley that was making the celestial music up among the summits of the Alps. The majestic mountain, with its heart full of music, gathered up those rough sounds and transformed them into harmony divine.

So may the life on earth be transfigured into the life in heaven. The instruments on which we play may be rude and clumsy, the sounds we make may often seem harsh and discordant, we may be far down in the valley, all the conditions of life may seem narrow and its service hard, but when these experiences are caught up into the celestial world they may be transformed into

such music as will make our heaven forever. "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Presbyterian.

— 1042 —

## GUIDANCE OF THE SPIRIT

Rev. A. J. Gordon tells of a friend of his who felt impelled to go to a distant city. He tried to shake off the impression, but being unable to do so, started on the journey. Arriving at his destination he felt ashamed for yielding to what seemed a mere impulse. As he walked along he met an acquaintance who was greatly excited. He learned that his friend was hunting for a man whom he intended to shoot for having done him an injury. He reasoned with the man but without avail. For two hours he followed the almost frenzied man from place to place. At last he knelt in the street and prayed God to save his friend from committing murder. Then the man yielded and fired his pistol in the air. The two went home together, and the Christian spent the night pleading with the man to forgive his enemy and to give his heart to God. Before he left him the man was converted.—Selected.

— 1043 —

## A LIVING SACRIFICE

When Garibaldi was raising his army, he said: "I have no money, no food, no clothing, no stores, no resources; let every man that is willing to suffer poverty, shame, hunger, disease, and death and who loves Italy follow me." It is the measure of our suffering that will enable us to be like the Master. It has been said that when He died He left His purse to Judas, His clothes to the soldiers, His mother to John, His pardon to the dying thief, and His peace to His disciples. Some one has said: "I look for the world, and I find it in the Church; and I look for the Church, and I find it in the world." You may try all you please for the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and unless you are willing to present your bodies a living sacrifice to God, you cannot be filled with the Spirit.—D. C. Whittle, D.D.

— 1044 —

## THE GREATER BLESSING

"It's hard at times to believe that there is some one watching over the affairs of this world," said Jack Graham to his minister. "For example, here is an account in to-day's paper," he continued, "where twenty miners were entombed by an explosion. A crowd collected at the mouth of the mine. The manager declared that another explosion might occur at any moment. Any attempt at relief would be very dangerous business. Yet three men came forward, recognizing the danger, but ready to risk their lives in the attempt to save their fellows. The car started down with the three men in it. Before it reached the bottom, another explosion took place and all three were immediately killed. Can it be possible that there is a God of love ruling the universe when such noble heroism is no better protected than that?"

Doctor Brown sat thinking before he spoke.

"Suppose, Jack," he said at length, "that God always miraculously guarded the lives of all heroes, so that no hero were allowed to lose his life in noble adventure? Would that seem to you a better-conducted universe than the one we now have?"

"Of course it would!" answered Jack, with conviction. "Is there any question about it?"

"Well, let us see. Then the next time an explosion occurred in a mine and men were imprisoned, any man in the crowd could step forward and offer to go to the relief carelessly, in the absolute certainty that he would return alive. He would not run the slightest risk. But by the same token, heroism and all possibility of heroism would be taken from the life of the world.. Nothing would be left to be heroic about. There never would be the slightest risk. What a tawdry thing human life would be if there were never anything daring and heroic in it!"

Jack sat thinking over the clergyman's

words. "Doctor," he said earnestly, "I can see that it's better for us to have a world where the most awful tragedies do occur than it would be to have a world where no moral heroism could ever inspire the race."—*Youth's Companion*.

— 1045 —

## A MISSIONARY HEROINE

Quite recently a physician in a heathen land where there was no other doctor was stricken with what he was convinced was appendicitis. Dr. Logan had gone out as a missionary to China, and with his loyal wife was stationed at a point eight hundred miles distant from any doctor to whom he might go or send in his emergency. It was a week's journey for him to travel, or for the doctor to come if he depended upon a foreign missionary physician. Dr. Logan took his wife into his confidence, and told her she was the one chance for life or recovery, and if she could not remove the diseased appendix she would be left a widow in a strange land very soon. He explained the operation to her, showed her just where to cut, and what to do later, and her experience is related in the *North American Journal of Homeopathy*. The brave woman administered the ether and chloroform and performed the operation. The doctor came through it all right, and when he was able to travel she went with the invalid to see if there was more to be done, or if she had omitted anything.

Doubtless the woman was the braver of those two persons who were all in all to each other in far away China. It required more nerve on her part to cut into the doctor than for him to take the anesthetic and obliterate the pain and knowledge of what she was doing; but the noble woman must have suffered agony of apprehension when the doctor lay before her insensible, and his very existence depended on her cool-headedness and surgical skill in the dangerous undertaking. She was, indeed, a brave woman and the operation gave evidence that the heart of her husband did safely trust in her.—*Selected*.



—1046—

## A TROPHY OF HIS GRACE

I remember a very degraded woman in a city in the heart of China. One day there were a dozen women around me, and, sitting at my feet, a woman I had never seen before, poor and degraded. I could see at a glance that she had lived a very sad life. Her hands were hard with toil, and she seemed stupid.

We were talking about the power of Jesus Christ, and how he even cast out evil spirits and delivered people who were tormented with devils. She had never heard of Christ before, never heard His name, and stopped me several times, asking, "Is it true?" I assured her over and over again that it was certainly true.

Toward the end she said one thing more. "Does Jesus Christ do those things now, today?"

What would you have said? There is nothing so powerful as a present experience of the power of Jesus Christ, enabling one to assure those who never heard of Him before that these things are true.

I must not tell you all about it. She went away and gave her heart to Jesus Christ that night, and He wrought in her a most wonderful transformation. She came a few days afterward, and said:

"I know now that what you told me the other day was true."

"How do you know?"

"He has done it for me. . . . Are you going to another city where they have never heard of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Are you going soon?"

"Yes, soon."

"Have you a servant to go with you?"

"No."

She said, "I am going with you, and I will do your washing and make shoes. I love you, and I love your Jesus."

The end of it was, she came. She was truly converted, but very rough. I felt, however, that there was a soul filled with love to Jesus, and I spent a great

deal of time in teaching and praying for that woman. I taught her all I could of the life of Christ, and the way to put the gospel.

There came a day when there was a great fair, and hundreds of women crowded to see us. While I was speaking to them I lost my voice, and could not go on talking. The room was full, and this woman was sitting near me. She had been a Christian two or three months, and, turning to her, I said:

"You see I cannot speak any more, will you try and just tell the women the rest?"

She said, "I cannot preach, don't ask me to do such a thing."

Well," I said. "if you don't they will have to go without hearing, and perhaps never come again. The Holy Spirit can help you, and make you tell them far better than I can. Won't you ask Him?"

She bent her head in prayer for a moment, and I sat praying for her with intense earnestness, feeling that it was a crisis in her life, and might prove such for many souls.

Presently she raised her head, looked around, and I saw what had happened. Never shall I forget the light which shone upon her face as she began to try to tell the certainty of those things that she herself had known about Jesus. She forgot me, and the time, and everything, and just poured out her heart before those women. If ever I saw anybody filled with the Spirit of God, it was that woman that day. She went on for an hour or two without a pause, and nobody moved. Many of them had never heard of Jesus. They had never had a missionary until two weeks before. A woman sitting in the room gave her heart to God, and still lives a consistent Christian life. Best of all, the preacher was saved from herself, and filled with the Spirit, and became from that time, such a teacher of the Gospel that I never thought of speaking when she was there.

Men have often said, when she has preached half the day, "We don't want to go home, we never heard of anything

like this before. You go to bed, and let this woman stay and talk; she can talk all night.

I have wakened in the middle of the night, and heard that woman, in the dark, still telling of Jesus to those who were eager to hear. Sometimes they would ask her questions, and even go to sleep and wake up and ask more questions, and early in the morning would be listening still. The power of the Spirit in the life of that woman was simply wonderful. It left nothing to be desired—nothing. One could not wish for anything more reasonable, logical, clear, persuasive, tender, full of love and the power of the Spirit, than that dear woman's message to others.—Mrs. Howard Taylor.

— 1047 —

#### WASHINGTON'S BREAKFAST

When the British under Lord Howe made their descent on Philadelphia, in 1777, disembarking at the head of Elk River, from Chesapeake Bay, Washington advanced from Philadelphia to meet them. Early one morning, accompanied by the Marquis de Lafayette, he made a reconnoissance from his camp to Chestnut Hill, Delaware, in the direction of Elk landing.

Here, at a point whence they could view the waters of Chesapeake Bay, the two generals stopped at a farmhouse and asked if they could obtain their breakfast.

The hostess, Mrs. Alexander, appeared to be very glad to see them, and they were surprised to find the table already set with an elegantly prepared breakfast. Lafayette was as much enchanted as he was astonished to find such a repast, in the course of a somewhat bold reconnoissance.

They had begun to partake of the meal, and Lafayette was eating leisurely, as a polite young Frenchman should do, when the mistress of the house stepped out for a moment. Washington touched Lafayette with his foot under the table, and whispered to him: "Better eat quickly; this breakfast was not meant

for us!"

Lafayette understood, and ate rapidly, but heartily. In a very short time the meal was finished. The two generals rose, hastily but warmly thanked Mrs. Alexander, and took their leave.

They had scarcely ridden away to a place of security when, turning about, they saw Lord Howe and his staff ride up to Alexander house. They had ordered their breakfast there, and Washington and Lafayette had eaten it!

Their chagrin, and the astonishment of their hostess, who supposed that she had already served Lord Howe a very hearty meal, will have to be imagined by the world, for no record is left of their remarks.—Selected.

— 1048 —

#### A PLEDGE REMEMBERED

A few months ago I was holding gospel meetings at S—, in the State of New York. I was introduced to Mr. S—, a business man of about sixty years of age. He was very sceptical concerning Christian character and bitter towards ministers. No arguments induced him to attend the meetings and no appeals seemed to soften his heart. Prayer was our only resource.

On the Sunday after the meetings closed he asked his wife, as she was getting ready for church: "How do I know that Christ is immortal?"

After the family had gone, he heard a voice saying: "You wretch! You deny your God! Do you remember thirty-six years ago to-day you promised God that if he spared your life, you would serve him?"

When he consulted his records he found that, thirty-six years ago on that day, as he was going into a fierce battle in the Civil War, he promised God that he would become a Christian if spared through the fight. The incident affected him profoundly, and lead him to give himself to God. His scepticism and bitterness at once disappeared, and in a few days he made a public profession of faith in Christ.—Dr. N. B. Randall, East Orange, N. J.



— 1049 —

## CAUSES OF TROUBLE

"Let not your heart be troubled," said Jesus. Trouble often comes from inactivity. Abraham Lincoln spoke truly when he said, "To ease another's heart a che is to forget one's own." Jesus's call was to unselfish service. Trouble sometimes comes from a sense of loneliness.

Henry Ward Beecher ran across a little lad on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, who was crying. Picking him up, he asked, "Well, my little boy, what is the matter?" As the boy looked into the luminous sympathetic face of Beecher, he answered, "Nothing, now you have come."

Jesus is to us Burden Bearer and Comforter. Trouble comes from loss of faith. Shortly before his death, one referred to these words of Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me," and said: "What soft and sweet unfolding of all highest things." To trust Jesus is to live or die with untroubled heart.—Selected.

— 1050 —

## OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD

Some one tells of a lady accompanied by a sturdy boy, who was seen to stand before a famous painting in a European art gallery. It represented the dying Richelieu, with a face as cold and hard as in the days of his strength, a soul of steel in a body of ice, lying in his barge; scarcely strong enough to move; while being towed behind in another boat were the two State prisoners—Cinq Mars and De Thou—whom he was dragging to their execution.

"It is a picture of revenge," the lady said, in reply to the questions of the boy. "I would not be that Richelieu for all the satisfaction this world can give. No passion of the human heart promises so much as revenge and pays so little.

A gentleman nearby overheard the remark. He rose suddenly to his feet,

and walked nervously down the hall. Two years before he had been grievously wronged by a neighbor, and now revenge was within his reach. At that time he had begun building a house, and when the walls were up and the framing of the roof in place, he was informed by the man who owned the adjoining property that the new house was six inches on his land.

The gentleman offered to pay handsomely for the few inches which had been built upon by mistake. The owner of it refused to sell. He said that his plans were made for occupying the whole lot, and for no consideration would he part with the six inches.

The gentleman could do nothing else than tear down the encroaching side of his house. This was done, and the wall moved back twelve inches instead of six.

A year later the owner of the neighboring property erected his house, and placed his wall just against the finished building. Of course this wall was then on the land of the first builder, who intended making no remonstrance until the house was finished, furnished and occupied.

This very day the work was completed, and he had stopped in the quiet of the art gallery to spend the hour before his intended call.

The woman's words about the picture, meant for the ears of her child alone, stirred the latent manliness of the man. "I would not be that Richelieu for all the satisfaction this world can give," he repeated over and over to himself, as he hurried into the outside air.

Nevertheless he made his intended visit, and informed the obdurate man why he had come. The victim was speechless with rage, and waited for the doom he expected to hear. Instead, the gentleman handed him a deed for the six inches of ground, saying:

"I have no wish to put you to any expense; I make you a present of that six-inch strip."—The Safeguard.

— 1051 —

**DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT**

The retirement of Prof. Thomas C. Mendenhall from the presidency of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute has been a matter of extreme regret to educators, for he has long been regarded as one of the best mathematicians in the country. He was himself long ignorant of the possession of this talent, and only discovered it by the merest accident.

Professor Mendenhall was the son of a poor farmer in Ohio, and was at work on the farm one day when a resident of a distant village drove up and struck a bargain with the elder Mendenhall for the purchase of a cow.

"Now," said the visitor, "I must get this cow home, but I can't take time to drive her twenty miles, ahead of my team, and she can't go fast enough to be led behind. My lad, I will give you a dollar to drive her over to my place."

Thomas jumped at the chance, and the next morning started on his walk, barefoot, before daylight. Arrived at his destination, he received his dollar—the first money he had ever owned—and was invited to stay over night before returning.

On his way to his room he passed a book-shelf on which lay a Euclid. He had never seen a geometry before, and something prompted him to take this one down and look inside. He carried the book to his room and pored over it as long as his candle held out. Then he dreamed of it for the rest of the night.

In the morning he timidly asked his host if his dollar would buy that volume. His joy was so great on learning that it would that he could scarcely eat his breakfast, and he trudged home perfectly happy, with his precious volume under his arm.

That was his first step in science, and his accidental introduction to Euclid inspired him to work his way through school and college and enter upon the life of research which has placed him in the front rank of American scholars. He now has the right to place a long string of honors and titles after his name, and

is a member of half a dozen scientific associations.—Saturday Evening Post.

— 1052 —

**THE VAST UNIVERSE**

At the great natural course in Florida, Ordmond Beach, in January, 1906, automobiles made the two mile course at the rate of 128 miles an hour. Suppose an Ordmond Beach to extend between the earth and the fixed star Centaurus and I should decide to take an auto trip on this new line. I ask the maker of the car what it will cost? "The cost is very low, sir, only one cent for each hundred miles."

"And what will the cost be at that rate," I ask.

"It will cost just \$2,275,000,000," he answers.

I pay and take my seat in the car and we set off at tremendous rate. "How fast," I ask the chauffeur, "are we going?"

"One hundred and twenty miles an hour," says he, "and no stops."

"We'll soon be there," I resume.

"We'll make good time, sir," says he.

"And when will we arrive?"

"In just 24,331,500 years."

What a universe! And what a God behind it! It is his! The Infinite! The God whom some defy! The Being whom some men do not fear!—A. J. Archibald.

— 1053 —

**TRY CHRISTIANITY**

Horace Greeley is said once to have received a letter from a woman stating that her church was in distressing financial straits.

They had tried every device they could think of—fairs, strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, a donkey party, turkey banquets, Japanese weddings, poverty sociables, mock marriages, grab bags, box sociables, and necktie sociables.

"Would Mr. Greeley be so kind as to suggest some new device to keep the struggling church from disbanding?" The editor replied: "Try Christianity." —The Christian.



—1054—

## THE GIPSY BOY'S PRAYER

Capt. Gipsy Pat Smith, the evangelist, tells how the Lord answered his prayer when a lad, much to the encouragement of his faith, and made it possible for him to go to a religious conference which he was anxious to attend. It was to be held in the hall in Glasgow in which this Gipsy boy then sixteen year old, had been converted six months before.

The lad's father was an ungodly man, and apparently did his utmost to discourage his son who had set out to follow Christ. If the boy failed to meet the exactions of the father when sent out to beg, peddle or steal he was likely to be tied up to a cart wheel and whipped.

That day he had been given some pot lids to sell. When he set out that morning he prayed that God would especially prosper his efforts, as the conference he wanted to attend met at 3 o'clock that afternoon, and if he could dispose of a sufficient number of the pot covers to make the usual daily receipts, and if they should be so sold that he had none left of some certain size, he could then safely return to camp, and would be excused for the remainder of the day. His sales were unusually good, and at 1.30 p. m. he counted up his coins and found that his earnings were enough for the day. But on looking over his stock he saw he still had covers of all sizes. So he had no excuse for going home. But he must go soon or he would miss the conference.

The least number he had of any size was two of No. 5. So as he approached the next tenement he stopped at the threshold, and he recalled the promise found in John 15:7, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." Relying on this promise he prayed to the Lord to enable him to sell these two pot lids in that house. He called on the family on the first floor, and made no sale. On the second floor, and on the third floor, the result was the

same. He mounted to the top floor. In response to his rap, a sweet-faced woman came to the door. He asked if she wanted any pot lids. She said she would look and see. Presently she returned and said she would take a No. 5. He gave her the cover, and she handed him the price.

As he stood adjusting the covers, slung by a cord over his shoulders, he thought of the one No. 5 lid he still had left which he had prayed he might sell in that house, and he had now visited the last family. Just then the woman returned and said: "I have but one No. 5 pot and so need only one lid. But something tells me to buy two of you instead of one. Yet there is a shop downstairs where I could get them if I wished. So you may give me another No. 5 lid if you have it."

With praises to God in his heart and tears starting from his eyes he handed her the lid; and she said, "why do you cry?"

Then he told her of his finding Christ six months before and of his desire to go to the meeting that afternoon and how the Lord had answered his prayer by telling her to buy the two lids. She replied that she understood it, as she had been a Christian twenty-two years. Before they separated they knelt and thanked God that He had thus been pleased to use them for the glory of His name.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

—1055—

## QUIET INFLUENCE

There was once a poor, feeble old woman who said to her minister: I wish I could do something for Jesus, but I am so poor and weak;" and the minister said: "You do something every Sunday, for I see you in church listening very earnestly to me, and the sight of your face helps me to preach better about Jesus."

Rev. Spencer Compton says: "During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry that there was a man overboard made me spring to my feet. I heard a tramping

overhead, but I resolved not to go on deck lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's eye window, so that its light might shine on the sea, as near the ship as possible. In a half a minute I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe!' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life, for it was only for the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

If we can do nothing else, we can help those who are throwing out the life-line of salvation by letting our light shine, and our quiet influence, reinforcing the Word that is preached, may be the means of saving a soul which otherwise would be unreached.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his pastor, "how shall I train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," was the reply.

A man given to drink was once walking uncertainly in some deep snow. Looking back, he saw his six-year-old boy following after him, carefully planting his feet in the marks left by his boots in the snow, and he heard him cry out cheerfully, "Mamma I'm walking in papa's foot-steps." It smote him to the heart, for he thought of those other foot-steps of his in which this boy might walk, and he resolved that, by the grace of God, he would so live that no one walking in his steps, would walk to ruin. —Selected.

— 1056 —

### GRACE SUFFICIENT

I told my people the other morning, when preaching from the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," that for the first time in my life I experienced what Abraham felt when he fell upon his face and laughed. I was riding home, very weary with a long week's work, when there came to my mind this text, "My grace is sufficient for thee." but it came

to me with the emphasis laid upon two words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." My soul said, doubtless it is. Surely the grace of the infinite God is more than sufficient for such a mere insect as I am.' And I laughed, and laughed again, to think how far the supply exceeded all my needs. It seemed to me as though I were a little fish in the sea, and in my thirst I said, "Alas! I shall drink up the ocean!" Then the father of the waters lifted up his head sublime, and smilingly replied: "Little fish, the boundless main is sufficient for thee." The thought made unbelief appear supremely ridiculous, as indeed it is.—C. H. Spurgeon.

— 1057 —

### THE UNSEEN AUCTIONEER

One day a friend of mine, in passing down a Glasgow street, saw a crowd at a shop door, and had the curiosity to look in. There he saw an auctioneer holding up a grand picture so that all could see it. When he got it in position, he remained behind it and said to the crowd, "Now look at this part of the picture,...and now at this other part," and so on, describing each detail of it. "Now," said my friend, "the whole time I was there I never saw the speaker, but only the picture he was showing." That is the way to work for Christ. He must increase, but we must be out of sight.—Andrew A. Bonar.

— 1058 —

### HIS NAME

A story has come down to us from the days of Wesley concerning his work among the miners of Cornwall. Whole villages were transformed from a gambling, swearing and Sabbath-breaking people to men and women of sobriety and godliness. In every home was to be found a picture of John Wesley, the man whom they all loved. One day a stranger visiting one of those humble homes seeing John Wesley's picture on the wall said, "Whose picture is that?" The old miner reverently lifted his hat and said, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."—Christian Advocate.



— 1059 —

## THE LITTLE LOAF

In time of the famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: "There stands a basketful of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times."

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest; and they finally went off without a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man and went quietly and becomingly home.

On the next day the children were equally illmannered and Franziska this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home and her mother broke the bread there fell out quite a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said: "Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Franziska did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her: "No, no; it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.—Reformed Messenger.

— 1060 —

## WHAT SHE DID

"I speak of this noble man, Dr. Barnardo, to mention a poor woman who was one of his noble helpers. Her name was Margaret Fisher. She was very poor, her distinction socially was that of a washerwoman. Her income at most was \$1.50 per week, and yet, with her own hands and those of poor helpers she gathered around her, she

sent three hundred new garments every year for the children, and never less than \$50 annually, which she collected in coppers from working men.' Not long since she, too, was called to her reward. Her last words were: 'I shall see the dear children in Heaven, shan't I?' Yes, not only the dear children, but the Savior of the children, who in her took many up and put his hands upon them in blessing.

After her death the poor people of Burton on Trent, where she resided, erected a monument over her grave, on which, after speaking of her labor of love, were inscribed these words: Reader, go thou and do likewise.' A humble, beautiful life, a life of daily cross-bearing that puts all our dainty, weak attempts at self-sacrifice to the blush. A high throne, a starry crown, a song the angels will never cease listening to, is hers in Heaven. We may share the blessing of this humble but noble life."—St. Mark's Messenger.

— 1061 —

## PRAYER SAVED PROHIBITION

Some time perhaps the story told here in a single paragraph may be told more in detail. The incident occurred in 1896 and 1897 in Kansas. Temperance sentiment throughout America was at a low ebb. Prohibition had been on trial sixteen years in Kansas, but there was a strong sentiment against it, and the remark was repeatedly made that as Kansas went so ultimately would go the nation. A state resubmission movement claiming an enrolled membership of 50,000 voters had been formed to wipe out the law. Every temperance activity seemed utterly paralyzed. But a tiny prayer band of about a hundred widely scattered but "utterly believing" members was formed. It was 100 and God against 50,000 and the devil; and within one short year the "50,000 and the devil" were utterly vanquished, and no one ever knew what became of that resubmission organization. And as Kansas went, so indeed has gone the nation—in answer to prayer.—The S. S. Times.

— 1062 —

**"JUST AS I AM"**

Almost a century ago, in the year 1836, a young girl, Miss Charlotte Elliott, was preparing for a great ball, to be given in her native town. Full of gay anticipation, she started out one day to her dressmaker to have a fine dress fitted for the occasion. On her way, she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and in the greetings which passed between them he learned her errand. He reasoned and expostulated, and finally pleaded with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, "I wish you would mind your own business!" and went her way.

In due time the ball came off; and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed; but after dancing all night, laying her weary head on her pillow only with the returning day, she was far from happy. In all this pleasure there had been a thorn, and now conscience made her wretched. Her pastor had always been a loving, cherished friend, and her rudeness to him rankled his breast. More than all, the truth of his words came to her heart and would give no rest. After three days of misery, during which life became almost insupportable, she went to the minister with her trouble, saying, "For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now I want to be a Christian! What must I do?"

We need not be told that the minister freely forgave her for her rudeness to himself, nor that he joyfully directed her to the true source of peace. "Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God, just as you are."

This was a new Gospel to her; she had never comprehended it before.

"What! Just as I am?" she asked. "Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me just as I am?"

"That is exactly what you must believe," was the answer. "You must come to Him just as you are." The young

girl felt overpowered as the simple truth took possession of her mind. She went to her room, knelt down, and offered God her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for His dwelling. As she knelt, peace—full, overflowing—filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn beginning:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

Little did Charlotte Elliott think of the fame or the immortality of the words she had written; it was simply putting her heart on paper; and therefore the hymn, born of her experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.—Selected.

— 1063 —

**"SAVED!"**

Not many years ago a vessel of the White Star Line went to pieces on a rock off the coast of Newfoundland and five hundred persons went down to a watery grave. There was a young man of great promise, having a large business in Detroit, who was on board that vessel. Soon after it went down there came a dispatch to his wife and partner to say that he was lost. The business was suspended, and that young wife was thrown into deep mourning. Her heart was just broken, and the mother's heart was bleeding that her boy had gone down, as they supposed. But in a few hours there came another message over the wires, "Saved," with his name signed to it. They felt so grateful that they had the dispatch framed and put in his office, and there it is. If you go in that man's office now to do business with him you may see that dispatch, "Saved." Now let the news flash over the wires to heaven today that you want to be saved. God is willing and able to have you send the dispatch to loved ones, "Saved."—J. C. Wilson.



— 1064 —

## A CHEMIST'S DELIVERANCE

A band of Christian workers one evening were holding an open-air meeting in one of the street of Bristol, when they were rudely interrupted by a bystander, who, in a loud voice, contradicted the truths they were uttering. He denied the existence of God, the divine authority of the Bible, and proclaimed the utter impotence of prayer. Having thus delivered himself, he went away in a rage.

He was by profession a chemist, and on his reaching home angrily ordered the shop-boy to put up the shutters and be off. The boy did as he was told, and the master retired to his room. After some time a ring was heard at the door; the chemist himself opened it in a very ill humor, while there stood before him a little girl, whom he gruffly ordered to go away, and not to trouble him when his shop was shut. The child expressed her sorrow for the interruption, but pleaded pathetically for some medicine for her mother, who was very ill. Unable to resist her importunity, he gave her the medicine, but warned her never to come on such an errand again.

Returning to his room, still much agitated, he took up the newspaper and resumed his reading. Suddenly he be-thought himself that he had made two grievous blunders. He had put into the medicine a most powerful poison, and had neglected to copy the prescription into his dispensing book. He was greatly distressed as he reflected that through the effect of his passion he would probably, in a very brief period, cause the death of a human being. There was no remedy. The child was an utter stranger; he did not know even in what direction she had gone. His neglect in copying the inscription would subject him to punishment, even if he should escape the charge of homicide. Thoughts of ruin, added to remorse for his carelessness, almost maddened him. He was perfectly helpless, and in his extremity cast himself at

once upon his knees, and sought in anguished tones the help of God, whose existence he had denied only an hour before.

Whilst praying another ring was heard at the door. He thought "the officers of justice are already after me!" Not so! At the entrance stood the same little girl, crying bitterly because she had fallen down, broken the bottle, and spilt the medicine. She besought the chemist to forgive her, and to renew the remedy for her mother's sickness. There was no need of this, however, for she was warmly welcomed. After she had been properly served, this man, no longer a skeptic, fell upon his knees again, and chose as his portion and guide the God who had heard and answered his prayer in the hour of need.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered." (Joel 2:32.)—Selected.

— 1065 —

## THE BLIND MAN WHO SAW

The Rev. John Mitchell relates the following incident of a noted infidel who, traveling in a car in which a minister was seated, at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone that could be heard all over the car. Among the passengers was a blind man, who for a time listened attentively. Seeing he was giving attention, the infidel turned suddenly to him in a pause in the discussion and said:

"Do you, sir, believe in a God, who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet without any offense on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them?"

"I am surprised, my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask me such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When

you reason of God you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of every-day life." The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man continued: "Suppose, on reaching your home, and on entering your room, you find a lighted lamp on the table—what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel, with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, that some intelligent being placed them there?"

The skeptic suddenly declined to talk any more on the subject, but it was evident to all the passengers that he felt thoroughly humbled and uncomfortable.—Selected.

— 1066 —

## UNTIL THE SECOND RESURRECTION

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is

large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess.

But not only has God thus shown His thought of such madness, He has declared:

"The sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their work." (Rev. 20:13.)—Selected.

— 1067 —

## WOOD IN A STORM

"One snowy Saturday night, when our wood was very low, a poor child came to beg a little, as the baby was sick, and the father on a spree with all his wages. My mother hesitated a little at first, as we also had a baby. Very cold weather was upon us, and a Sunday to be got through before wood could be had.

"My father said, 'Give half our stock, and trust in Providence; the weather will moderate, or wood will come.'

"Mother laughed, and answered in her cheery way. 'Well, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories.'

"So a generous half went to the poor neighbor, and a little later in the evening, while the storm still raged, and we were about to cover our fire to keep it, a knock came, and the farmer who usually supplied us appeared, saying, anxiously:

"I started for Boston with a load of wood, it drifted so, I want to go home. Wouldn't you like to have me drop the wood here? It would accommodate me, and you needn't hurry about paying for it."

"Yes," said the father; and as the man went off he turned to mother with a look that much impressed us children with his gifts as a seer, 'Didn't I tell you wood would come if the weather did not moderate?' My mother's motto was, 'Hope and keep busy,' and one of her sayings was, 'Cast you bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered.'"—Louisa M. Alcott.



— 1068 —

## THE GREATEST SIN

One night I was preaching in Chicago for another pastor. At the close of the service, the minister came to me and said, "I have a young man in my congregation who wishes to be a minister. I would like to have you talk with him." I replied, "Bring him to me after meeting," and he brought the young man to me. He had one of the cleanest, finest, most open faces I ever saw in my life. I looked into the face of this young man and said, "Your pastor says you wish to enter the ministry." "Yes, I do." "Well," I said, "let me ask you a question. Are you a Christian?" "Of course I am a Christian," he answered, "I was brought up a Christian, and I am not going back on the training of my parents." I said, "Have you been born again?" He said, "What?" I said, "Have you ever been born again? God says, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Have you ever been born again?" He said, "I don't know what you are talking about. I have never heard of that before in all my life." I said, "My friend, see here; do you know that you have committed the greatest sin that a man can commit?" "No," he said, "I never did in my life. You don't understand me. I have been most carefully reared. My life has been a most exemplary life. I never committed the greatest sin that a man can commit—never!" I asked, "What do you think is the greatest sin a man can commit?" "Why," he replied, "murder, of course." "You are greatly mistaken. Will you please read what Jesus says about it?" and I opened my Bible to Matt. 22: 37, 38, and asked him to read. He read, "Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and greatest commandment.'" Which commandment is that?" I asked. He replied, "The first and great commandment." "If this is the first and great commandment what is the first and great sin?"

"Not to keep this commandment." "Have you kept it? Have you loved God with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your mind? Have you put God first in everything—God first in business, God first in politics, God first in pleasure, God first in study, God first in everything?" "No, sir," he said, "I have not." "What have you done then?" "I have broken this commandment." "Which commandment is it?" "The first and the greatest commandment." "What have you done then?" He replied, "I have broken the first and greatest of God's commandments. I have committed the greatest sin a man can commit, but I never saw it before in all my life." And so have you, though, perhaps, you never saw it before in all your life.—R. A. Torrey.

— 1069 —

## THE LAWYER'S SUCCESSOR

Martin W. Littleton, of New York, is reported to have said: "Society is ruinous to young men. The young man needs all his energy, all his vital force, for his career. A few days ago I was in the office of a lawyer—a fine lawyer—one of the most distinguished men in New York, and he and I were discussing this very subject. He has two sons, who are very popular in society. They are clever young fellows, were great favorites at college—football and all the rest of it, you know—and now are simply overwhelmed with social attentions. In their father's office is a young man who is studying law. He is about the same age as the lawyer's sons. Being very poor, he compensates for his opportunity to study by dusting the office furniture, etc. I noticed what an industrious, capable fellow he was, and he more than agreed with me in admiring the young man's spirit. 'What worries me,' he said, 'is the thought that when I am gone he will probably be at the head of this business, and my sons will be in his employ—if he cares to employ them,' and he really spoke as if there might be a serious question whether his sons would be worth employing."—Selected.

—1070—

## BILHORN'S CONVERSION

Some thirty or forty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neighbor boys, who, barefoot and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Ill. "Are you in Sunday school?" she asked.

"We have no fit clothes," they replied.

"Would you come if you had?" she asked.

(They assured her they would.)

"What are your names?" she asked.

"Peter Bilhorn," replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name "Jesus" above it, and said: "Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help."

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels, and the boards from a lumber-yard near by, were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of the water was in his ears.

"In that moment," he says, "the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of

trouble, came to me. I put my hands together and prayed."

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he chanced to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

"I was ashamed to say that I was praying," he says, "and I asked, boastfully, 'Didn't you know I could swim?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did."

Bilhorn became the singing evangelist and song-writer, and this incident is said to have been the occasion of his writing the song:

"He will hear you when you call,

He will help you when you fall,

O, the best Friend to have is Jesus!"

—Selected.

—1071—

## THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL

A canal near Oklahoma City was destroyed some time ago in a very strange manner. Many thousands of dollars were spent in constructing it. It furnished water power to operate the electric light plant and a large flouring mill and its completion was an occasion of great importance to the city. But an unsuspecting enemy, small in size though prodigious in industry, soon whelmed the enterprise in disaster.

The banks of the canal were of porous, sandy soil. Gophers attacked the dyke. A hole no larger than a man's wrist, burrowed by these animals, widened into a crevice in half an hour, and the water easily swept away the sandy dyke. It was so expensive fighting these little animals that the promoters of the enterprise gave it up in despair and the canal is a thing of the past. Thus it is with the little faults that burrow in the dark and sap the currents of life.

—Selected.



— 1072 —

## FAMILY WORSHIP

It is with the church in the house as with the church in the village. The wayfarer may get a word in passing which he never can forget. The stranger that turns aside to tarry for a night may hear at your family worship the word that will save him.

Some years ago, an Irish wanderer, his wife and his sister, asked a night's shelter in the cabin of a pious schoolmaster. It was his hour for evening worship, and when the strangers were seated, the schoolmaster began by reading slowly and solemnly the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions, "Dead in trespasses and sins," "Children of wrath," "Walking after the course of this world," were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. "In this way I have walked from my childhood. In the service of the God of this world we have come to your house."

He was on his way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. He then produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire; and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the Word of God for himself. His request was complied with, the next morning with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home.

Some years ago an English gentleman visited America and spent some days with a pious friend. He was a man of talent and accomplishments, but an infidel. Four years afterward he returned to the same house—a Christian. They wondered at the change, but little suspected when and where it originated. He told them that when he was present at their family worship, on the first evening of his former visit, and when after the chapter was read they all knelt down

to pray, the recollection of such scenes rushed on his memory, so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him think, and his thoughtfulness ended in his leaving the barren wilderness of infidelity, and finding rest in Christ.

Shall family prayer be neglected? Shall Christian parents permit the pressure of business, social engagements, and the love of pleasure to overthrow family worship and banish the family altar? Shall the children of the Church be robbed of the benefits of this holy institution through the indifference and neglect of their own parents?—Christian Advocate.

— 1073 —

## FOLLOWING THE LIGHT

The poet, J. G. Whittier, related the following, as an illustration of the importance of following divine direction:

"I have an old friend who followed the leadings of the Spirit, and always made it a point to go to meeting on First-day. On one First-day morning, he made ready for meeting, and suddenly turning to his wife said, 'I am not going to meeting this morning; I am going to take a walk.' His wife inquired where he was going, and he replied, 'I don't know; I am impelled to go, I know not where.'"

"With his walking-stick he started and went out of the city a mile or two, and came to a country house that stood some distance from the road. The gate stood open, and a narrow lane, into which he turned, led up to the house where something unusual seemed to be going on. There were several vehicles standing around the yard, and groups of people were gathered here and there.

"When he reached the house he found there was a funeral, and he entered with the neighbors to attend the service. He listened to the funeral address and to the prayer. It was the body of a young woman which lay in the casket before him, and he arose and said.

"I have been led by the Spirit to this

house; I know nothing of the circumstances connected with the death of this person; but I am impelled by the Spirit to say that she has been accused of something of which she is not guilty, and the false accusation has hastened her death.'

"The friend sat down, and a murmur of surprise went through the room. The minister arose and said,

"Are you a God, or what are you?"

The friend replied, 'I am only a poor, sinful man, but I was led by the inner light to come to this house, and to say what I have said; and I would ask the person in this room, who knows that the young woman, now beyond the power of speech, was not guilty of what she was accused, to vindicate her in this presence.'

"After a fearful pause, a woman stood up and said, 'I am the person,' and while weeping hysterically, she confessed that she had willfully slandered the dead girl. The friend departed on his homeward way. 'Such,' said Mr. Whittier, 'was the leading of the inner light'."

"Recollections of J. G. Whittier."

— 1074 —

### THE MYSTERIOUS BUNDLE

Ua Bih Di was over fifty years old when she heard the gospel for the first time. She was friendless and starving, too weak to cut wood on the mountain and carry it to the city, which had been her former way of earning a living. Some Christians seeing her condition gave her food and told her in word and action of the Christ. She was sent to the hospital. The physician pronounced her trouble "starvation." When she was able we let her come to the Woman's School and work for her board. She was such a faithful helper that she was promoted to the position of cook, which she held for about ten years. One day last spring she asked to have a private conversation with me and came holding something under her coat.

"My mother never heard the Gospel," she said, "and knew nothing of the peace of Christ in her heart. She was always near starvation and never owned a pair

of stockings in her life. Since I came here I have had warm clothing, shoes and stockings and plenty of food. Heaven itself cannot be much pleasanter than my life is now. I have saved up more money than I have ever seen before, and I want to give it as a thank offering to God for all His blessings to me. You take it and use it where it is needed most.

She then brought out the mysterious bundle. She insisted on giving it all with the exception of \$2.50 which she still owed on the new church building. Later she brought \$25.00 more, making \$120.00 in all, and she had had the munificent salary of \$2.00 per month and board! When asked if she did not want to lay up something for old age she replied, "God has done so much better for me than I could ever have done for myself that I am willing to trust Him for the future. I hope that when the time comes when I cannot work He will call me to Himself."—Herald of Light.

— 1075 —

### KEPT STANDING

A well-known officer who had just left the guards, expressed to Lord Radstock his conviction that, being worldly by nature, it would be quite impossible for him to confess Christ, as he would disgrace Him by falling away. Lord Radstock replied by taking out his pencil case, and holding it upright on the table, he asked Captain A, why did it not fall. "Because you hold it," was the answer. "Then no inherent power in the pencil, but a power outside, is that which keeps it. God, seeing the utter ruin of man, did not tell him to stand upright, but brought in an external power Himself. And the question of falling depends not on the power of man, but on the Almighty, who 'is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory.'" The message went home. The following year, as the train drew up to the platform at Stockholm, Lord Radstock was greeted by the officer with the words, "God has never let the pencil go for one minute."—Lord Radstock's Life.



— 1076 —

## DOG SENT AS PROTECTOR

I shall never forget an answer to prayer which the Lord gave to my sister and me, seventeen years ago, while out in itinerating work in the lonely mountain village in Yamagata Kon, Japan. It was a heart prayer for protection and guidance when no human help was near, says Agnes Glenn, in a little tract published by the Free Tract Society of Los Angeles.

We had a very scanty knowledge of the Japanese language at that time, but having had an unspeakable longing to reach the neglected villages with the Gospel, we took all the tracts and New Testaments that we could well carry and set off on our day's work, to places where the feet of white people had never trodden before.

The tract distribution became so fascinating that we became unconscious of either direction or distance traveled as we went along the zigzag road from one village to another, until at last at about 4 P. M. our literature became exhausted. With light hearts, but tired and hungry in body, we began to wend our way homeward. After having gone some distance we had misgivings about the right road to take for Yachiso, we made inquiry from different ones whom we met, but one told us to take one road and another told us to take another going in the opposite direction.

The night was fast coming on, so we became somewhat confused and began to be alarmed, as it was neither wise nor safe for us to be out on this road at night. We thought to get a Jinrikisha (a two-wheel top cart drawn by a man) to take us home, and in failing that, to get a basha (a one-horse shay), but on account of a heathen festival that day the supply was exhausted, so we had to pray and to commit ourselves to the care of the Lord. Strange that we had not asked the Lord about it first! However as we committed ourselves into God's hands we felt certain that he

would see us through. Was not Elisha's God our God?

As the shades of night were drawing round us, we were about to enter a thick wood through which our road ran when we beheld the forms of two Japanese men in front of us. As we had seen them before that day, and had felt suspicious of them, we felt that they meant mischief. They were tramps. As their threatening forms were right on us, we lifted up our eyes to the hills, and cried, "Stand by us now, Jesus, oh, stand by us now."

Then quicker than thought out—out of somewhere—came, not an angel, but a great, black Newfoundland dog (all the Japanese dogs that I have ever seen in Japan are little creatures), and as if to protect us both, he stepped right between my sister and me; then he barked fiercely at the men, and as if to tear them to pieces he chased them away.

How friendly, how comforting, and how nobly he stayed by us, not only to protect, but also to guide—for he took us directly to our own door those remaining three miles. He knew the way—we did not. When we reached our home (a little shack with thatched roof, paper door and paper windows), and opened the sliding door, the dog stepped inside with us and after eating his supper he lay down on the earthen floor by the door and kept vigil all night.

In the morning, after thanking God afresh for His manifold providences, we fed the dog his breakfast, then opening the door our protector and guide went out and disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared. You ask, where did he come from? We do not know; we know only that God sent him.

— 1077 —

"Be thou aware of three things: Pride—fullness of bread—plenty of idleness. Yea! three others. The lust of the flesh—the lust of the eye—the pride of life. Above all: "The will of man—The will of the Devil—and thine own mighty self-will."

—1078—

## THE KING HONORED THE LAW

The story is told of an Oriental King who in his campaigns was troubled with desertions in his army. To put an end to this he made a proclamation to the effect that every deserter thereafter would be punished by having his eyes put out. It came to pass that some time later the King's own son in time of battle, to save himself, deserted his post.

He saved his life, but he must now lose his eyes, or the King must show himself partial and consent to violate his own law to spare his son. Should he do this, discipline in the army would be at an end. What could he do to maintain his authority, honor the law and yet favor his son?

He hit upon this expedient. He proposed to give up one of his own eyes, so as to spare one of his son's. This was done. He became partially blind to save his son from becoming totally blind. Who cannot see that by this expedient desertions were just as certainly prevented as though the law had been literally executed?

Now, we may think of God as the responsible sovereign of the great universe, consisting of many provinces, peopled with intelligent creatures. In accordance with the principles of eternal justice, God proclaimed that any or all of his subjects who violated his perfect law should forfeit his favor, and be banished from his presence.

When by disobedience Adam's race incurred this penalty, how could the loving yet just God restore rebellious man to his favor again without encouraging anarchy everywhere? Then the wisdom and love of God devised the atonement. The only begotten son of God offered to come to earth, be clothed with humanity and here to live a life of toil and suffering, and at last to experience the agonies of the cross, to render it safe and possible for God, in view of his broken law, to offer pardon to repentant man. By this expedient God's law was magnified, and made honorable (Isa. 42:21) and God himself could be just, and the

justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. 3:26.)—Rev Henry M. Tyndall.

—1079—

## THE STORY OF A SONG

When President McKinley was informed that his mother was dying he hired a special car and telegraphed ahead, "Tell mother I'll be there." This message forms the title to one of the most effective solos sung by evangelistic singers, a song that is said to be converting thousands. Mr. Charles M. Alexander tells of his own experience in these words:

"I shall begin by telling you how I first came to use it: A friend of mine cut it out of a little magazine and sent it to me to put in my scrap-book, saying he believed it would be a song to touch the hearts of men. I put it in my scrap-book but did not use it for a year, and often looked at it, wondering if the space in my scrap-book was not wasted where it was pasted. But one night in Newton, Kan., I was called upon quickly to sing a solo. I had sung most of my effective solos and thought I might as well try 'Tell Mother I'll Be There' to see what effect it would have. It was a railroad town, and a large number of men came to Christ that night. After the meeting was over one of the most influential, and biggest engineers who ran into Newton, came and took me by the hand and said, 'I am glad you sang, "Tell Mother I'll Be There."' No preaching nor praying nor anything else touched my heart, but when you sang that song I thought of the promise I had made my dear old mother who is in Heaven, and it brought me.' He said, 'Keep on singing it and I will bring the boys out, and we will bring them to Christ.' He said, 'Sing it every night,' and we did sing it every night. We sang song after song and would run on into the chorus of 'Tell Mother I'll Be There' during the after meeting, and it proved one of the most effective songs in our great meeting there, and later hundreds were brought to Christ in Australia by singing that song."



— 1080 —

## HOW VAST IS THE UNIVERSE!

A dispatch from Cambridge, Mass., June 20, 1920, to the New York Tribune says: "An announcement was made today that Harvard astronomers are watching with keen interest an event that occurred more than 200,000 years ago. It is a celestial conflagration that took place so far away from earth that the light rays are just reaching here.

The attention of the Harvard scientists was attracted to the matter by a message from the Lick Observatory in California, which read:

"Nova Aquila now has a diameter of 3.8 minutes of the arc."

Two years ago "nova," or new star, appeared in the sky in the constellation known as Aquila. According to the astronomers, this nova was probably caused by the collision of a small star flying through space with what is known as a dark nebula—a star cluster or group of stars which in itself gave no light. When the star hit this dark nebula the friction of its passage caused a great flare-up or explosion, which lit up the rest of the dark nebula.

This illumination traveled through the nebula at the speed of light—186,000 miles a second, or more than 11,000,000 miles a minute. The astronomers, knowing the speed of light, were able to estimate, by recording how long it took the bright spot to grow to a given size as seen from the earth, how far away the light spot was.

The spot after it had been growing for two years at the speed at which light travels, was still so small that it required a large telescope and sensitive astronomical instruments to measure its size. The Harvard astronomers compute that their measurement of the apparent size of this spot means that the flare is 217,120 "light years" away; or in other words that 217,120 years have been required for the light rays to bridge the distance.

A "light year," or distance traveled by a ray of light in twelve months, is ap-

proximately 5,781,600,000,000 miles. This number multiplied by 217,120 would give roughly the distance from the earth to Nova Aquilas.

Astronomers declare few visible stars are known to be further from the earth than this. It is one of the longest distances ever measured."

These figures are astounding. The mind of man is unable to grasp them. No wonder the inspired prophet declares that all nations before God are as nothing, and are counted as the small dust of the balance. It is not surprising that the Psalmist exclaims: When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast made; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? Or the son of man that Thou visitest him? Psalm 8: 3, 4.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1081 —

## THE LAST DANCE

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire.

As the sun went down, they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance, fire rapidly approached them. They saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next to the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire, which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment was apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire. They gazed on with deep and awful solemnity. At last the fire communicated to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer named Carot waved his

jewelled hand above his head and exclaimed, "One dance more and defiance to the flames!" All caught the enthusiasm of the moment and "One dance more and defiance to the flames!" burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced. Louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering of footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry, "The fire has reached the magazine! Fly! Fly for your lives." One moment they stood transfixed with terror. They did not know the magazine was there; and ere they recovered from their stupor, the vault had exploded, the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be careless as these ill-fated revelers. Yea, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak to them of death, the grave, judgment, and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for pleasure, but soon dash into the world as forgetful as before. "Time enough!" "By and by." "Not tonight," they speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere days or months have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost forever; lost, lost, LOST!—Selected.

— 1082 —

#### DO MISSIONS PAY?

An old gentleman, living in a quiet Eastern village, had a visit—the first in many years—from his son, a prosperous storekeeper in western Canada. On Sunday father and son went to church, where they listened to a sermon on Christian missions. Throughout the service the old gentleman was restless.

"I'm sorry," he said, as they left the church, "that I brought you here today."

"Why, father?" asked the younger man.

"I'm sorry," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "that you had to listen to that sermon. I don't believe in missions. They're a stupid waste of men

and money."

The younger man made no reply at the time, but when he reached home he asked his father and mother to let him tell them a little story.

"A few years ago," he began, "a young man left his father's farm to seek his fortunes in the Canadian West. He got into bad company, and was left one day by the roadside drunk and unconscious.

"At that place, living in a little sod-covered shack, there was a young man who had been sent out by a missionary society. He was brave. He loved men and sought them in the spirit of his divine Master. He found the drunken fellow, who had been left by his companions to die from alcohol or exposure, and carried him to his shack, placed him in his own bed, and worked over him until he brought him back to consciousness. Then after he had fed him, he remonstrated with him for wasting his life, and prayed earnestly with him.

"Father and mother, I am that man, and I tremble to think what I should have been but for that faithful missionary."—Unknown.

— 1083 —

#### WHY ONE PASTOR FAILED

Two pastors' wives, says the Western Christian Union, were visiting together. One said: "I don't know what we will do—my husband is so discouraged. Somehow his people do not care to hear him preach, and our salary is far behind. My husband feels so blue that he does not like to visit the people and pray with them, and so he sits around at home nearly all the time." The other sister said: "We are getting along finely. My husband spends much of his time visiting, and the people like to have him kneel and pray with them in their homes. Our congregations are always good, and our salary is paid up promptly." While the two sisters were talking, they were mending trousers. One was mending her husband's trousers at the seat; the other was mending her husband's trousers at the knees.



— 1084 —

## AN ENGINEER WHO PRAYED

The following remarkable instance of answered prayer is related by Mrs. J. H. Smith in the "Wesleyan Methodist." She knows the engineer concerned, Charles Waters, and the story is undoubtedly true.

It was night when the long, heavily loaded B. & O. train pulled out of the station at St. Louis, bound for Cincinnati and the East. There had been a great gathering in the city of St. Louis and thousands of people were leaving for their eastern homes. Charles Waters was the engineer that night, and he was a Christian man.

As the great engine leaped forward into the darkness, a burden seemed to weigh upon him. He could not account for it. He began to pray. On and on the long train sped across the State of Illinois, and again and again, as he drove the engine through the dark, the engineer prayed. He prayed for himself, he prayed for his train and the hundreds of people aboard, committing them all into the hands of Him who sees in the darkness as well as in the light. The whole State of Illinois was crossed and part of Indiana, and still he prayed. Seymour, Indiana, was reached in safety, and as he pulled the throttle and started out of this station the burden lifted from his spirit and he felt that somehow all was well. It was almost morning now, and in an hour or two it would be light.

\* \* \* \*

A little distance east of Seymour, Indiana, there lived a farmer who had risen very early that morning. He had a load of hogs to take to market, and he wanted to get an early start. He lighted his lantern and went out and fed his horses, and then came into the house for breakfast. As he sat at the table, something seemed to say, "Go to the railroad! Go to the railroad! Go to the railroad!" and yet again the insistent call, "GO TO THE RAILROAD!" The farmer jumped up from the table and started out. His wife

said, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the railroad," he answered.

"What for?" she asked.

"I don't know," he flung back, as he grabbed his lantern.

Down across the field he went, and over the rail fence, and stepped up on the railroad. He swung his lantern over the track, and behold, there was a broken rail—not only broken, but a great piece of it thrown entirely out of its place. He had little time to think, for just that moment he heard the distant rumble of the night express coming out of Seymour. He ran down the track and waved his lantern frantically. The engineer saw it and stopped the train, climbed down from his engine, and met the farmer.

Then he understood the reason for that long night of prayer, and the farmer now understood the strange call that had broken in on him at breakfast and bade him "Go to the railroad." A horrible wreck had been averted and hundreds of lives had been saved.

— 1085 —

## GIVING AND GETTING

A poor Baptist minister was appealed to, as he walked by some one he knew, for help. He had but a shilling in the world, and poised it in his mind to give, or not to give? The greater distress of his acquaintance prevailed, and he gave his all, walking away with a sweet remembrance of the promise, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." He had not gone a hundred yards before he met a gentleman, who said, "Ah, Mr. Jones, I am glad to see you. I have had this sovereign in my waistcoat pocket for a week, for some poor minister, and you may as well have it." Mr. Jones was wont to add, when telling the story, "If I had not stopped to give relief, I should have missed the gentleman and the sovereign too."—Selected.

— 1086 —

**TAKING ANOTHER'S WHIPPING**

A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "you take off your coat instantly and receive this whip." The boy declined and more vehemently the teacher said, "I tell you, now, take off your coat. Take it off instantly!" The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash; he was used to that in his cruel home. But it was for shame. He had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat, and as they saw the shoulder blades almost cutting through the skin.

As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike, a rosy, healthy boy leaped up and said: "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me. He is only a poor chap; he can't stand it. Whip me." "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging! But if you want to take the position of a substitute you can do it." The boy said: "I don't care; whip me. I'll take it; he's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders, this healthy, robust lad made no outcry; he endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say Bravo! for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others?

Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ; for in all our occupations and trades and business, and all our life—home life, foreign life—we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.—Selected.

— 1087 —

**WHY SAVED FROM LIONS**

A missionary in Africa while traveling on a tour of duty, came to a fork in the

road, one branch going round a hill, the other up the hill. Hesitating which to take, he besought the Lord to give him direction. He found himself decidedly disposed to take the road up the hill. Once at the summit he had a clear view of the other path, in which he discovered several large lions.

Deeply impressed by this escape from certain death, he made a memorandum of the facts and date. Afterwards, when visiting England, a friend asked him whether in his missionary work he recalled any special deliverances; he narrated this incident.

His friend thereupon stated that on one occasion he became distinctly impressed with the thought that this missionary brother was in great danger, and accordingly at once made him the subject of earnest intercession. So vivid and unusual was the impression that he felt moved to record the date. The two then compared their dates, and found an exact correspondence.—Dr. A. C. Thompson.

— 1088 —

**PRAYER AROUSED INTEREST**

A missionary of the American Board among the Mahrattas in India once wrote thus: "The first Monday in January, 1833, I shall ever remember. At our morning prayers in the native language three strangers were present, who said they had come to inquire about 'the new way.' At ten o'clock Babajee returned from his morning visit to the poorhouse in an ecstasy of joy, saying, 'The poor people all came about me inquiring, "What shall we do?"' I appointed an inquiry meeting at three o'clock today, and to my surprise there were sixteen present. A heavenly influence, I am persuaded, was with us. Our Christian friends in America must be praying for us."

The missionary afterwards learned that the day had been set apart by the General Assembly in the United States, and by other bodies of Christians, as a day of fasting and of prayer for the heathen world.—Dr. A. C. Thompson.



— 1089 —

## FED BY RAVENS

Mrs. Howard Taylor, in her address at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, related the following experience of one of the Chinese converts, Evangelist Li, who was still laboring successfully in 1917.

"Soon after Mr. Li's conversion he heard an impressive sermon upon the words, 'Covetousness which is idolatry.' He was greatly concerned to think that, having given up idolatry, he might be betrayed into the same sin through allowing a covetous spirit to have any place in his heart. To avoid this danger he determined to keep no money of his own and to possess no property. His little house and farm he handed over to his nephew, and devoted himself entirely to making known the Gospel, sustained by the simple hospitality of those to whom he ministered, and to whom his prayers brought help and healing for body as well as soul. His labours were wonderfully owned of God, and resulted in building up a church in the Yohyang district, which he has long shepherded with loving care. As time went on he opened a Refuge for the cure of opium smokers, and in this way also was made a blessing to many. This work, of course, could not be carried on without expense, and there were times when supplies ran short, and dear old Li was enabled to prove in very special ways the faithfulness of God.

"After some years a breath of what we may call, perhaps, 'higher criticism' reached this far-away province, and the old man heard in connection with the story of Elijah's being fed by ravens that they were not real birds that brought the bread and meat, but some kind of dark-skinned people, probably Arabs, who shared with him their supplies, for it was absurd to suppose that birds would ever act in the way described. It would be miraculous. But this way of explaining the matter did not at all commend itself to the old man's simple faith. Miracles were no difficulty to him. He

had seen far too often the wonder-working power of God put forth in answer to prayer. And, besides, in this very connection he had an experience which no amount of arguing could gainsay. The story has been so carefully verified on the spot, by Mr. Lutley and others, that one has no hesitation in passing it on, strange as it may seem to our ears.

"At one time, in his Refuge work, old Li had come to an end of all his resources. There were no patients coming for treatment; the Refuge was empty; his supplies were exhausted, and his faith was a good deal tried. Quite near by, in the large temple of the village, lived a cousin who was priest-in-charge, and who when he came to see his relative from time to time would bring a little present of bread or millet from his ample store. The old man on receiving these gifts would always say, 'Tien-Fu-tih entien'—'My Heavenly Father's grace'—meaning that it was through the care and kindness of God that these gifts were brought. But the priest did not approve of that way of looking at it, and at last remonstrated:

"'Where does your Heavenly Father's grace come in, I should like to know? The millet is mine. I bring it to you. And if I did not, you would very soon starve for all that He would care. He has nothing at all to do with it.'

"'But it is my Heavenly Father who puts it into your heart to care for me,' replied old Li.

"'Oh, that's all very well,' interrupted the priest. 'We shall see what will happen if I bring the millet no more.' And for a week or two he kept away; although his better nature prompted him to care for the old man whom he could not but esteem for the works of mercy in which he was constantly engaged.

"As it happened, this was just the time in which dear old Li was specially short of supplies. At last there came a day when he had nothing left for another meal. The Refuge was still empty, and he had not the cash to buy a morsel of bread. Kneeling alone in his room, he

poured out his heart in prayer to God. He knew very well that the Father in heaven would not, could not, forget him; and after pleading for blessing on his work and upon the people all around him, he reminded the Lord of what the priest had said, asking that for the honour of his own great name, He would send him that day his daily bread.

"Then and there the answer came. While the old man was still kneeling in prayer, he heard an unusual clamour and cawing and flapping of wings in the courtyard outside, and a noise as of something falling to the ground. He rose, and went to the door to see what was happening. A number of vultures or ravens, which are common in that part of China, were flying about in great commotion above him, and as he looked up a large piece of fat pork fell at his very feet. One of the birds, chased by the others, had dropped it just at that moment on that spot. Thankfully the old man took up the unexpected portion, saying, 'My Heavenly Father's kindness.' And then glancing about him to see what had fallen before he came out, he discovered a large piece of Indian meal bread, all cooked and ready for eating. Another bird had dropped that also; and there was his dinner bountifully provided. Evidently the ravens had been on a foraging expedition, and, overtaken by stronger birds, had let go their booty. But Whose hand had guided them to relinquish their prize right above his little courtyard?

"With a wondering heart, overflowing with joy, the dear old man kindled a fire to prepare the welcome meal; and while the pot was still boiling, the door opened, and, to his great delight, his cousin, the priest, walked in.

"'Well, has your Heavenly Father sent you anything to eat?' he somewhat scoffingly inquired, saying nothing about the bag of millet he had brought, carefully concealed up his sleeve.

"'Look and see,' responded the old man, smiling, as he indicated the simmering vessel on the fire.

"For some time the priest would not lift the lid, feeling sure there was nothing boiling there but water; but at length the savoury odour was unmistakable, and, overcome by curiosity, he peeped into the earthen pot. What was his astonishment when the excellent dinner was revealed.

"'Why,' he cried, 'where did you get this?'

"'My Heavenly Father sent it,' responded the old man gladly. 'He put it into your heart, you know, to bring me a little millet from time to time, but when you would do so no longer it was quite easy for Him to find another messenger.' And the whole incident, his prayer and the coming of the ravens, was graphically told.

"The priest was so much impressed by what he saw and heard that he became from that time an earnest inquirer, and before long confessed his faith in Christ by baptism. He gave up his comfortable living in the temple for the blessed reality that now satisfied his soul. He supported himself as a teacher, became a much respected deacon in the Church, and during the Boxer troubles of 1900 endured terrible tortures and finally laid down his life for Jesus' sake."

— 1090 —

### CONQUERED BY KINDNESS

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. She merely picked up the apples without resentment, and, giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness, said "God forgive you, son, as I do!"

That touched a tender chord in the heart of the jack-tar. He felt self-condemned. Thrusting his hands into his pockets and pulling out a lot of loose "change" he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming "God bless you, mother, I'll never do so again."—Selected.



— 1091 —

**PRAYER BROUGHT HEALTH**

A lady missionary of the American Board was stricken down by an epidemic; recovery seemed doubtful. As she lay upon her couch, feverish and restless, a sudden and singular calm came over her.

Just then a co-laborer at the same station came in to inquire how she was, yet fearing the worst.

"I am better, decidedly better," she replied; "I think I shall get well. I have had the strangest feeling come over me the last hour, as if I had new life. I don't understand it." Presently she added, "I believe I know what it is. I am sure some one is praying for me. I think I will try to prove it." She then asked the nurse to bring her "Daily Food," and, turning to the day of the month, marked it.

Many weeks afterwards a letter came to her, saying, "In January I attended a meeting of the Woman's Board in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, and wish you could have heard the earnest prayer offered for you by—," naming the person who had led in the intercession of that hour; comparing the date with the one in her "Daily Food," she found an exact coincidence.—Dr. A. C. Thompson.

— 1092 —

**GOD HONORS WHOM?**

In the north of England two brothers went into business. They had been raised in poverty, and had nothing with which to start business. But they were enthusiastic in religion.

They were determined to give to the Lord, and they made an arrangement that the Lord Jesus Christ should be a partner in the concern, and that a fixed portion should be given to him out of all profits. They so gave, and prospered.

The first year they had a generous sum of money to give. The second year they had more. The third year they had still more. At the fourth year the profits were so great that they went into four

figures.

Then they thought the portion to be set aside for God was too much to give to charity. Always be suspicious when you change your terms. It was for charity now, not for the Lord. Seeing it was such a large amount, they divided it, took half for themselves, and gave the other half away. The next year, on the testimony of one of the brothers, they did not make a cent. And before the end of six months of the following year they came to a crisis.

The two brothers met and locked themselves in the office to face the situation. William said to James: "We have never prospered since we robbed God. The first charge on the business must be to pay back what we have robbed."

They knelt down and prayed, and made this promise. Before the end of the year, their business revived.

Strangely enough, after some years they made a similar mistake, and had a similar experience. Today they are among the wealthiest Christian people in the land. They prospered as they honored God in their living.—Christian Herald.

— 1093 —

**HAPPY IN GOD HIMSELF**

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without these. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but, as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—Payson.

— 1094 —

## THE REDEEMED BOY

I have just been to the home of the boy in Omaha whose father gave \$25,000 to redeem him. I had a talk with this lad of fifteen whose name has perhaps been in every newspaper in the land.

As Eddie was leaving home one evening, two men pretended to arrest him, saying that he had stolen money from his aunt and that he must go with them without making a noise.

They said that his name was Eddie McGee. He told them they were mistaken, that his name was not Eddie McGee, and he could prove it by some persons who were passing. He said the conductor of a passing cab knew him. Soon they blindfolded him and drove quickly out of town about five miles to a lonely building which they had hired for the purpose and there kept him for twenty-four hours.

Next morning his captors sent a letter to his father telling him that unless he sent them twenty-five thousand dollars they would burn Eddie's eyes out with acid and that he would then have a blind boy in his charge.

The mother was frantic. The father went to the bank and got ninety-five pounds of gold which was the amount demanded. The Christian coachman who told us the story took us to the very buggy in which the gold was carried and showed us just where the bag was placed.

At night Mr. Cudahy drove to the spot named in the letter and left the gold beside a lantern tied with a black and white ribbon as he had been directed. At one o'clock the boy was brought near his home and was soon telling of all that happened while he had been a prisoner.

Some of you may say, "Why have you told us this story that we have heard before?" and I will tell you. I have been holding meetings for the young and old here in Omaha and one evening I took for my text the words of Jesus in Isaiah xlv. 22, "Return unto

me, for I have redeemed thee."

I showed how we are redeemed, not with silver or gold, but with "his own precious blood." I described what Jesus suffered as they laid the heavy lashes upon his back, and as they crowned him with thorns and as they spit upon him.

I spoke of his soul sufferings when "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood," and when he cried in agony, My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and of how he was treated as though a guilty sinner when he redeemed us with his precious blood, and of how we might now be treated for His sake as though we had never sinned, and hear his loving words, "Return unto me for I have redeemed thee."

Every boy and girl in Omaha knows about Eddie Cudahy. They understand how his father gave twenty-five thousand dollars to redeem him.

When I spoke of the far greater sacrifice that Jesus made that he might redeem us from the punishment that we deserve on the account of our sins, they all seemed to feel the truth of the words spoken and to be ashamed of the very thought of not loving him who first loved us and gave himself for our sakes.  
—Rev. E. Payson Hammond.

— 1095 —

## RICH AND YET A BEGGAR.

One of the tales of my boyhood was of an old Indian on a western reservation who every week presented himself at headquarters with a request for something to eat. One day the soldier in attendance, observing a leather cord about his neck asked its meaning. He shrugged his shoulders, to indicate that it was of no consequence at all. The soldier, venturing further, drew from beneath the old man's blanket a bronze medal on which was inscribed: "The bearer a faithful guide of Washington during the Revolutionary War, is by act of Congress entitled to a pension during his natural life." A pensioner and he never knew it! Rich and yet a beggar for years!—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.



— 1096 —

## A CASE OF DIVINE HEALING

That a signal mercy may not be forgotten, and that God may be glorified this recital is given.

In July 1902, I had left home in New York for a two week's visit of relatives in Wayne County, N. Y. When I went my brother, Charles H. Tyndall, D.D., then, and still pastor at Mt. Vernon, adjoining New York on the North, was ill; but his case was not alarming, and his wife promised to keep me informed as to his condition. The days passed, and in all the news received there was not one encouraging note, and becoming alarmed I wrote asking how he really was, and if I should come.

Expecting an unfavorable reply, I was prepared to take the only train at Walcott by which I could get to New York that day; and I was at the station, and the 10 o'clock train was in sight, when a telegram was handed me. It read, "Very low. Come if you can. Hold on to God in prayer."

Boarding the train, I was in the race for my brother's bed-side. But how shall I express my feelings? My brother and I had been so much to each other all our lives. Perhaps affection's tie was rendered stronger because our mother had died when the writer was two years old, and his brother a babe of five weeks. Childhood, early manhood and ministry, we had kept together, and now must we part? I was unwilling to entertain the thought, and yet it thrust itself upon me. Something seemed to say, "All must die sometime, and now is your brother's time. Even now he may be dead, and where will he be buried, and what about his family?"

I strove to banish such thoughts, and sought to lay hold on some promise of the Word of God, and urge it on his behalf. But as my soul struggled in prayer for hours, I was unable to find the promise I wanted. "Ask and it shall be given you." "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

These promises and others were precious, but they did not seem especially appropriate.

Finally after some hours that verse of the 91st Psalm came to mind: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore I will deliver him: I will set him on high because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

At once my soul seemed to say, "That's the promise I want. Now, Lord you must verify that word in the case of my brother. He gave his heart to Thee in his youth, and it has been the joy of his life to preach the gospel. So now Thou must be with him in trouble and deliver him; with long life satisfy him, and show him Thy Salvation."

I presumed to reason with the Lord: "Were my brother to die now, no one could call his a long life." His wife's father had made his home with my brother for several winters, and had died not long before in his 96th year. He had been a Christian many years, and his was indeed a long life. It is the wicked who shall not live out half his days. "Of course Satan would like to kill him and stop his good work, but Satan must not be allowed to have his way. He has power to afflict the children of God, as he did that daughter of Abraham whom he had so bound, for eighteen years, that she could not lift up herself until Jesus set her free. Jesus came to "destroy him who had the power of death, that is the devil," and He promised His disciples "power over all the power of the enemy."

During the hours of that long journey, I sought to claim these promises on my brother's behalf. To please God, and to receive the blessing He was willing to bestow, I knew I must believe in both His ability and willingness to do what I asked. But I was conscious that mine was a mixture of faith and unbelief. Finally what Jesus said to that distressed father, who sought the healing of his son, occurred to me: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to

him that believeth." And I adopted the cry of that anxious father: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

At that it pleased God to dispel the remnant of my unbelief. Every cloud was gone from my sky. There was no more anxiety as to the outcome of my brother's illness. I knew he would recover, and my heart was filled with praise to God.

When I reached his home that evening at 10 o'clock his wife met me at the door and I learned he was very low with ulceration of the bowels; and the doctor had told her to be prepared for the worst, as he would die of perforation of the intestines. This news did not affect my confidence in the least. I told her I knew he would get well. He was too weak to hold up his hand, and he had so failed in flesh that the nurse would take him in her arms, and carry him to a couch to make his bed. No one was allowed to see him but the nurse and his wife. I saw him just long enough to tell him I knew God was going to raise him up, and he was cheered by my confidence.

This was Friday, July 25th, I did not see him Saturday. Sunday I took a long walk to be by myself. The burden of my prayer was that the cure might be so wrought that it should be attributed to the special mercy of God. That evening, as I was sitting down to the supper table, his wife said he wished to see me. I went at once to his bedside, and assured him again not only of his recovery, but told him also the ground of my confidence. I recited the precious words of that Psalm, and told him Satan would like to destroy him, but he was a defeated foe, and that God would bruise Satan under his feet shortly. I spoke to him in this strain for perhaps fifteen minutes, and the change I was expecting then occurred. Had he been dying of thirst a cup of cold water could not have been more refreshing. To his wife he exclaimed, "I have not seen such a time as this since I became ill!"

From that time he improved from day to day, and I returned home. But Satur-

day night, about 11 o'clock August 9th, I got a telegram asking me to come as he was much worse. This was a severe trial to my faith, and during the hour or so spent getting to him Satan tried his utmost to rob me of my assurance of his recovery, but the grace of God triumphed. He had indeed been brought very low again, but was some better on my arrival.

Then to leave nothing undone, I suggested that we comply with the directions in James the 5th chapter, and my brother wishing it, I anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord, and asked God to make him every whit whole. This was at 12.30 a. m. He rested quietly and slept much the rest of the night, and that morning when the doctor came he noted the great improvement in his patient, and said to him, "It looks as if the bottom fell out of your disease last night!" From that time forth his recovery was rapid.—Rev. Henry M. Tyn-dall.

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Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.—James v. 14, 15.

— 1097 —

#### LUKEWARMNESS IN RELIGION CONDEMNED.

In the seventeenth century a Spanish priest named Miguel de Molines gathered about him a company of like-minded men who devoted themselves to the passive contemplation of God. They were called "quietists"; and so disastrous was their influence on the efficiency of the church that their system was finally condemned as heresy. That judgment was none too severe. "Quietism" is the bane of the Church today.—D. J. Burrell, D.D.



— 1098 —

**"MAKE IT A MATTER OF PRAYER."**

A good, old English farmer had become the happy inventor of an improved plow. Queen Victoria, on seeing the new invention, inquired of the farmer how he thought of it, whereupon he replied:

"Well, your majesty, I had it in my head for a long time before it would come straight. I saw what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to get at it. So at last I made it a matter of prayer; and one morning the whole thing came into my mind like a flash."

"Why, Mr. Smith," interrupted his royal listener, "do you pray about your plows?"

"Why, your majesty, why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven, He knew I was in trouble about it, and why shouldn't I go and tell Him? I mind of one of my boys when he was a teeny little mite. I bought him a whip, and very pleased he was with it. Well, he came to me one day crying as if his little heart would break. He'd broken the whip, and he brought it to me. So I took him on my knee, and I wiped his tears, and I kissed him and comforted him. 'Now, don't cry, my boy,' says I. 'I'll mend the whip, I will, so that it'll crack as loud as ever.' Well, now, don't you think our Father in heaven cares as much for me as I for my boy? My plow didn't much matter to Him, but I know quite well my trouble did."—Selected.

— 1099 —

**THE SLIGHTED PARDON**

When Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee she issued among other proclamations one which offered full and free pardon to every man who had at any time deserted from the army or navy, the only condition being that he should appear before a magistrate, or his superior officer, within a specified time, confess the fact and receive his pardon.

In a certain army corps, a colonel

one day absented himself from his quarters, turning the command over to his lieutenant, and at the hour for the "orderly room" presented himself before his lieutenant-colonel and confessed having, years before, been a deserter. His fellow-officers were astonished, and the affair was a "nine-days' wonder" in the barracks. But the colonel had fulfilled her Majesty's command, and received a full and free pardon.

A few weeks later, and after the specified time for the pardons to be issued had expired, a file of the guard was suddenly sent to the junior officer's quarters and arrested a certain corporal, a non-commissioned officer, but a well-liked man. On inquiry it was found that the corporal had been a deserter, too, but he had not accepted the Queen's pardon. It was not long before he was sentenced to penal servitude at hard labor, and when he was brought up before his colonel for committal into the hands of the jail wardens, the colonel asked, "Corporal, what have you got to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I should like to know why you did not accept the Queen's pardon. You saw that your colonel accepted it. It was open to you as well."

"Colonel, I was a fool. I have nothing to say, only that it serves me right. I get what I deserve."

The pardon for our sins is offered just as freely as the Queen's pardon. What can we say at the end if we refuse it? That is, indeed, an unanswerable question.—Selected.

— 1100 —

**BOMBARDING A ROCK.**

"A Spanish frigate lay all night in the Indian Ocean, firing numerous broadsides at a craft which was discovered after coming to anchor. Not a shot was returned. The day broke and, lo, yonder a mighty rock rose from the sea. Of what avail was those broadsides?" So the religion of the Scriptures, as an impregnable rock, resists, without reply, the attacks of its foes. Our vision is dim, but wait until the day breaks!"

— 1101 —

## THE POWER OF LOVE

One day one of the gigantic eagles, which were more common in Scotland generations ago than now, carried away an infant, which its mother had laid to sleep on a heap of hay in a field in which she was harvesting. The whole village ran after it, but the eagle soon perched itself upon the loftiest eyrie, and every one despaired of the child being recovered. A sailor tried to climb the ascent, but his strong limbs trembled, and he was at last obliged to give up the attempt. A robust Highlander, accustomed to climb the hills, tried next, and even he was precipitated to the bottom.

At last a poor peasant woman came forward. She put her feet first on one shelf of the rock, then on the second, and then on the third; and in this manner she rose to the very top of the cliff; and at last, while the hearts of those below were trembling for her safety, as well as that of the child, she came down step by step, until, amid the shouts of the villagers, she stood at the bottom of the rock with the child on her bosom.

Why did that woman succeed, when the strong sailor and the practiced Highlander had failed? Why? Because between her and the babe there was a tie—that woman was the mother of the child.

What a beautiful picture is this of the love of a mother! But there is greater love than this. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee," saith the Lord. Our heavenly Father has shown his deep love in the gift of his only Son.—Cheyne Brady.

— 1102 —

## THE CLEANSING BLOOD

Bishop Whipple tells us the story of the conversion of one of the most remarkable Indians he ever knew. "He was known throughout the northwest as a most terrible warrior.

"One day he happened to look into the

home of our Indian clergyman and he heard him reading the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' The Indian said, 'Read it again.' It was read again. He reached out his hands and said, 'My hands are covered with blood; can I become a Christian?' With tears running down his cheeks, the clergyman told him the story of Christ, the Savior of the world, and then to test him, he said, 'Let me cut your hair.' The Indian always wears a scalp lock for his enemy when he is on the warpath. 'Yes,' said the Indian, 'I am in earnest; if I can be a follower of Jesus Christ, I can suffer anything.'

"His hair was cut. His men jeered at him and called him a fool. It stung him almost to madness. He rushed home and threw himself upon the floor. His wife, who was a Christian, put her arms around his neck and said, 'Yesterday no man in the world could call you a coward. Cannot you be as brave for Him who died for you?' He afterward said, 'My wife lifted me onto my feet.' I have known many servants of Christ, but none I think more devoted to him than that man."—Sel.

— 1103 —

## HEIRS TO THE KINGDOM

Some one tells of an old man who was riding through a country district, when he was accosted by a native who asked him for a ride. He soon began to talk to the man and found that he was not saved. The native asked him after a while what his business was in those parts. He said: "I represent a large estate that has just been divided by the will of the testator and some of the heirs live around here, and I am looking for them. Their family name begins with the letter 'S,' and they are a very large family." Immediately the man became greatly interested. "Why," he said, "I know some of them, they are the Smiths, are they not?" "No," said the man, as he looked him earnestly in the face, "their name is 'Sinner,' and I think you are one of them and I have come to bring you a fortune."—Ram's Horn.



— 1104 —

## YEARS OF SERVICE LOST

On one of the Clyde river steamers a Christian man on his holidays was giving away tracts. Among others who received one was a gentleman belonging to Glasgow, who remarked as he received it that he feared such efforts did little permanent good. "I am not opposed to such work," he said. "In my younger days I did a good deal of it myself, but I cannot say that I ever saw any fruit from it."

The tract distributor was somewhat "damped" by that remark, coming from one who evidently was a Christian of many years' standing. But he instantly remembered that his own conversion was brought about by means of a tract which he received when a lad of twelve, as he walked along the street one wintry night.

As he passed the door of a Mission Hall a young man, standing evidently for the purpose of getting passers-by to go in, handed him a tract and asked him to go inside and hear the Gospel. He did go in, and heard words there that awakened him to think of eternity and his state before God, and he went home in deep soul trouble. In his anxiety he turned to the tract he had received, read it and was saved. The tract distributor told this story to the gentleman, who listened with evident interest, and when it was finished he said, "May I ask where this most interesting event took place?"

The man named the street, the hall, and the very night on which he got the tract and was invited inside.

The gentleman's eyes filled with tears; he grasped the distributor's hand, and said with great emotion: "It was my work for many a night, when a young man newly converted, to stand at that door giving tracts and inviting passers-by, and I well remember inviting in the bright-eyed lad that wintry night. But I lost heart soon after that, and gave it up, thinking such work was almost useless. Now after twenty years, God has let me know it was not in vain, and if

He spares me to return to the city I shall by His grace return to the service He gave me long ago, confessing my faithlessness in leaving it." But the twenty intervening years were lost. How many more golden sheaves might have appeared to that Christian worker's account in the day of Christ had he continued in the service that the Lord gave him to do!—Selected.

— 1105 —

## HE GAVE UP HIS PIPE.

When I was a boy, some fifty years ago, we lived on a farm, and I was somewhat inclined toward machinery, and especially interested in trying to make some kind of machine that would run without turning a crank. There was a small spring branch near by, so I commenced building a dam and digging a race to the place where my future mill was to be. By and by I succeeded in making a water wheel and crude machinery that would run without turning a crank, says Jacob H. Schwank, in the "Gospel Banner."

One day my father came down there, smoking his clay pipe, and said to me: "Jake, I think it looks very foolish to spend so much time trying to make something that will never do anybody any good. It will not even crack a grain of corn for a little chicken."

And I looked up to him and said:

"Now, daddy, please do not get offended if I tell you of something that looks still more foolish to me: you fill your pipe with tobacco about a half a dozen or more times a day, and light it and suck the smoke through the stem into your mouth, and then blow it out in the air. And when the stem gets clogged, you draw a broom straw through it to start it again. Now, daddy, be fair and square with me; which is the more foolish—for a man to do that, or for me to do what I am doing.

Daddy went away, but not smoking his pipe. In about a week mother told sister and me that daddy had quit smoking, and that one day he came in and put pipe, tobacco and all in the stove, without saying a word. Then I told

mother about the talk we had down at the branch, and she said to me:

"My dear boy, you have done what I have prayed for and tried to do for the past fifteen years."

— 1106 —

#### WHEN SPURGEON PREACHED IN HIS SLEEP

An exceedingly fascinating and remarkable event is narrated in the autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon. It was Saturday evening, the time for the preparation of his Sunday forenoon sermon. He had chosen his text. It was Psalm 110:3: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth." But for once that great and gifted mind was balked. He could not get at the heart of his text and elaborate the plan for his discourse that should be satisfactory and forcible. He sat up late at his work, but accomplished nothing, and retired to bed very much dispirited. During the night his wife heard him talking in his sleep. He was giving a clear and definite exposition of his text. Her ears and memory were keenly attuned to receive and retain the plan of his sermon. She says, "Never preacher had a more eager and anxious hearer." In the morning she told him all that he had spoken in his sleep. He was utterly astonished and could hardly credit her words. He exclaimed, "Why, that is just what I have wanted. That is the true explanation of the whole verse." And that Sunday forenoon he preached one of his best sermons from the plan he had talked in his sleep.—Selected.

— 1107 —

#### THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM

When Dr. Guthrie was minister of the Barony Kirk in Glasgow, a godless old woman living near by was troubled by the ringing of his bell. She presented herself at the minister's study and related her experience in this way: "I am here not because of your preaching, Dr. Guthrie, but because of your bell. It always seems to be saying, 'Come!

Come! Come!' and I have resented it. But the other night I dreamed; in my dream I seemed to be walking in a garden when you entered with a watering-pot; and, going about, you watered the plants one by one until, coming to a poor, scrawny thing, you passed it by. I called to you, 'Water that, too.' But you answered, 'No, my good woman, it would be useless; it has no root.' When I awoke, the bell was ringing and still saying, 'Come! Come! Come!' Then I wondered if I were the poor, fruitless thing. So I have come: tell me, what shall I do?"

It is a scientific fact that a sound-wave moves outward from its center, in concentric circles, until its vibrations touch the uttermost borders of infinite space. So ring the Bells of Bethlehem; and the sphere of their message grows wider and wider with the passing years, until Christ shall come again and speak to the children of men.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.

— 1108 —

#### WILLIAM TYNDALE'S REQUEST

Think of it now! In the sixteenth century a curious request, indeed, was made by a true disciple of Saint Paul's that great Christian and great Englishman, William Tyndale, whose translation of the New Testament is practically the basis of our versions to-day, Authorised and Revised.

Seized by the persecutor, in 1535, and immured at Vilvorde, in Belgium, he wrote a Latin letter to the Marquis of Bergen, governor of the castle, not long before his fiery martyrdom, to this effect: "I entreat your Lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus that if I must remain here for the winter you would beg the Commissary to be so kind as to send me, from the things of mine which he has, a warmer cap: I feel the cold painfully in my head. Also a warmer cloak, for the cloak I have is very thin. He has a woolen shirt of mine, if he will send it. But most of all, my Hebrew Bible, Grammar, and Vocabulary, that I may spend my time in that pursuit."—Selected.



—1109—

### A SOLDIER FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE GIRL

One Sunday evening in 1917, the pastor of the People's Tabernacle of New York invited the Christians present to tell the congregation what it was that started them on the road to Christ, and a number did so. At the prayer meeting the Wednesday evening following, the pastor's sister, Mrs. Carrie T. Mitchell, read the letter given below. It was written to her more than fifty years before, when she was a little girl, by her father, Myron P. Tindall, as he then spelled the family name. He was but 32 years of age, a soldier in the Civil War, stationed at that time at Camp Haskell, D. C. Her mother had died five years before when she was five years of age, and her two brothers were several years younger. Mrs. Mitchell said she had read this letter a thousand times, and she believes it largely the means used of God to bring her to love and serve Jesus.

It is not surprising that the daughter whose father's heart inclined him thus to write, should become a church missionary, and that three of his four sons should be ministers.

Camp Haskell, Oct. 20, 1862.

Dear Girl:

This is the first time I ever wrote to you; the first time I ever was so far from you. I am well. I hope this will find you the same. I should like to see you, but that can't be at present, but I hope to before many months.

You must be a good girl, and write to me if you can. I want you to have your likeness taken, and send it to me. I should think a good deal of it. I guess your uncle and aunt will take you to some place, and let you have it taken. It won't cost much. Two stamps will fetch it here.

You must mind your aunt and uncle, and remember your father and little brothers. Try to make as good a woman as your mother was. Go and see your brothers and tell them to be good children.

You're old enough to begin to think of another world. I hope you will strive to meet your mother who is in the other world. She was a good woman. I hope you will be as good. Try to meet her in heaven. There is a God who takes care of all that trust in him. He knows the hearts of all mankind. He loves little children and you must love him, and keep his commandments.

I must write a few lines to your uncle and aunt, so good bye for the present.

From your father,

M. P. Tindall.

—1110—

### "NOW, THEN—!"

To illustrate the fact that Christians should yield prompt obedience to the will of God, whether at home or abroad, and regardless of danger or difficulty, Dr. J. H. Jowett, in a sermon while yet a pastor in New York, related the following incident:

The crew of a coaling steamer landed at Messina shortly after the terrible earthquake.

The captain saw two little children crouched on the top balcony of a building eighty feet high, which had been wrenched from its support and threatened to collapse any moment. He got the children to fasten a string to the balcony, and he fixed a ladder to it, and then turned to one of his seamen with the words, "Now then, Smith." The sailor ran up the ladder, hoisted a rope by the string, induced the children or probably one of the older inmates to fasten it to the top balcony, climbed up the face of the tottering building, and shouted when he reached it that "there was a ton of them on the building," and that he could not get them all down by himself. The captain turned to his second mate, "Now then, Read," and in a few minutes Read stood by Smith's side, and together the men lowered twelve cowering creatures by the rope. And the Lord is speaking to you and me to-day, and with reference to this great heroic work of saving the world—"Now then——!"

—1111—

## DEGREES OF GRIEF

Dr. Talmage, the celebrated Brooklyn clergyman, was riding one day in a railroad coach, soon after the decease of a favorite son. His grief was constant and acute and he could not feel that anyone had ever suffered as he was doing.

In a seat near him sat a gentleman who, he thought, possessed one of the most cheerful faces he had ever seen. "How happy that man is compared to me!" he thought. "I will get into conversation with him. Perhaps he may console me, or cheer me up a little."

The dialogue ran upon general subjects for a little while, and then turned upon Dr. Talmage's great loss. "I cannot help envying you," said the preacher. "You seem, from your appearance, as if you had not a trouble in the world."

The other gentleman looked grave, and a spasm of grief went over his countenance. "I never saw a sadder face, for the moment," said Talmage, in relating this incident to the writer.

"My dear sir," he inquired, "will you tell me where you are going?"

"Why," replied Talmage, "home; to Brooklyn, New York. I get there this evening, if all goes well."

"I suppose to a wife—perhaps a mother—a live son—a daughter or two?"

"Oh, yes! I have all those awaiting me."

"Now I will tell you where I am going. All my family are dead but one, and that is my wife; and I am making my regular weekly visit to her, at an asylum. She is hopelessly insane. But God has left me my life, my honor, and my faculties; and I am trying to keep patient and cheerful, with the hope of meeting them all again in a better world, by and by."

Talmage rose, and took the stranger by both hands.

"I surrender!" he exclaimed. "My sorrow is as nothing compared to yours. I have learned a lesson, and I hope God will aid me to profit by it."—Everywhere.

—1112—

## GIVING THE LAST NICKEL

The American Magazine tells how a man succeeded in making a great fortune after he was forty years of age, and how its foundation was laid upon the gift to religious work of the last nickel possessed.

Some twenty years ago a rascally partner beat J. C. S. Johnstone, then of Faribault, Minn., out of all he had. After years of habitual comfort, at the age of forty-one and in hard times he faced the world with practically nothing but his hands. He went to Minneapolis and tramped the streets for work in vain. At last he had but five cents between him and beggary or starvation.

Walking along the street, uncertain whether to try again or give up the battle altogether, he was asked by a Salvation Army girl for a nickel for the poor. Moved perhaps by the unconscious irony of the request, he gave her his last nickel and told her it was his last cent.

"The Lord won't forget," she said, and went on.

Almost convinced that the Lord had forgotten him, Johnstone watched her at her work. The next thirteen men she accosted gave her nothing. The fourteenth gave her a dollar. He remembered that he had asked for work several times and had always been refused. He made up his mind to ask again, up to fourteen times. He got the job.

That was the end of his distress. He saved his wages and after a year or two bought a little mill out in the woods. His business prospered steadily. In ten years the commercial agencies were rating his wealth at nearly seven figures. He was always utterly convinced that should he let a Salvation Army collector pass unheeded his prosperity would end.

It pays to take God into our planning and put him to the test. He has promised to bless beyond our capacity to receive when we properly meet the conditions. Let us prove Him.—The Christian.



— 1113 —

**WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK**

I have often said, It is grand to see a man fighting an evil habit, and none but those who have passed through such a battle know what a conflict it is.

Orville Gardiner of New York was called the most wicked man in this city. More than once since he became a Christian he has been in my house; and a warmer, tenderer heart than his never beat in a human bosom. I have seen him sit and cry as he said, "Only to think that Jesus should love me." He was a prize-fighter, a blasphemer, a drunkard, in every respect a wicked man; and there was nothing bad that he would not do.

Let me say here to mothers, he had a godly mother. When they would say to her, "Well, Mrs. Gardiner, what do you think of Orville now?" she would say, "I have given him to Jesus; I pray for him three times a day, and Orville will be brought into the kingdom yet." He had a wife and one child. The boy died,—was drowned. He became more desperate than ever, almost raving mad. "Drink! drink!" he said, "I drank sixty glasses in twenty-four hours."

Soon after the death of his boy he was in a saloon, drinking with several fighting men. The room was very warm and close. They were smoking, and he went out. It was a bright night. Looking up overhead at the narrow strip of sky visible above the narrow street, he saw two stars shining brightly. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, and the thought struck him, "I wonder where my boy is." It flashed upon him that he was not on the right road ever to see his boy again. He went home and sent away two men whom he had been training for the ring; and then he went up to see his old mother, and they knelt and prayed together. "But," he said, "I cannot be a Christian until I give up the drink, and that is the hardest work of all. Now," said he, "mother, to-day I will drink myself to death or I will get the victory."

He bought a jug of liquor—it con-

tained about two quarts of whiskey—and carried it in a boat across the river, went into the woods, found a clear space, and then set the jug down on a stone and began to fight it. "Now it is give you up forever, or I will never leave this place alive. I will drink the whole of you, or I will conquer you." For nine hours that man fought and struggled with his appetite. He said, "I was afraid to break the jug for fear the smell of the liquor would drive me mad. My knees were so sore from kneeling while crying to God to help me, that I could hardly move. I knew my mother was praying for me. I kicked a place in the soft loam, and took up the jug, holding it at arm's length, and placed it in the hole. Then I covered it up, and stamped upon it. And from that day to this not a drop has ever passed my lips."

It requires strength of mind and firmness of purpose to do such a thing as that. What I want to impress upon every man is this. You have a will. Did you ever exercise your will? Did you ever resolutely determine, "I WILL?" Why, there are circumstances that seem almost inevitable, that you can often fight off by the power of your will.—Selected.

— 1114 —

**SHOW ME MYSELF**

A godly minister was once traveling in Scotland and put up at a certain tavern. At evening-time the landlord asked if he would conduct family prayer. He consented on the condition that the landlord would call all the servants of the household. The servants came in and when all seemed to be assembled, the minister asked, "Are all here?" "Yes," said the landlord. "Not one missing?" he asked. "Oh, well," said the landlord, "there is a poor girl we never bring in. She does the dirty work about the kitchen and is not fit to come in with the others." "Well then," said the minister, "I will not go on until she comes." He insisted and the landlord yielded. Seeing her neglected appearance, the minister took a peculiar inter-

est in her. When he was leaving the next day, he called for the girl and said to her, "I wish to teach you a prayer, and I want you to pray it until I come back again. It is this, 'Lord, show me myself.'"

He left the hotel, but returned in a few days. He asked the landlord, "How is that poor girl?" "Oh," replied the landlord, "she is spoiled. She is of no use whatever now. She can do no work. She is weeping all the time. She mopes and is melancholy. I don't know what is the matter with her." The minister knew, and asked to see her. The landlord brought her in and the minister said, "Now I wish to teach you another prayer. You have been praying, 'Show me myself?'" "Yes," she said, in deep distress, "and I am so wicked I can do nothing but weep over my sins." "Now let me teach you another prayer, 'Lord, show me Thyself.'"

Years passed. The minister was preaching in Glasgow when a neat-looking woman came up to him at the close of the sermon and said, "Do you remember me?" "No," he said, "I do not." "Do you remember teaching a poor girl in a hotel to pray, 'Show me myself?'" "Yes," he replied, "I remember that well." "I am that girl. I prayed that prayer and got such a view of myself that I was overwhelmed with grief and despair. Then you taught me the other prayer, 'Lord, show me Thyself,' and He showed me Himself and my grief and despair went and I trusted Him and found salvation and He has made me what I am to-day."

It is a good prayer for us all to pray, "Lord, show me myself," and after He has shown us ourselves, let us go on and ask Him to show us Himself.—R. A. Torrey.

— 1115 —

### THE TRESPASSING HEN

A man in New Jersey told me the following circumstances respecting himself and one of his neighbors. "I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up. But one spring, I concluded to let them run in my yard,

after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged because he had killed my beautiful hens that I valued so much. I determined at once, to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way to get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better. After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out, and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in a great fury, "You have abused me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can get them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined." "I am sorry for it," said I; "I did not wish to injure you; and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage." The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky, then down at the earth, then at his neighbor, then at his club, and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing. "Tell me now," said I, "what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and goodwill of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens or anything else." "I am a great fool!" said my neighbor. "The damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine." — Selected.



— 1116 —

## WHAT A CRIPPLED BOY DID.

One of the most touching incidents of the entire World's Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, Japan, occurred when Dr. Frank L. Brown, the World's Sunday School General Secretary, told of a Japanese boy who, badly crippled, was one time crawling along the roadside when he heard music. He crawled into the building from which the music came, and found that it was a Christian Sunday-school. Becoming very much interested, he took home some of the literature that was given out. His open confession and baptism as a Christian believer followed. Then he started a Sunday-school in his own home. Not content with this, he started another Sunday-school, and another, and another, and another. To-day he is superintendent of three Sunday-schools, said Dr. Brown.

As the speaker stepped to one side, the young Sunday-school superintendent himself, Mr. Iwakiri, was carried to the front of the convention platform by friends. It was a blessed demonstration of the opportunity and mission of the Christian Sunday-school in heathen lands.—S. S. Times.

— 1117 —

## HOW GOD PROVIDED A COW

My grandfather was a very poor minister, and kept a cow, which was a very great help in the support of his children—he had ten of them—and the cow took the “staggers” and died.

“What will you do now?” said my grandmother.

“I cannot tell what we shall do now,” said he, “but I know what God will do: God will provide for us. We must have milk for the children.”

The next morning there came £20 to him. He had never made application to the fund for the relief of ministers, but on that day there was £5 left when they had divided the money, and one said: “There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down in Essex; suppose we send it to him.”

The chairman—a Mr. Morely of this day—said: “We had better make it £10, and I'll give £5.” Another £5 was offered by another member, if a like amount could be raised to make it up to £20, which was done. They knew nothing about my grandfather's cow; but God did, you see; and there was the new cow for him. And those gentlemen in London were not aware of the importance of the service which they had rendered.—Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

— 1118 —

## TOM PAINE AND THE BIBLE

“When Tom Paine came back from Europe, sitting in a hotel on Broadway, New York, he said: ‘In five years from now there will not be a Bible in America. I have gone through the Bible with an axe and cut down all its trees; they are no longer timber but lumber, to be put with all other lumber on the shelf. The Bible is a tissue of absurdities and falsehoods, which I will expose to the ridicule of the world.’ This brilliant, but deluded American was not only a poor but a false prophet. Now seven-tenths of the population of the world have Bibles in their own language. A century ago only one-fifth of the population of the world had the Bible in their own language. Each year nearly 20,000,000 of Protestant Bibles and portions are published, in 500 languages and dialects.”

— 1119 —

## AN AGNOSTIC

In one of our New England fishing villages a big boy who knew all about fishing, but had never learned the alphabet, was sent to school to learn it. He didn't believe anything on anybody's “say so.”

“That's ‘A,’” said the teacher.

“How d'yer know?” said the boy.

“Because my teacher told me.”

“How'd she know?” said the boy.

“Because her teacher told her.”

“How d'yer know but they lied?” said the boy.—Selected.

— 1120 —

**NO ACCIDENTS WITH GOD.**

The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, N. J., went into his pulpit one Sabbath and by a strange freak of memory forgot his subject and forgot his text, and in great embarrassment rose before his audience and announced the circumstance and declared himself entirely unable to preach then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the out-breaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State, a revival of religion, that resulted in churches still standing and in the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry who have brought their thousands into the Kingdom of God.

Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeats and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little.—Talmage.

— 1121 —

**HE FEARED SIN ONLY.**

The Emperor Arcadius and his wife Eudoxia had a very bitter feeling towards Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople. One day, in a fit of anger, the emperor said to one of his courtiers: "I would be avenged of this bishop."

Several then proposed how this should be done.

"Banish him," said one.

"Put him in prison," said another.

"Confiscate his property," said a third.

"Let him die," said a fourth.

Another courtier, whose vices, Chrysostom had reproved, said maliciously. "You all make a great mistake. You

will never punish him by such proposals. If banished from the kingdom, he will feel God as near to him in the desert as here. If you put him in prison and lead him with chains, he will still pray for the poor and praise God in prison. If you confiscate his property, you merely take away his goods from the poor, not from him. If you condemn him to death, you open heaven to him. Prince, do you wish to be revenged on him? Force him to commit sin. I know him; this man fears nothing in the world but sin."—Selected.

— 1122 —

**WHY SHE COULDN'T WIN HIM.**

When her husband and her son, a young man of eighteen, came home, a woman said to them: "I wish you would remain a little after dinner, I want to speak with you."

They stepped into the parlor, and she put an arm about each and said: "I have not been a consistent Christian, therefore I feel I have not been as good a wife to you, husband, or as good a mother to you, son, as I should have been. Will you join me in prayer that God will forgive me?"

They all three knelt, and she tried to pray, but all she could say was, "O God! O God!" But the Spirit broke up the fountains of the deep, and all three wept.

A few days later her husband publicly accepted Christ and joined the church.

"Husband, tell me why I couldn't win you to Christ before?" she asked, and he said:

"I would ask you to go with me to the theatre, and you would go; to the dance, and you would go; to play cards, and you would go. You drank wine with me. Then you would ask me to go to church with you and to prayer meeting, and I would go. You went where I went, and I went where you went. You did what I did, and I did what you did. Wherein was your life any better than mine?"

To be able to convict others of sin we must ourselves first get right with God.—Billy Sunday.



— 1123 —

## THE SINS OF A FATHER

God is still on the throne, gentlemen, and He has said, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the third and fourth generations of them that are evil." Down to the third and fourth. There is no fifth, for the fourth will be a lunatic, and a lunatic born that way, either male or female, is sterile. If they could bear children the offspring would be idiots, so you see how God protects you.

I never used to know, when I was a kid, what they meant when they said, "Chickens come home to roost." But I know now. It means if you are a drunkard, your children will be drunkards; if you are a libertine, your children will be libertines. In other words, your children will return to disgrace you or bless you.

Listen. If I were absolutely sure that there would be no hereafter, no future beyond the grave, I would go on living the same kind of life I'm living now.

When I was in the Y. M. C. A. work I knew a gambler who was converted. He was making \$75,000 a year, and he was going up and down the country showing that you can't beat a gambler at his own game.

He tells the story of a game which was on and one man was accused of ringing in a cold deck. The lie was passed and a man shot another dead. He was sentenced to die, and as he was being prepared for the scaffold, his four year old son toddled up the steps and said, "Come home, papa."

The sheriff was a kind man and unbuckled his feet and hands and let him lift the child up. He told his son he couldn't come home, and for him to go away now and the sheriff would take care of him. Then he turned to the crowd and cried: "For God's sake, boys, don't let my son be what I have been."

The trap fell and he shot into eternity.

A collection was taken for that child

among the crowd, and when the money in the hat was counted it amounted to about \$653, a big sum for that part of the country and among those fellows. The boy was placed in a Christian home, and when he was twenty-one they gave him this money with accumulated interest.

He started out on a career of crime. He got so low down that they wouldn't let him sleep in the police station. He sunk so low that even the dogs seemed to shun him. He tried to beg to get enough to drink, and would clean cuspidors in dirty, filthy saloons to get drink.

Oh, men and women, blood will tell. I'm pleading with you, yield to Christ so that your children will not be blighted.—Billy Sunday.

— 1124 —

## A WISE CRAB.

The former president of Princeton, Dr. Francis L. Patton, in the lectures which he is delivering widely throughout the country tells the story of a wise crab.

It seems that a young professor was trying to discover the psychology of crabs, and took one, and put him into a dark box for observation. The box was so arranged that a single ray of light could be admitted from either of the four sides, the others all being dark. The professor would let in the ray, and the crab would carefully work its way from anywhere else in the box, and plant himself where that ray appeared. If that hole was darkened and the ray was let in from another side, the crab would make straight for it again. Part of his psychology, the professor decided, was to follow the light wherever he saw it.

Of course you see at once what Dr. Patton makes of that story and what the rest of us may make of it also. There are people who seem to revel in their difficulties; they nose around in the dark places; their main thought of religion is that it has a great many unanswered questions. That there are rays of light here and there, even in the

dark boxes of life, is to these people meaningless. Wise people learn at least as much as the crab; they know the wisdom of making for the light ray.

Mr. Robt. Speer tells of a young Swede who was going to India as a missionary. A friend told him it was too hot there to work, that it was 120 degrees in the shade. "Well," he replied, "I don't have to stay in the shade all the time, do I?"

And the apostle John told us to walk in the light. Surely we can do as well as a crab.—Rev. C. B. McAfee, D. D.

—1125—

### HE WANTED HIS CHECK BACK.

Bishop Whipple used to tell a story which will point a moral.

He called upon a great New York merchant, noted for his generosity to Christian enterprises, and was given an opportunity of presenting the needs of his work in Minnesota. The merchant received him in his private office and listened with interest and sympathy to his appeal.

When the bishop had finished he turned to his desk, and, writing a check, handed it to the Bishop, who of course received it without glancing at its face and expressed his thanks for the assistance rendered.

At that moment an anxious attendant hurried in, bringing a telegram. The merchant read it with evident perturbation, thought a moment, and turning to the Bishop, said:

"This message brings me the news of the loss of my finest ship with all her cargo. It is a severe blow. I must ask you to be good enough to return the check which I just gave you."

With a sinking heart the bishop took from his pocket the bit of folded paper which meant so much to him and returned it to the donor, who tore it across and threw the pieces into the waste basket. The merchant again turned to his desk and writing quickly in his check book he handed the Bishop a second slip of paper, saying:

"If I had gone on giving to God in

the same ratio that I have been doing, I should not deserve to have a vessel left afloat!"

Of course the good Bishop never knew the amount of the first check, but the second one was the most generous he had ever received.—Diocesan Record.

—1126—

### A CREATIVE BELIEF.

One of the greatest things one person may do for another is to believe in him yet how rarely do we realize this?

A man on a tramping trip through the mountains of West Virginia, came one morning upon two children all alone on a desolate farm, away at the top of one of the highest mountains. The mother was dead, and "Pappy was away peddlin' fruit," the stranger was told.

"Why don't you stay with the neighbors while your father is away?" the traveler asked.

"Oh, we got to stay here, 'cause if we didn't somebody might come an' steal our chickens," the youngest child, a little girl explained.

The stranger looked at her very small person. "Why," he laughed, "what could you do to a chicken thief?"

"I couldn't do nothin', but my brother could," she returned promptly. "Why, he's most nine years old!"

At her words, the brother, a freckle-faced, insignificant youngster, was suddenly transformed. "Yes, sir!" he cried, with shining eyes. "Yes, sir! I could 'tend to 'em all right! I'm most nine years old!"

Now whether he could "tend to 'em" or not, is beside the mark. The fact which struck home to the traveler was the change wrought in that small boy by his little sister's loyal belief in him. In telling the story afterwards, the man was always wont to declare that what he desired from his friends was a creative belief. "Criticize me," he would laugh, "and I am lost. But believe in me, believe in me as that little mountain child believed in her brother, and I can work miracles!" The Wellspring.



— 1127 —

## THE ELDER WHO CONFESSED.

One morning when I was out in Iowa a woman came to my door and knocked and said that a man wanted to see me. I found that he was a church member—a ruling elder. He told me that he had not been living right.

"How can I get right?" he asked.

I told him that his confession must be as public as his sin had been great. I told him that he would have to stand up and tell the people that he hadn't been living right and promise that with God's help he would do better.

He said, "Oh, I can't do that."

"All right," I said, "but if you're not willing to do what you must do to get right, what did you come to me for?"

He finally said he would do it, and he did. Then he asked me to pray for him, and I did. Then he asked me to pray for his son, Ernest, and I prayed for him at intervals that day. The boy was at Shenandoah—that was out in Western Iowa—going to school. He didn't go with his class that day. Late that night there was a knock at the door and when they opened it Ernest was there. He had walked sixteen or seventeen miles to get home, and he was almost frozen.

"What's wrong?" the father asked.

"Oh, father, I'm an awful sinner," the boy said.

They called his mother and they got him warm. To-day he is preaching the gospel to the heathen.

God shot the arrow of conviction over fifteen miles that day in answer to our prayers.—Billy Sunday.

— 1128 —

## THE SAFE PLACE.

Out in the Western country, in the autumn, when men go hunting and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes up a very strong wind, and the flames just roll along twenty feet high, and travel at the rate

of thirty or forty miles an hour, consuming man and beast. When the hunters see it coming what do they do? They know they cannot run so fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and let the flames sweep, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death coming toward them, but they do not fear, they do not tremble, because the fire has swept over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn.

"There is one mountain that the wrath of God has swept over, and that is Mount Calvary, and the fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity. Here alone is there safety."—Sel.

— 1129 —

## "NOT MY FEET ONLY."

The following story from far away India portrays the spirit in which the faithful missionary of the Cross of Christ seeks to save the souls of the humblest men and to uplift them into the privileges of sonship in the family of God.

A Brahman visiting a missionary in India saw a picture on the wall of Christ washing the disciples' feet. The Brahman said: You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not; none of you ever wash people's feet."

The missionary said: "But that is just what we are doing all the time! You Brahmans say you sprang from the head of your god Brahm; that the next lower caste spring from his shoulders; the next lower, from his loins; and that the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet, and when you proud Brahmans see the low caste and out-caste getting educated and Christianized—washed, clean, beautiful, and holy inside and outside—you Brahmans and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"—The Presbyterian.

— 1130 —

**"GOD IS ALIVE."**

The story is told of Luther who came down to breakfast—it was the third day of one of his times of sorrow, pessimism, and hopelessness,—and found his wife dressed in mourning.

Luther said, "Kate, what is the matter?"

She replied, "God is dead."

"What do you mean?"

"God is dead."

Then again he asked her and again she replied, "Doctor Martin, God is dead."

He came around to her as she answered the third time and said: "Gracious God, this is blasphemy. What do you mean?"

And her only reply was "God is dead!"

"Gracious God," he said, "my wife has lost her reason!"

"Doctor Martin," she asked, "if God were not dead, why would you be so cast down?" She had often heard him say that the "government is upon his shoulders" and that all power had been given to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Doctor Martin, if God is not dead, then why are you thus cast down?"

Then he turned to her and said, "Go up stairs, Kate, and take that mourning off. God is alive!"—Selected.

— 1131 —

**OBEDIENCE TESTED.**

In the life of the great Duke of Wellington, it says that, on one occasion, he was employed in the pastime of hunting. The farmers in the neighborhood in which he was hunting, however, had had their crops so injured by huntsmen that they were determined to keep them out of their fields. The gates were locked and men and boys posted at different points. Up to one little farmer boy stationed there came a member of the Duke's party, a gentleman in a red coat. Addressing the boy, the huntsman said:

"Open the gate."

He replied, "I cannot."

"Will you open it at once?"

"No."

By that time, the Duke had arrived with his party, and the gentleman said:

"Your Grace, the boy refused to open that gate." The Duke looked down pleasantly and said:

"My boy, won't you open that gate?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My master told me not to open it to anybody."

"But," asked the Duke, "do you know who I am?" The boy, a little bewildered, looked up and said:

"I believe you are the Duke of Wellington, are you not?"

"I am. Won't you open that gate to me?"

"My master said I was to open it to no one." And the Duke was so pleased with the boy's implicit obedience that he gave him a sovereign. As the Duke rode away the little boy was so rejoiced with what he received that he waved his hand and shouted: "Hurrah! I have done what Napoleon never could do. I have kept Wellington out of the field."

Friendship with Jesus depends upon obedience. Do I want to be one of His friends? Then there must be obedience. —Selected.

— 1132 —

**"BELIEVE" AND "FAITH"**

When Dr. Paton was translating the New Testament into an island language, he found great difficulty in finding a word for "believe" and "faith." While at work in his study one day, one of his native teachers came in, hot and tired from a long walk. He threw himself down on a cane chair, and putting his feet upon another, used a word which meant, "I am resting my whole weight here." Instantly Dr. Paton had his word. The natives of that island now know faith to be an act whereby the whole weight of mind and heart is resting on Jesus. It is an interpretation that we of deeper insight can apply with perfect satisfaction.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.



— 1133 —

**A BUSINESS MAN'S LUCK**

Not long ago, a well-known business man in New York was passing through a period of great stress. The life of his concern was hanging in the balance. Great interests, involving many persons, were at stake. He was fighting a determined battle against odds. Every step was taken only after the most careful thought and planning.

One day a large note was due at the bank. It represented part of the account of one of his principal creditors. Already the note had been renewed twice. The creditor was angry, and had served positive notice that under no circumstances would the note be renewed again. It must be paid now, or the work on existing contracts would stop. That meant disaster. No matter, the creditor had fully weighed the matter and had decided to stop, and get what he could out of the wreck rather than go on and increase the account.

It was the day before the note was due. For several days the man had tried to see the creditor and adjust the matter. No interview would be granted. He had written, but the reply was only a curt ultimatum that no adjustment except payment would be considered. Telephone communications met the same result. If disaster must come, let it come; the creditor had already made up his mind to accept it; there was nothing more to be said.

On the afternoon of the day before the note would be due, the business man decided to make one last effort to see his creditor in a personal interview. He learned that the man he wanted was at his office. Before starting, and even on the way, the business man, as his habit was, had prayed earnestly for help; he had prayed that the heart of the man he was to see might be softened toward him, and that his own temper might be kept under control, so that no hard words should be spoken. Yet his heart was very anxious.

About three o'clock he came out of the subway and turned down a side street. The sun was hot. Just a few hundred feet beyond was his destination. Suddenly he glanced down, and at his feet lay a bright new pin shining in the sunlight. How much can happen in an instant of time! The business man was not superstitious, yet instinctively he stooped to pick up the pin saying to himself the childish rhyme, "See a pin and pick it up; all the day you'll have good luck." Surely he wanted good luck that day, and here almost at the threshold of his most desperate need was a good omen.

Then, instantly, before his fingers touched the little omen, came another thought, flashing into his brain. Clear and decisive as the voice of one who would snatch him back from the act of foolishness, came the words, "My help is in the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved."

The man straightened up and a thrill ran through him. "What a fool! grasping at a pin, when I can lean upon the Lord which made heaven and earth!"

His shoulders went back and his head was lifted to the skies; his feet trod the pavement like a conqueror; his jaw squared, and his eyes sparkled. In such fashion he entered the office of his creditor. The interview was one of the friendliest and most successful he ever had. Not only was the note renewed, but the creditor actually promised financial assistance outside of the note.

I have the facts from the man himself. He believes the Lord spoke to him just as truly as he did to Saul on the road to Damascus. You may be sure what his idea is regarding "business man's luck."—*Christian Herald*.

— 1134 —

**LINCOLN'S FIRST PET.**

We asked an intimate friend of Lincoln's early manhood to tell us a Lincoln story which had never been printed, and he related this incident:

"One moonlight night, when walking with Lincoln in the country, we spied a litter of pigs in the road that had lost their mother. We helped them find her. And he said to me, 'I never see one of these little creatures that I do not think of my first pet. When six years of age, a neighbor gave me a little pig. The only garment I had on was a little shirt my mother wove, fastened at the neck with a wooden button my father had made. In the front of that garment I wrapped my pig and carried him home. It took me a week to teach him to eat. Meanwhile, I carried him back to his mother for his meals. He was my constant companion and we played many games together. I can see his little face now,' said Lincoln, 'peeping around the side of the cabin as we played hide-and-go-seek. I carried him everywhere till he got too big to carry. and then I made him carry me, which he did so happily everywhere to the ploughed ground, and to the woods where I helped him find the nuts. One day father said, "We're going to kill the hog today." I asked, "What hog?" He said, "Yours." I answered, "Would you kill my precious pet?" and cried with agony. But my wit served me, for when father turned his back I jumped on the hog and ran him as fast as he could go into the woods, where I stayed all day; and the hot water in the big kettle was not used. The next day I undertook the same game, but father was too smart for me. He locked the pig up in the smokehouse, and I couldn't reach the button to get in at it. And I got sick. Could not eat any breakfast; went off into the woods and stayed all day, and when I came in at night I saw my pet dressed and hanging from a pole near the house, and I began to blubber. They never could get me to take a bite of the meat, neither tenderloin nor rib, nor sausage nor souse. And months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick even to look at it. The next morning I went out into the yard and scattered soft dirt over the bloody spot, where they had killed my pet. Whenever I see a pig, like these little

fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to that pet pig, and to the old home and my dear ones there.'"

Lincoln could not help being tender, any more than the songbirds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could keep from being fragrant. It is easy to see how a boy who was so tender to his first pet might grow to be the great man who lived "with malice toward none, with charity for all."—Ferdinand Iglehart, D.D.

—1135—

### LOVE'S CONQUEST OF HATE.

Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, once said to me that the most difficult act of her early Christian life was to become willing to pray for the imprisoned men who hung negroes to lamp-posts and set fire to the asylums for the people of her race during the awful riots in New York City in 1863, but she exclaimed:

"I have gotten the victory! I could now go to those vile men and pray for and bless those who have persecuted me and mine. I could exclaim with Jesus, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' or with Stephen, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'"

This is the way the Christian tries to overcome evil with good. If his enemy hungers, he feeds him.—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

—1136—

### THE GREAT QUESTION.

Put into one scale hardships, self-denials and conflicts—and at the end of them Heaven. Put into the other scale self-indulgence and a sinful life—and at the end hell! Weigh the two! Weigh them for eternity! And while you are watching the loving Saviour will whisper in your ear the solemn question, "What shall it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.



— 1137 —

## PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

A gentleman in Scotland recently said to me, "I was an intensely worldly man. I had all that this world could give me, yet it never satisfied. When my old father, who was a delightful Christian, passed into eternity, I was looking over his papers, and I noticed that he had given a great deal of money toward George Miller's Orphanage at Bristol. I thought, I am sure father would like me to help that work, so I decided to go down and see it before helping it. I went and, as we looked through the buildings, I went into one room, where, on that very day, they were beginning a mission for the orphan boys and girls." This wealthy and brainy man stopped and listened to the message to the children. God saved him, and when he told them that he was saved, they said, "We are not surprised. For thirty-eight years Mr. Muller never ceased to pray for you." Oh, friends, pray on until we shall have entered into where universal praise begins!—Rev. Charles Inglis.

— 1138 —

## THE WORD OF GOD A REFUGE.

When almost all at the court of St. Petersburg were agitated with the threatened invasion by French troops, Prince Galitzla maintained calmness. His companions were astonished. Had he become a traitor? It could not be; his loyalty was undoubted. At this crisis, he thought it his duty to acquaint the Emperor Alexander with the rock on which he rested. He asked an interview. The invasion was naturally first introduced, and next, as closely connected with it, the prince's conduct. The emperor demanded upon what principle he remained calm in the midst of universal alarm. The prince drew from his pocket a small Bible, and held it toward the emperor. As the latter put out his hand to receive the book, it fell, and opened at the ninety-first Psalm. "Oh that your majesty would seek this retreat!" said the prince, as

he read the words of the psalm.

A day was appointed for public prayer. The minister who preached took for his subject the ninety-first Psalm. Alexander inquired of the prince, with surprise, if he had mentioned the circumstance that had occurred at their interview. He assured him that he had not. A short time after, the emperor, having a few minutes to spare, sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came, and commenced reading the ninety-first Psalm. "Hold!" said the czar; "who told you to read that?" "God," replied the chaplain. "How?" exclaimed Alexander. "Surprised at your sending for me," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy Word which I have begun to read clearly pointed out to me. Why your majesty interrupted me, I know not." The result was a great change in the emperor's conduct, and he showed much zeal in the circulation of God's Word.—Selected.

— 1139 —

## HOW NATIVE CONVERTS GIVE.

Visiting a college in Ceylon some time ago, Dr. John R. Mott found a band of students so poor that sixteen of them occupied one room. Near the building was a banana plantation, to the cultivation of which these youths devoted all their spare time.

"What do you boys do with the money you earn from this fruit enterprise?" inquired Doctor Mott.

For answer they took him to the beach and pointed to an island far out at sea. "Two years ago," they explained, "we sent one of our graduates there. He started a school, which has since developed into a church. We are going to send him to another island this year."

They also said that they required the cook to lay aside every tenth handful of rice, which they sell in order to have Christ preached a little more widely.—Christian Guardian.

—1140—

## WHY GOD'S CHILDREN SUFFER

Said a certain friend of mine, "I have always supposed that if one became a Christian, he would escape many of the misfortunes which come to others, and would lead a life of prosperity. Indeed, I believe there is some kind of promise that all things shall work together for good to them that love God. Since you have started on this line, however, I have watched your career carefully, and it seems to me that you fared worse than you did before you were a Christian. First you lost your property; next your wife had a long sickness then a broken knee laid you on your back for six months, and when you got up you had a stiff leg for life. Now how do you account for all this trouble? If God is so good to His people as you say He is, why does He permit these disasters to come upon you?"

"Well," said the man addressed, "I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. You know I am a blacksmith. I often pick up a piece of steel, and if I think it will take a temper, I put it into the fire and bring it into a white heat. Next I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire, and again into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I lay it on the anvil and hammer it and bend it, and make some useful article which I put into a carriage where it will do good service for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap-heap and sell it for a quarter of a cent a pound."

"Now I believe that my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water; He has laid me on the anvil and hammered me and rasped me. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, 'Lord, put me into the fire if you will; put me into the water if you think I need it: do any-

thing you please, Oh Lord, only for Christ's sake, don't throw me into the scrap-heap.'"

I wish I could describe to you the fine temper which this man has taken. He has come out of the fire with a shining face, which is an inspiration to all who meet him. His worldly affairs have improved, and in his prosperity he does not forget God, but spends his money for Him with a willing hand. Though he is an untaught man in the schools, yet people of culture are glad to invite him to their homes, and sit at his feet and learn what God has taught him. His quaint illustrations and profound spiritual knowledge have shed light upon the pathway of many a perplexed soul, and have led many a wanderer into the path of peace. Yes, he has taken a keen temper, and God is using him to wield mighty blows in the world's great spiritual conflict.—Selected.

—1141—

## PRAYER THE HEART'S DESIRE.

A story is told of a little shepherd boy who was obliged to keep watch over the sheep, and so could not go to church. But in his heart there grew up a longing to pray to God, as they were doing in church. He had, however, never been taught any prayer, and so, kneeling down, he began with closed eyes and folded hands, saying the alphabet, "A, B, C, D," and on to the end.

"What are you doing, my little man?" said a gentleman, passing by.

"Please, sir, I was praying," replied the boy.

"But why are you saying your letters?"

"Why," said the little fellow, "I don't know any prayer, only I felt I wanted God to take care of me and help me to take care of my sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! He will! When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong," said the gentleman.—Selected.



— 1142 —

## HE CONQUERED THE PLUMBER.

In one of the suburbs of New York there lived not long ago, a plumber, who, as a workman, enjoyed the respect of his community. No one could solder a leaky pipe better or at less expense; but though his heart was kind, his tongue was sharp. Oaths had lost their significance to him—he used so many. He believed in neither God nor man. For years he had not been seen to enter a church except to repair the furnace or the gas-pipes.

There had recently moved into this same suburb a young doctor. He had two small children, just at the age to be “troublesome comforts,” never still, and ceasing to want time and attention. Struggling to establish a practice, the doctor took in several house patients with their attendant nurses, to help out his income. These, with his office calls and outside professional work, were a steady drain upon his sympathy and patience.

During a cold winter the water-pipes in the doctor’s house burst, and the plumber was called. This troublesome and expensive accident seemed almost the climax of ill-fortune, and weighed heavily upon the family. Repairs proved to be complicated, and nearly a week was consumed in finishing them.

The plumber, wise in the ways of households and sardonic in his knowledge of the failings of people—railings that are often not apparent to the outer world, although freely and constantly betrayed in the seclusion of the home—entered upon his work with his accustomed dexterity and rudeness. It was thus that he met the new doctor for the first time.

Gentle in manner and speech, of unruffled temper—soothing and yet cheerful—the physician refused to become exasperated under these trying conditions. He met the plumber with a smile that gave no hint of his inward trouble, or of the emptiness of his purse. In another home anger, harsh words or reproaches might have been stimulated by

so confused a state of things; here through the example of the master of the house, peace seemed to have come to stay. The doctor never argued for it; he lived it and it had to be.

As the days went on the plumber found in his heart an unfamiliar feeling toward the members of this strange household. His own gentler language and bearing were a surprise even to himself.

When, with uncomfortable anticipations, the doctor asked for his bill, the plumber said:

“I ain’t got a bill against you, doctor. I’ve enjoyed this job, and I don’t want to be paid for it.”

“Why, what do you mean?” gasped the doctor.

The mechanic was silent for a few seconds, and then said slowly, “I have been in almost every house around here, and I know ’m all. And yours is the first place I’ve been in where everybody seems to live as if they believed what the Bible and the ministers keep saying. I ain’t going to be a worse man for this job. If you are sensitive about the bill, you can take it out when my children have the measles. I’ve seen folks enough that try to get the better of their plumbers, but you’ve got the best of me.”

And so he had. The better nature of a rough and godless man had been awakened and won by a Christian gentleman.—Youth’s Companion.

— 1143 —

## LINCOLN’S PASTORAL WORKS

We made a pilgrimage to see an old retired army officer who had been a journeyman printer in an office in Springfield, Ill., and one of Lincoln’s intimate acquaintances, and asked him to tell us a story that the magazines and books had not found. He told this: “One day Lincoln asked me to ride fifteen miles out in the country with him and become witness to a will he was to write for a woman on her deathbed. When the will had been signed and witnessed, the woman said to Lincoln:

'Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily. I am thankful to say that long before this I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. I sought and found Christ as my Saviour, who has been my stay and comfort through the years, and is now near to me to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death; I am really glad that my time has come, for loved ones have gone before me and I rejoice in the hope of meeting them so soon.' Mr. Lincoln said to her: 'Your faith in Christ is wise and strong, your hope of a future life is blessed. You are to be congratulated on passing through life so usefully, and into the future so happily.'

"She asked him if he would not read a few verses out of the Bible to her. They offered him the Book, but he did not take it, but began reciting from memory the Twenty-third Psalm, laying especial emphasis upon 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Without the book, he took up the first part of the fourteenth of John, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures, he recited several hymns, closing with 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' I thought at the time I had never heard any elocutionist speak with such ease or power as he did. I am an old man now, but my heart melts as it did then in that death chamber, as I remember how with a pathos truly divine he spoke the last stanza beginning, 'While I draw this fleeting breath' The woman died while we were there. Riding home I expressed surprise that he should have acted as pastor as well as attorney so perfectly, and he replied, 'God and eternity and heaven were very near me today.'—Ferdinand Iglehart, D.D.

— 1144 —

### THE BRIDGE WAS GONE

One Thursday night an engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad left Springfield at ten with a crowded train of

about two hundred excursionists, on their way to Chicago. They reached Guthrie on time, and pulled out for Melvin, five miles distant. Between these two places was a wooden bridge, spanning a ravine. When about two miles from the bridge, in an instant he saw before his eyes, as plainly as though the picture was made of material objects, the outlines, of the place where the bridge was located, and said to himself "That bridge is gone, and I know it." He went on slowly and stopped the train within thirty feet of the bridge. He and the firemen looked ahead. The bridge was really gone, consumed by fire. There was nothing left but the rails, which still hung over the ravine, held together by binders and bolts. The trestle was thirty-five feet long and eight feet high. When the conductor came forward and looked at the swinging rails he could scarcely speak. The engineer said, "I have been on the road twenty-five years, and have never had a smash-up, but I deserve no credit for this miraculous escape. An invisible power saved these two hundred lives."—Sunday School Illustrator.

— 1145 —

### ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

A reckless man in a zoological garden one seized a venomous serpent by the nape of the neck and held it up before his companions. The man thought he had the serpent wholly in his power. But it began to coil its long body about his arm and then slowly tighten its grasp till the man in agony was obliged to drop his hold of its neck. Quickly then it turned and bit him, and soon the man was dead.

He thought he was strong enough to play with the serpent, and then thrust it from him when wearied of the play. Many think they are strong enough to play with temptation of any sort, but they find sooner or later that the temptation has mastered them. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation," said Christ. It is the entering into temptation which is to be guarded against.—Morning Star.



—1146—

## A MODERN WIDOW'S MITE

One day in 1899, I called on a poor widow, a member of the People's Tabernacle, who occupied three scantily furnished, carpetless rooms, and who supported her three small children by toiling at the wash tub, and wielding the scrubbing brush; and who withal kept up a cheerful courage. At that time the people of the congregation were giving and praying for the accumulation of money that we might soon begin the erection of our church. As I was about to leave her humble home the woman said in substance: "I want you to accept a small gift for the building fund; it is only a trifle, \$1.10." I was reluctant to take the money, and told her I thought she needed it more than did the building fund. But she was insistent, and said, "You must take it for I have been a long while getting it. I saved it from my table." Knowing her table would not be luxuriously furnished anyway, I asked her how she did it; and after some hesitancy she replied: "I can get 3½ lbs. of oatmeal for ten cents, and a porridge from that and a pint of milk costing two cents will make us a breakfast for about five cents; and so several cents are saved for the building fund. And I can buy three loaves of stale rye bread for five cents; and I have heard that rye bread is healthier than wheat bread, and that stale bread is healthier than fresh bread, and my children do well on it, and I save several more cents for the building fund."

I took the money and assured the giver it was much in the sight of God, and that I believed that He who commended the widow who gave the two mites would see to it that she was not made the poorer because of her gift. She replied, "I know I will not be, for I find that for every dollar I give to the Lord, he gives me ten in return."

Now for the sequel: shortly after receiving the gift I mentioned it in our church paper, and spoke of the self-

denial of the giver. The account was read by a lady in Ohio, and she wrote saying she thought the example of that poor woman ought to arouse God's people like a trumpet blast. She resolved to be more generous herself, and she began by sending the writer \$10 for the giver of \$1.10. A woman in New Jersey sent \$5 for her also, and said she and her children would practice self-denial for a week, and devote what was saved to the cause of Christ.

Thus was fulfilled the saying, "Give and it shall be given you." When I gave the poor woman the \$15 she was amazed, and did not want to take it; but as I insisted she must, she gave me \$5 of it for the building fund. I learned afterward that she loaned a poor neighbor \$5 of the remainder to help her pay the rent, and six months later when that was repaid she gave it also to the building fund.

Temporal prosperity is promised to those who honor God with their gifts, (see Prov. 3:9, 10) and the truth of this promise is verified by the experience of this widow. Twenty-eight years have passed since I first met her in her wretched basement home, at the funeral of her husband. Her children are now grown up, and they are an honor to their mother.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

—1147—

## TEXT FAVORING TOBACCO

When Mr. Moody was in Glasgow in the '70s, he was conducting a "Question Meeting" one day, about 5,000 being present.

One question was: "Are there any verses in the Bible against the use of tobacco?"

Mr. Moody pondered for a moment, then said:

"No, but I can give you one in favor of it."

The audience was breathless, and he continued:

"He that is filthy, let him be filthy still (Rev. 22: 11)."

— 1148 —

## LETTING THE RAVENS IN

A poor widow had four little children, the oldest about eight years old. One evening, in the midst of winter, her children were hungry, and she had no food to give to them. But she kneeled down to tell God of their wants, and ask Him to supply them. At the close of her prayer, the eldest said to her: "Mother, doesn't the Bible say that God once sent some ravens with bread to a man who was hungry? Don't you think God can send us some ravens with bread now, just as well as He did then? I'm going to open the door, or they can't get in." A few minutes after, the village magistrate passed, and glancing through the open door said: "My good friend, how does it happen that your door is standing open this cold winter's night?" "It is my little boy who opened the door a moment ago, in order, as he said, 'that the ravens might come in and bring us some bread.'" Now, it so happened that this gentleman was actually dressed in black from head to foot.

"Ah! indeed," said he, laughing; "Richard is right. The raven is come, and he is a pretty big one, too. Come with me, my little man, and I will show you where the bread is."—Selected.

— 1149 —

## THE FIRST OFFER

A clergyman was visiting a man of business and the following conversation substantially occurred:

"It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not 'of a settled mind in religion,' as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the ELEVENTH HOUR."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering laborers who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the FIRST OFFER."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly; they said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.'

They welcomed the first offer immediately."

"True; I had not thought of that before. But then the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes, but it is likely that even he had never rejected the offer of salvation as preached by Christ and His apostles. Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. NOW is the accepted time! Begin NOW."

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way and committed his body to the great Physician in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next—even the most common—duty of life that you have to perform, do it as a service to Him. Will you accept the FIRST OFFER? Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay!"

"You are right; may God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject."—Ex.

— 1150 —

## A PAINTER'S PARENTS

A Bavarian lad, shabby, desperately poor, came to the great city of London some sixty years ago. His father was a peasant wood-carver, who had emigrated to Southampton. His mother gave music lessons to eke out the tiny family income. The two had made special sacrifices for this boy, to help him become an artist, and sent him up to London.

It was hard work to get a foothold. There were years of poverty and striving. But at twenty-four, the young painter had a picture on the line in the Royal Academy, and it sold for five hundred pounds. Then he sent for his father and mother, who had done so



much for him, and set himself to do everything for them in his power. He bought a place in a tiny village near London, and built a house, just as he knew they would like it. He went there with them, and lived there, gathering a school of painting round him as his fame increased. His pupils came and lived in the village, and it changed and improved until it has become a show place. But the center of it was always the home of the old peasant pair, and as long as they lived their son showed them always the tenderest and most beautiful respect and love.

Even in the height of his fame, the painter had never taken a cent of pay from the pupils he taught. He has given to them time worth thousands of pounds, and done it gladly. Those who have studied under him in the little village have left on record that, great as his art is, the things impressed on the students most deeply of all were his exquisite devotion to his parents and his generosity of soul. We often hear of the "artistic temperament" as an excuse for unfaithfulness, ill-temper and evil character. It is good to record this story of Hubert Herkomer, which shows another side of art, and that a great modern painter can embody the Fifth Commandment and the Golden Rule.—Selected.

—1151—

### BACK BROKEN BUT HAPPY

One of the happiest men I ever knew was a man in Dundee, Scotland, who had fallen and broken his back when he was a boy of fifteen. He had lain on his bed for about forty years, and could not be moved without a good deal of pain. Probably not a day had passed in all these years without acute suffering. But day after day the grace of God had been granted to him, and when I was in his chamber it seemed as if I was as near heaven as I could get on earth. I can imagine that when the angels passed over Dundee, they had to stop there to get refreshed.

When I saw him, I thought he must be beyond the reach of the tempter, and

I asked him: "Doesn't Satan ever tempt you to doubt God, and to think that He is a hard Master?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "he does try to tempt me. I lie here and see my old schoolmates driving along in their carriages, and Satan says: 'If God is so good, why does He keep you here all these years? You might have been a rich man, riding in your own carriage.' Then I see a man who was young when I was, walk by in perfect health, and Satan whispers: 'If God loved you, couldn't He have kept you from breaking your back?'"

"What do you do when Satan tempts you?"

"Ah, I just take him to Calvary, and I show him Christ, and I point out those wounds in His hands and feet and side, and say, 'Doesn't He love me?' and the fact is, he got such a scare there eighteen hundred years ago that he cannot stand it; he leaves me every time."

That bedridden saint had not much trouble with doubts; he was too full of the grace of God.—D. L. Moody.

—1152—

### DISTRIBUTION OF TESTAMENTS GOSPELS AND TRACTS

Many know the blessedness of using them; yet many or others seldom, if ever, pass the printed message to another.

A woman dropped a tract in the way of Richard Baxter, which led to his conversion. Richard Baxter wrote "The Call to the Unconverted," which was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which brought thousands into the Kingdom; and among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing many to Christ; among others Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the conversion of many. God compounds compound interest beyond our computation.

— 1153 —

## ASHAMED OF HIS MOTHER.

There was a very promising young man in my Sunday School in Chicago. His father was a confirmed drunkard, and his mother took in washing to educate her four children. This was her eldest son, and I thought that he was going to redeem the whole family. But one day a thing happened that made him go down in my estimation.

The boy was in the high school, and was a very bright scholar. One day he stood with his mother at the cottage door—it was a poor house, but she could not pay for their schooling and feed and clothe her children and hire a very good house, too, out of her earnings. When they were talking a young man from the high school came up the street, and this boy walked away from his mother. Next day the young man said:

"Who was that I saw you talking to yesterday?"

"Oh, that was my washerwoman."

I said: "Poor fellow! He will never amount to anything."

That was a good many years ago. I have kept my eye on him. He has gone down, down, down, and now he is just a miserable wreck. Of course, he would go down! Ashamed of his mother that loved him and toiled for him, and bore so much hardship for him! I cannot tell you the contempt I had for that one act. —D. L. Moody.

— 1154 —

## "HE MEANT TO HELP ME."

A young libertine of Ohio had murdered a beautiful girl and was tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang until "dead, dead." G. K. Nash was the governor. A petition was circulated and presented to the governor to change the sentence to life imprisonment. But the crime was so atrocious that the governor refused to consider it. When this failed the mother of the young man went and, falling upon her knees, besought the executive to show clemency or at least go and see her boy. To this, he

consented, and without announcing his coming, he went to see the condemned man. The turnkey unlocked the large iron door and the little man, dressed like a minister, stepped in. As he started down the long corridor toward the death cell, the young man said to himself, "There comes some preacher to bow-wow over me and I refuse to see him." As the stranger stepped up to the cell, he said, "Good morning, James." Instead of speaking James turned his back and walked to the corner of his cell. "Your friends have been talking to me about you and I have come to see you."

"I do not care to talk today."

"I am sure if you knew the importance of the message you would give me an audience."

"I have told you I do not care to talk and you will do me a favor if you go away and let me alone."

"Very sorry; good day, sir."

Not long after the turnkey came in, and walking to the doomed man's cell, said:

"Well, Jim, how did you and the governor come out?"

"The governor," exclaimed the astonished man.

"Yes, Governor Nash came to see you. Did you not see him?"

"You don't mean to tell me that that little man who looked like a preacher was Governor Nash!"

"Yes, he came to see if he could do anything for you."

"My God, what a fool I am! He meant to help me and I wouldn't let him."

He went into despair, but it did not keep his neck from breaking. The last thing he was heard to say as the black cap was being put down over his head and the hangman's knot was being tied was:

"He meant to help me but I would not let him!"

Oh, sinner, friend, backslider, Christ rejector, like the rich young ruler, are you refusing to obey God and walk in the light? Your offense is worse than the young criminal's. Jesus wants to help you, will you let Him?—Select.



— 1155 —

## LINCOLN'S FIRST PET.

We asked an intimate friend of Lincoln's early manhood to tell us a Lincoln story which had never been printed, and he related this incident:

"One moonlight light, when walking with Lincoln in the country, we spied a litter of pigs in the road that had lost their mother. We helped them find her. And he said to me, 'I never see one of these little creatures that I do not think of my first pet. When six years of age, a neighbor gave me a little pig. The only garment I had on was a little shirt my mother wove, fastened at the neck with a wooden button my father had made. In the front of that garment I wrapped my pig and carried him home. It took me a week to teach him to eat. Meanwhile, I carried him back to his mother for his meals. He was my constant companion and we played many games together. I can see his little face now,' said Lincoln, 'peeping around the side of the cabin as we played hide-and-go-seek. I carried him everywhere till he got too big to carry, and then I made him carry me, which he did so happily everywhere to the ploughed ground, and to the woods where I helped him find the nuts. One day father said, 'We're going to kill the hog today.' I asked, 'What hog?' He said, 'Yours.' I answered, 'Would you kill my precious pet?' and cried with agony. But my wit served me, for when father turned his back I jumped on the hog and ran him as fast as he could go into the woods, where I stayed all day; and the hot water in the big kettle was not used. The next day I undertook the same game, but father was too smart for me. He locked the pig up in the smokehouse, and I couldn't reach the button to get in at it. And I got sick. Could not eat any breakfast; went off into the woods and stayed all day, and when I came in at night I saw my pet dressed and hanging from a pole near the house, and I began to blubber. They never could get me to take a bite of the meat, neither tenderloin nor rib, nor sausage nor souse.

And months after, when the cured ham came to the table, it made me sad and sick even to look at it. The next morning I went out into the yard and scattered soft dirt over the bloody spot, where they had killed my pet. Whenever I see a pig, like these little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to that pet pig, and to the old home and my dear ones there."

Lincoln could not help being tender, any more than the songbirds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could keep from being fragrant. It is easy to see how a boy who was so tender to his first pet might grow to be the great man who lived "with malice toward none, with charity for all."—Ferdinand Iglehart, D.D.

— 1156 —

## THE COUNTERSIGN.

The following incident was often related by Mr. George H. Stuart, president of the United States Christian Commission. He was with the Army of the Potomac. Going about one dark night, he was suddenly halted by the guard, a mere boy: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend with the countersign."

"Advance and give the countersign."

"Blennerhasset."

"Mr. Stuart," said the guard, lowering his gun, "I recognize your voice, but you have not got the countersign. Stand where you are till I call the officer of the guard."

By some unaccountable oversight the countersign of the previous day had been given him, and by the rules of war he might have been shot.

When the officer came he was admitted to the lines. Tapping the guard on the shoulder, Mr. Stuart said to him: "My boy, if you should be taken off in one of these battles, could you give the countersign at the gate of heaven?"

"Yes, Mr. Stuart, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Two days later Mr. Stuart found this boy mortally wounded. He gave Mr. Stuart his watch and a parting message to his mother, and died in the triumph of faith.—Selected.

— 1157 —

## PROVIDENTIALLY LOST.

Rev. James McGregor went as a missionary to Nova Scotia in 1786, and there labored until his death in 1830.

One time in traveling from one settlement to another, when on a preaching tour, the guide through the forest lost the way and, traveling in a circle, came back to their own tracks. This surprised him, as he was familiar with the way. So he tried again, with like results. Amazed at this, he attributed it to the minister's conversation diverting his attention. So he enjoined silence and, taking more care, set forth again. But the result was the same. They came back to their former trail. Night coming on, as they came to the cabin of a new settler they resolved to stay all night. The guide introduced Rev. McGregor as a minister from Pictou. But the settler seemed loath to keep them. The minister said, "It is now late and you would not turn us out?" The man reluctantly let them stay.

In the morning he informed them he was to have a "raising" and that they ought to help to pay for their entertainment. They consented, as the minister thought he might have a chance to meet and exhort the company. Men gathered and the frame was erected, but rum was served, and quarreling started. The minister, to arrest attention, laid his Bible on a stump and gave out a psalm which he sung. A few gathered near, but most stood at a distance. Their host stood far off. The preacher took his text and began his sermon. As he continued his audience increased until at last, with upturned faces, all the company was crowded about listening eagerly and, last of all, and most interested, was their host.

When the service closed, the settler constrained them to remain all night, as he wanted to hear more. They stayed and it led to his conversion. He circulated notice of a second sermon, and then guided them to their destination. He became a happy, useful Christian and finally a church was erected on the

spot where these settlers heard their first sermon.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1158 —

## THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER.

A Scotch Highlander, during the Revolutionary War, was brought before the commanding officer, charged with correspondence with the enemy—a capital offense. In vain he protested his innocence. He was promptly silenced and dragged into court. It is Hugh Miller who tells the story.

There was no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood in the immediate neighborhood of the British which swarmed with the troops of Washington. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now."

The Highlander, in expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which a Christian addresses his God. It exhibited, in short, a man who had made prayer the solace of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they arose in his heart.

"You may go, sir," said the officer as he concluded. "You have, I dare say, been in correspondence with a greater than any earthly power."—Christian Life.

— 1159 —

## PURPOSE IN LIFE.

"It is a great thing to discover what our purpose in life may be. A prominent Chicago clergyman was in his study one afternoon when his nephew, a strapping fellow, came in. 'Uncle, what are you going to preach about to-



morrow?' he asked. 'My text is To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world,' replied the clergyman. 'Uncle, why was I born?' asked the boy. 'Indeed I do not know,' said his uncle. 'No more do I,' responded the nephew, as he swung out of the door and down the hall.

"That afternoon the Iroquois Theatre fire occurred. The young man rushed to the scene. Throwing off his coat, he addressed himself to the rescue. Again and again he made his way into the building and returned with an unconscious victim. He had saved thirteen and started in for another.

"They tried to hold him back, as the walls were about to fall, but he threw them off and started in again. The great beam above the door fell and struck him on the head.

"They took him to the hospital where he murmured his uncle's name.

"The clergyman came to his bedside just before he died. Taking his uncle's hand, he whispered with his last breath, 'Uncle, to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I might save these thirteen.' He had found the reason, and when you find yours, it will surely be somehow connected with the redemptive plans and purposes of God.—Rev. Raymond M. Huston, D.D.

— 1160 —

#### BETTER THAN THEY KNEW.

A congregation in a hilly district in Ohio bought a small tract of land and erected a church building upon it, says the "Youth's Companion."

After the erection of the building the question of insurance came up. Mr. Sipes, the wealthiest member, who had contributed more than half the money needed for the new structure, declared that he did not believe in insurance. "This is the Lord's building. He'll take care of it," he said.

His view prevailed, and there was no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost consumed by fire. Another one was erected, Mr. Sipes contributing the greater portion of the fund, as before.

This time the demand was almost unanimous that it be insured, but Mr. Sipes again objected, on the same ground.

"If it burns down again, brethren," he said, "I'll agree to rebuild it myself."

No objection could be made to that, and again he carried his point. In less than a month the new church was struck by lightning again, and although strenuous efforts were made to save it, the loss was almost total.

"There must be some reason for this, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "and I am going to find out what it is."

Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the twice-destroyed church. Within a few days a rich vein of iron ore was found, and the church property was sold for many times the amount needed to buy in another locality and build again.

"I tell you, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "it pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

— 1161 —

#### THE PUSH OF LIFE.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a Western city where I observed a species of wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete till it had bulged up and then split, and let the irrepressible plant through.

The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium.

If it was not life which exerted this force, what was it? Life is a kind of explosion, and the slow, continued explosions of this growing plant rent the pavement as surely as powder would have done. It is doubtful if any cultivated plant could have overcome such odds. It required the force of the untamed hairy plant of the plains to accomplish this feat.—John Burroughs, in "The Atlantic."

— 1162 —

**SCHOOL BOY SUBSTITUTE.**

One of our boys had committed an offence so bad that Mr. Gibb, his teacher, though rarely raising the rod, felt it necessary to make an example of him. The punishment was to be publicly inflicted, "that others might fear." But when the culprit, who had been only a few days in our school, was stripped, he was such a living skeleton that the master had not the heart to beat him. At his wit's end what to do—for the crime must be punished—it occurred to him to make such an appeal as, to compare small things to great, reminds us of the mystery of salvation, and the love of Him who was "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed."

Turning to the others: "It goes," he said, "against my heart to lay my hand on that miserable creature. Will anyone take his place and be punished in his stead?" The words had hardly left his lips when with tears of pity brimming in his eyes, a boy stepped bravely out, pulled his jacket off, and pushing the culprit aside, offered his own back and shoulders to the rod. A ragged school boy, he was a hero in his way, presenting an example of courage and kindness, of sympathy and unselfishness, rare in schools—or anywhere else.—Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

— 1163 —

**YOURSELF—****A LIVING SACRIFICE.**

A minister I know who was in service overseas during the World War tells the following story. I give it in his own words: "A friend of mine carried a wounded boy to one of the hospitals. All that night he could not sleep for thinking of that terribly mangled pair of feet. Early next morning he went to the hospital and asked the nurse, 'What happened to the boy with the feet?' 'Oh,' she said, 'we had to take the boy's feet off.' 'What did the boy say?' The nurse replied, 'When he came out from the influence of the anesthetic, he asked,

'What did they do with me?' I said, 'They fixed you up all right, laddie.' He insisted, 'Nurse, quit your kidding,' what did they do with me?' 'I had to tell him, and he looked up and smiled all over his pale face, saying, 'My, nursie, I'm lucky. I offered my whole body and they took only my feet!'"

"I beeseech you, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies." Present your whole self. Invest for God. The world is an immense stock exchange.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

— 1164 —

**THE POWER OF THE WORD.**

We must not fear the skeptical spirit of the age, nor let it silence us in giving forth the Word of God. History is constantly declaring to us that Holy Scripture carries with it convicting power. Caesar Malan once met an infidel in the railway train and quoted texts of Scriptures to him. "It is no use," he said, "to read that to me, I don't believe the Bible." "But," said Mr. Malan, "a sword would cut if I trust it into your body, whether you believed it to be a sharp sword or not," and then to the end of the journey he continued quoting Scripture. Years after he met this man, no longer an infidel but a true believer, saved through that conversation in the train.—Herald of Light.

— 1165 —

**WHAT IS A WEIGHT?**

A weight is anything which, without being essentially wrong or hurtful to others, is yet a hindrance to ourselves. We may always know a weight by three signs: first, we are uneasy about it; second, we argue for it against our conscience; third, we go about asking people's advice, whether we may not keep it without harm. All these things must be laid aside in the strength which Jesus waits to give.—Selected.

With shame and confusion the faithless witness was obliged to confess she had no sister; that she was the one who had been sometimes called the "religious Miss J." and that cowardice had led her to hide her light.—Selected.



— 1166 —

**A FATAL DELAY.**

When I lived in Chicago, I used to run out to Hammond, Indiana, once in a while, to preach. One night I was out there, and, after a talk, I gave out the invitation for people to come to the front. On my left sat a young man, and beside him a young woman to whom he was engaged. When I gave out the invitation, she arose to her feet and started to the front. The young man caught hold of her and said, "Hold on, my dear; don't go tonight. If you wait a few nights, I may go with you." She went back.

A week afterwards I was out there again, and one night when I finished my sermon, someone came to me and said, "Mr. Torrey, get away from here as quickly as you can, for there is a young woman dying over here, one who attended your meeting last week. When you gave out your invitation, she arose to her feet and started forward, but the young man with her held her back. Come and speak to her once more before she dies." As soon as I could get away from that opera house, I went to see that young woman. I went up a stairway into her room, but would never have recognized her, for her face was painted with iodine. The erysipelas had gone to her brain, but she was perfectly conscious. I spoke to her, and she told of how she started forward in my meeting the week before, but went back to her seat. I said, "Won't you accept Christ now?" She replied, "I cannot; I had an opportunity last week." I said, "They tell me you cannot live through the night. This is your last chance, either to be saved, or to go into eternity unsaved. Will you take Christ?" She said, "It is too late. I had my opportunity last week; I cannot come now." I pleaded with her and showed her Scriptures. I told her about the dying thief on the cross, and told her Jesus said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." I showed her all the passages that would make one think that even at the last hour one might be saved. She shook her head and said,

"It is too late." With a heavy heart I walked out into the hall, and there met the young man. He caught hold of me; he was trembling like a leaf. He drew me into a room close by and said, "Oh, I am engaged to marry that young woman. Last week when you were here and preached, she started to the front, when the invitation was given, and I advised her not to go. Now she is dying and she is lost—lost, and I am to blame. She was just within a step of the Kingdom."—Rev. R. A. Torrey.

— 1167 —

**WHEN THE NEEDLE FAILS TO POINT TRUE.**

One night off the Irish coast during the war a steamer was torpedoed. The boats were provisioned and dropped over the side, and in the captain's boat was placed a small machine gun for protection. The boat carried also the ship's compass, and the captain instructed the other craft to follow him as he laid his course toward land.

But late in the morning the captain began to suspect that the needle was not pointing north. For a little while he was puzzled; then he understood. The machine gun was affecting the needle. Only when they had reluctantly dropped the weapon overboard—for there was no room for it in the other boats—did they find a course that brought them to land.

How often in life something that we insist on taking unto ourselves solely for protection influences the delicate needle of conscience so that it no longer points true! For example, there is money. Most of us in laying out the course of our life feel sure that we must include it, for money is such a comforting protection against so many woes and ailments. Yet how many times under its subtle appeal the needle of conscience swings away from the ideal of strict honesty or truthfulness or generosity to which God intended it to point.

And there is the desire for popularity, it is a natural desire, but it carries with it the temptation to sacrifice principle, to surrender a high conviction of a

righteous ideal in order to get more of it. It is true that popular people have power of a certain kind, and on many occasions power is a great protection; but we must be sure not to pay too much for it. For the great end of life is not money or popularity or power; it is character. Whatever keeps us from attaining it had better be thrown overboard. Before the voyage is finished we shall thank God we have been wise enough to make the sacrifice.—Youth's Companion.

— 1168 —

### HIDING HER LIGHT.

A young lady in a fashionable home had been brought to Christ, and had been enabled for some years, amid much opposition, to faithfully witness for Him. She was invited to visit friends whom she had never seen and who knew but little of her. She resolved that while there she would not openly speak of her Savior. Her visit passed away; and, not happily to herself, she was enabled to keep her resolution. Upon the day of her leaving for home a most attractive and accomplished lady, a fashionable woman of society, while walking alone with her, suddenly asked her: "Where is your sister, and why did she not come here? I mean your religious sister, the one who is known as the 'religious Miss J.' It was because I heard that she was to be here that I accepted an invitation to come and spend the holiday. I am tired of the empty, unsatisfying life I am leading, and have longed to talk with a real Christian." (Cont'd under No. 1165)

— 1169 —

### AGREEMENT IN PRAYER.

In a Connecticut town some years ago there was no church. The inhabitants, some 400 in number were farmers.

Somehow three women came to know each other as Christians. One in advanced years lived in the center of the town, another in middle life lived three miles away, and the other, a girl, lived some distance in another direction. The old lady invited the others to her house occasionally for prayer. Finally they de-

cided to meet in a school-house and have a meeting open to all. The old lady said to the youngest, "You can sing." To the middle aged, "You can read. I will pray." So they came together on a Thursday afternoon. Each took the part assigned. A man going by with a load of wood, seeing the school-house door open, thought he would close it. He went up to the door and heard the old lady praying. It was a new experience to him. He listened till she said, "Amen." At the close they agreed to meet on the next Thursday.

The man with the load of wood told everybody of what he had seen. The next week, when the three women arrived at the school house it was full. They went in. The young woman said, "I can't sing before all these people." The old one said, "You must." So she sang. The Scriptures were read and prayer was offered. The power of God was there and some were converted.

There stands today a white church on the spot where the old school house stood, and many have found eternal life there—Frank S. Weston, D.D.

— 1170 —

### RACE SET BEFORE US.

In Athens, long ago, games used to be held in honor of the Grecian gods and heroes. One of these was a torch race—that is a race of torch-bearers—which was run at night in honor of Prometheus.

The starting point was a mile and a half out of the city in the olive grove where Plato had his "Academy," this spot being chosen because Prometheus had a sanctuary there. The winning post was within the city, and the runner who reached it first with his torch still burning gained the prize.

In like manner our Christian life here on earth is "the race that is set before us." We shall have run that race well if, when we come at last in God's presence our lights are still burning. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—C. Jordan.



—1171—

**"WON'T YOU SHOOT ME?"**

The last two years I was pastor in Northern Michigan, before coming to New York City, I depended upon the free-will offerings of my congregation for family support. This was because of relinquishing my stated salary to encourage a new and struggling church, which was being hard-pressed financially. Although we did not receive so much money as before, yet God in various ways so graciously provided for our needs that we wanted for no good thing.

For instance, not so much money was required to pay the butcher. For the pastor was so successful deer-hunting as to secure, late in the autumn of each year, a fine young deer. This was the more remarkable, as he was not an experienced hunter. But asking God's blessing upon his efforts, he succeeded in getting each deer at the first shot. They were strung up in the woodshed, and, during the succeeding cold weather, for weeks his table was plentifully supplied with choice venison.

Prizing the rifle which had so contributed to family-support, it was brought to New York and stored away on top of a wardrobe. Its muzzle extending beyond the wardrobe, it was an object of interest to the children of the family, especially to the youngest child, four or five years old. She had seen the deer-skin rug on the floor, and was aware that the gun was a dangerous thing; but what it really was she did not know. From time to time, she would point to the gun and coax to see it. Finally one day to satisfy her curiosity, I took the gun down, and drew it from its case.

No sooner was this done than the little one, in alarm, fled and took refuge behind a chair. I placed the gun across my knees and said:

"Come and see the gun!"

But as she made no move to come, I repeated the invitation:

"You wanted to see the gun, come, Ruth, and see it!"

To my surprise, she peeped from be-

hind the chair, and innocently asked: "Won't you shoot me?"

After repeated assurances that her father would stand between her and all harm, she ventured to approach him.

How little she knew of the love of her father, and how precious she was to the holder of the gun.

If we older children could only know the love of our Heavenly Father, how quickly our fears would vanish, and how gladly would we take refuge in His protecting arms! Though at times we may unreasonably distrust Him, yet He assures us that, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."—Ps. 103.13—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

—1172—

**THE ENTOMBED MINERS.**

In the north of England they have been digging the coal for a century. They have gone miles and miles away from the shaft, under the sea, and there is danger of men getting lost. I heard of two old miners who lost their way. Their lights went out, and they were in danger of losing their lives. After wandering around for a long time, they sat down, and one of them said:

"Let us sit perfectly quiet, and see if we cannot feel which way the air is moving, because it always moves toward the shaft."

There they sat for a long time, when all at once one of them felt a slight touch on his cheek, and he sprang to his feet and said:

"I felt it."

They went in the direction in which the air was moving, and reached the shaft.

Sometimes there comes a little breath from God that touches our souls. It may be so gentle and faint that you barely recognize it; but if you do, do not disregard it. Thank God that He has spoken to you, and praise Him for it, and whatever may come do not go in the opposite direction. Give yourself up to be led by it, and you will come out of darkness, out of bondage, out of sorrow, into perpetual light and joy.—D. L. Moody.

— 1173 —

## A STRANGE DELUSION.

A prospector in California recently had a very narrow escape from death. He was searching for gold in the waterless wastes, and in some way he became separated from his companion and was lost. For five days and four nights he was without food and had no water. It was suspected that he had been lost; and a searching party was sent out, and the man was found. The discovery was made that he had been walking in ever widening circles; that his reason had been shattered by the intense heat and a lack of water, and that, in his delusion, he had believed he was walking through a stream, and had endeavored to drink the sand. His mouth and throat were parched by the heat and clogged with the sand when he was found, and he was very near to death. In a few hours he would have perished.

There are many people who are similarly deluded. The most important part of man is not his body. The body is but the house that the man lives in. Man is a living soul. Just as the body needs water, and must have it, and will perish without it, the soul needs water, the Water of Life, and without it it perishes. Every soul has a consciousness of this inward need and seeks to satisfy it. All around us are the desert sands. The world apparently has much to offer. Men and women by the thousands have been deluded by the enemy. They are seeking to satisfy their soul for the water of Life by drinking the desert sands that never have satisfied and never can satisfy, but the drinking of which only clogs their spiritual perception and destroys their spiritual faculties and hastens spiritual death. Jesus says, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink."—Youth's Counsellor.

— 1174 —

## KNOWING THE AUTHOR.

A young woman once laid down a book which she had just finished with the remark that it was the dullest story she had ever read.

In the course of time she became en-

gaged to a young man, and one night she said to him: "I have a book in my library whose author's name, and even initials, are precisely the same as yours. Isn't that a singular coincidence?" "I do not think so," he replied. "Why not pray?" "For the simple reason, I wrote the book."

That night the young lady sat up until two o'clock reading the book again. And this time it seemed the most interesting story she had ever read. The once dull book was now fairly fascinating because she knew and loved the author. So a child of God finds the Bible interesting because he knows and loves the Author. It is the Father's message addressed to him.—Record of Christian Work.

— 1175 —

## DEATH BED SCENE.

Some one said, "Human bravery and fortitude are no defense against the terrors of death and the gloom of the grave." God hath declared that, "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God."

Altamont, that learned and defiant French infidel, made the members of his infidel club promise to come to his death bed when they should hear he was dying. How he boasted to them that they should see him meet death boldly without the least reliance upon the blood of Christ. When he was about to change worlds, his club came. They said, "We have come to hear how it is with you in the dying hour." As he fixed on them a look of fear and horror, shivering and shrieking with terror he exclaimed, "O, if you had one half the mountain upon your souls that is upon mine you would struggle with the martyr for his stake, and would bless God for a flame that is not unquenchable, for a fire that is not an everlasting fire." After uttering such language, stretching his hands above his head and gazing upward in awful agony, he cried, "O thou merciful but blasphemed and insulted God, hell! HELL!! HELL!!! is a refuge from thy frown." He then fell back on his pillow, dead—Selected.



— 1176 —

## HOW CHRIST FOUND ME.

On this 11th of February, the anniversary of my taking my stand for Christ, I have thought it may be of interest and help to others if I tell of my conversion.

Because I was not given to vicious ways of living, using neither intoxicating drinks, tobacco nor profanity, and having a habit of church attendance, and preferably associating with Christian people, there were those who esteemed me to be a Christian. But fortunately I knew that my heart was far from God, for I had never become willing to humble my proud self to be what He would have me to be, and to do His will in all things. Hence I knew I was living under God's condemnation, and to die in that condition would be to perish forever.

In childhood, I deeply felt my need of an interest in Christ, but received no encouragement to come to Him. When older I put off God's claims from one period of life to another, either because I thought I would have to sacrifice too much to live a Christian life, or because I dreaded the process of conversion, of which I had no clear conception. But fearing to provoke God by long delay, I promised the Lord if He would spare my life until I was married I would yield myself to Him."

I was married in my twenty-second year, January 31st. On Sunday afternoon, February 11th, while alone at the barn, on the farm, at my wife's home, in Rose, N. Y., the question came forcibly to my mind: "You promised God if He would spare you until this time in your life you would serve Him. Now what are you going to do about it?"

I had had no religious concern for a long time. But being thus brought face to face with this question there was no room to dodge. I had to keep my solemn vow, or deliberately break it.

The thought came: "You better not become a Christian just yet. You have a wife, but no home. To be a real Christian such as you mean to be, will hinder

your getting on in the world. Get some property first, and then attend to religion."

I knew this to be a temptation of the devil, and that he would talk that way even if this were to be my last year of life, and I knew it was dangerous to dare to trifle with God.

While considering this important matter, I had come out of the barn and was standing between it and the house, when in less time than I have taken to tell it, I decided: "I will be a Christian now!"

No sooner had this decision been reached than an earnest feeling possessed me, which I now know to have been in-wrought by the Spirit of God. I know it as a tree can be known by its fruit. It was really my conversion.

My wife's parents were Christians. Her father, who had died had been especially active in the Lord's work. My wife, however, while a regular church attendant, was not a professing Christian. Going to the house I found her alone in the parlor. We had talked together on church matters in general, but never respecting our personal relations to Christ; and my abrupt question addressed to her: "Are you willing to be a Christian?" surprised and embarrassed her. She blushed, but making no reply, I exclaimed, "I don't want you to be ashamed to tell me what you think about it; for if religion is something to be ashamed of I want nothing to do with it!"

She replied: "Religion is a good thing, and nothing to be ashamed of."

"I have long known that," said I, "but that is not the question. Are you willing to be a Christian?"

"I am if you are," she rejoined.

I then said, "I am. But I want you to know I mean to be a whole-hearted Christian or none at all!"

She replied, "That is the only kind to be."

I then said, "It is settled, is it, that hereafter we are going to be Christians."

She replied, "Yes, it is."

"All right," said I. "Now we must

not be ashamed to let it be known."

I then had got to the end of my rope. So poorly did I understand the way of salvation that I was not aware that it was sufficient to come to Christ and trust Him. I thought we would have to be converted after that. And just what that was I did not know. But from the preaching I had heard I supposed of course we would have to seek God if we would find Him. I did not understand that Christ had long been waiting to be gracious, and was far more willing to receive us than we were to come to Him. I imagined that God was so justly offended because of our sins, that those who enjoyed His favor would have to intercede for us before He would become willing to receive and forgive us.

Consequently when we let it be known that we wanted to be Christians, and were invited to do so, we cheerfully went forward to the "anxious seat" for prayers. In the absence of all instructions, three evenings I so did, before I was able to entertain the hope that the Lord received me.

I was fully willing to do the will of Christ, and at last as I began to trust His love, peace and joy began to reign in my heart, and I was glad to commend Him to others. And so it has continued now for more than forty years, and these have indeed been happy years to me.  
—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1177 —

### THE PERIL OF NEGLECT.

I sat one day by the far-away shores of the Great Lakes listening to a tragic story from the lips of a white-haired fisherman. Years before, he said, when the village was but a hamlet the mail was carried from the distant shore of the bay to the fishing village by an Indian and his son-in-law. One bitter day in mid-winter they set out from the south shore for the long trip across the Great Lake. All day they traveled on the ice, skirting the frozen shore of the bay. As night came on they pitched their tent and went ashore for fire-wood. Gathering what they needed they started

back from the mainland toward camp. Just as they stepped upon the ice it broke loose from its moorings and began to drift out from the shore. The boy, quick-witted and alert, immediately dropped his bundle of wood and leaped ashore across the crevice in the ice. The father-in-law hesitated a moment and in that moment the gap widened too much to over-leap. He paused in hesitation, for the waters were black and forbidding in their deadly chill. The boy shouted to the older man to leap in and swim to shore, as that was his only chance for life. But the old man still delayed. Then the lad began to cry out in earnest entreaty for his father-in-law to leap, as it was his only chance to be saved from a dreadful death. The older man seemed paralyzed with fear and indecision. He began to call out farewell messages for his wife and children across the watery waste now rapidly widening as the wind kept drifting the great ice-floe out into the darkness. The last the boy saw him he was standing with outstretched hands drifting to death in the bitter cold and darkness of the night. He perished a victim of deadly indecision. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—James H. McConkey.

— 1178 —

### NEED INSPIRES ENERGY.

After Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow in the last Indian War, Captain Waterman was left behind. He had gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-house and having over-slept himself was forgotten. At two o'clock in the morning to his great horror he found all was deserted and silent, and that he was alone in an open entrenchment with 15,000 furious barbarians outside. Frightened, he took to his heels and ran himself nearly out of breath, until he overtook the retiring rear guard, mad with excitement and breathless with fatigue. But was not his earnestness reasonable, seeing he realized his danger? And if unconverted sinners realized their danger, would they not be desperately in earnest?—A. Tucker.



— 1179 —

## HOLDING THE LINE.

"Have you found a diamond pendant, which I feel sure I dropped in your hall last night?"

So telephoned a lady a few days ago to the business manager of a large concert hall.

"Not yet found," was the reply, "but search is being made. Please hold the line."

The trinket, a valuable, first quality diamond, was finally found; but when the manager returned to the telephone the call had been cut off. For some time he waited, but no fresh application was made; and as, in the first instance, the lady had given no name or address, he could only have recourse to advertising in the papers, still, when I last heard, in vain.

As I read of this instance, the thought arose that too often we thus act concerning our requests to our Father in Heaven. We turn to Him in our troubles, trials, difficulties, needs, according to His gracious invitation; and then sometimes, weary of waiting, our faith and hope give way, and we fail to "hold the line;" so that when the fullness of time is come to grant what we desire, we are not there to receive it, to our own great loss and the dishonoring of our faithful God. Yet how repeatedly we are bidden in this all-important matter of prayer to "wait patiently for him" and surely His call to such exercise of trustful patience is no small part of His gracious dealing with His praying people. "The preparation of the heart is of God."—The Christian.

— 1180 —

## "MIND THE LIGHT!"

Many years ago, Jacob Walker and his young wife kept the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. It was on the bluff, high above the water, and was the home of its keeper. Mrs. Walker had a fine garden back of the lighthouse, and was delighted with the situation. But Jacob was a government employe, and finally the summons came for him to take charge of the lighthouse on Robbin's

Reef in New York Bay. So sorry was Mrs. Walker to leave her old home, and beautiful garden, and take up her residence on that bit of rock entirely surrounded by water, that for a long time she refused to unpack her trunks and make that desolate place her home. But gradually she became reconciled to her lot, and at last the place became home to her. But one chill day Jacob became so ill with a bad cold that he had to be removed to a Staten Island hospital. As he was put into the boat which sturdy arms were to row to the mainland, his parting words to his faithful wife were: "Mind the Light!"

At the hospital he developed pneumonia, and a few days later she heard out of the darkness voices calling her: "Mrs. Walker, we have bad news for you. Jacob has passed away!"

She became his successor, nor did she forget his final admonition: "Mind the Light!" For thirty-four years she kept that light burning. And in early morning or gathering twilight, as she from the porthole gazed upon Jacob's hillside grave, she seemed to hear him say: "Mind the Light!"

Christ calls His followers "the light of the world." Christian! You are like the lighthouse on a storm-swept coast. By the beams of your light imperiled souls on life's sea are making the harbor: "Mind the Light!"—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1181 —

## RIDING ON THE PLATFORM.

A writer in the "Messenger" tells the following:

"The best illustration I ever heard, showing the disadvantage of living a Christian life outside the church, was given me by a young convert whom I had recently received into our church. I expressed my pleasure in the step he had taken when he replied: 'I had not made up my mind to join when I came to the meeting tonight, but while you were talking, I thought it was just like buying a ticket to Chicago and then riding on the platform. I thought I might as well go inside.'"—Rev. H. F. Sayles.

— 1182 —

## DOUBLE-TONGUED.

During the Civil War in America, three Northern officers were appointed on a commission with three Southern officers, after the battle of Prairie Grove, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. While the commission was sitting, an aged farmer strayed into the room, thinking it was the provost's office. His eyes were dim, but he quickly noticed the uniforms, and supposing himself in the presence of the Northern staff, began protesting his loyalty to the Union. One of the officers facetiously advised him to be cautious, and pointing to the Southern officers, told him to look at them.

The old man put on his spectacles, and recognizing the uniforms, explained that his heart was with the South in the great struggle, and that his only son was a soldier in the Southern Army. Gazing around the room he recognized the Northern uniforms also, and was bewildered. At last he leaned both hands on the table, and surveying the entire party he said: "Well, gentlemen, this is a little mixed; but you just go on and fight it out among yourselves. I can live under any government."—Christian Herald.

— 1183 —

## TRAPPED!

A Boston shoplifter was caught in a comical way. He had stolen a muff in a department store, and ran with it to the escalators; but instead of boarding the one going down, in his haste he took the ascending stairway. He tried hard to run down, but was confronted by the ascending passengers, while all the time the merciless steps were rising. Finally, in spite of his frantic efforts, he was borne back to the head of the stairs again, where he found a policeman awaiting him.

This is just a picture of the difficult ways of sinners. They try to escape with their booty, but they find all the ways of providence running against them. Everything conspires to their discovery.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

The sinner is his own detective. If there is no policeman at hand he will arrest himself. If the police-wagon is out of commission he will run to the courtroom. Remorse is sterner than any judge, and a guilty conscience is more terrible than any prison.

Be certain of this: If you sin the entire universe will become an escalator, going the wrong way.—Amos R. Wells.

— 1184 —

## RENEWED DAY BY DAY.

One morning Donald observed that the big clock was striking the hour very slowly, and heard his Uncle John remark: "Sounds as if the striking part of it is nearly run down." Donald not only saw him wind it but did not forget.

The following Sunday morning while his uncle was reading the paper, his wife came in and inquired if he was going to church. He replied very slowly: "Oh, I—I suppose so." Donald eyed him wonderingly as he remarked: "Why, Uncle John, that sounds as if the meeting side of you is nearly run down! Is it?" Aunt Hannah laughed, and Uncle John flushed as he threw the paper aside, saying: "Maybe it is Donald. But we'll wind it up again and get a little stronger movement. Neither clocks nor people are of much use when the springs that ought to keep them going are neglected."—Forward.

— 1185 —

## SECRET DISCIPLES.

The boy was expressing the opinion of many older than himself when he said to his mother: "I should like to be just such a Christian as father is, for no one can tell whether he is a Christian or not." This father is like the clock attached to a certain church, which possessed neither face nor hands, but which was wound up by the sexton on Sundays and continued to tick year after year, affording an apt illustration of the religion which many are content to possess. The movements of the clock were as regular and accurate as anyone could desire, but inasmuch as it kept the time to itself, no one was the better for its existence.—C. H. Robinson, D.D.



— 1186 —

## A STUPID GATEKEEPER.

Dr. Walter Elliott, a missionary in China, had a stupid gatekeeper to guard the entrance to the compound and welcome the Chinese who came to see the preacher. Jow—for that was his name—could not read. Worse than that, he could not tell one Chinese character from another. He spent all his spare time, indeed, in drawing Chinese hieroglyphics on the ground by the gate with a pointed stick. "Jesus wrote on the ground, you say, and I guess I can, too," was his reply to all who laughed at him, writes Edward L. Whitney in the "S. S. Advocate."

The missionary had chosen Jow against everybody's advice. "Get a scholar, for your gatekeeper," people had said, "one who by his learning will command the respect of the proud Chinese literati who may come to your door. To see a numskull like Jow there—a man who cannot read—will prejudice them against you finally." But Dr. Elliott knew of no scholarly Chinese who loved Jesus as Jow did, even though Jow had no idea whether a book was upside down or not and could not tell one character from another. Jow was by nature a "truth-seeker," as the Missionaries call it—a rare quality in the East.

Before he came to sit at the mission gate Jow had sought truth in all kinds of places. He had made pilgrimages under Buddhist teaching and had done penance; he had visited many noted Taoist temples, and paid tribute to their greedy priests. But nowhere could he find truth, until one day, up in a mountain village on the borders of Honan Province he heard a native Christian preacher. As he listened he said to himself, "That at last is the truth!"

He followed the preacher to the village inn and questioned him. Sitting by the feeble light of a wick of pith floating in a saucer of peanut oil, the preacher, who was also a Bible colporter, explained how the Gospel message was contained in the "Sacred Classics," as

the Chinese call the Bible. Jow had only one hundred and fifty brass "cash"—equal to five cents in American money—in the world. He paid them over promptly for a copy of the New Testament. He could not read a word, so everybody thought him more stupid than ever for such a purchase. But Jow did not care. He went about with his book, asking people what the characters meant, and in a few weeks he had learned the characters of the Lord's prayer after some queer fashion of his own.

He soon found the missionaries and offered himself as their gatekeeper. All day long he wrote characters in the sand in the intervals of his duties, and learned them. He marked the hieroglyphics of his book after a memory system which he had invented. The missionary, talking to him about it, was surprised at its simplicity and value. The language has fifty thousand separate characters, but only four hundred and eighteen sounds. Jow was learning and noting down the sounds. By the end of the summer he could puzzle out all the New Testament in this way, and became thoroughly familiar with it.

Within a year Jow's ignorance had become knowledge. The stupid peasant at the gate was transformed into a teacher of others. Around him a nightly Bible class gradually sprang up, with merchants, laboring men, soldiers, and even school-teachers among its members. Often it was midnight before they scattered, and then, very often, Jow would spend the hours until dawn praying for each of them by name, that they might learn "wondrous things out of the law." The first convert from this class of Jow's was Jen, the city school-teacher, and others soon followed.

The young man whom people thought too stupid to keep the mission gate became in the end a flaming evangelist, respected by all his townsmen and recognized as an upright, intelligent, and powerful member of the community. Was not the missionary wise in choosing him rather than an educated heathen? And is not the whole true

story only a modern instance of how God can use the weak things of the world and transform any soul dedicated to His service?—The Christian.

— 1187 —

#### THE BIBLE AS A SOURCE.

A Brahmin in Mysore, India, was led by the Holy Spirit to inquire into the truth of Christianity. He read the Scriptures and tracts very eagerly. He was deeply impressed with Pilgrim's Progress. "That book is better than the Bible," said he. His teacher, a missionary, did not think it wise to give a direct contradiction to that statement, but taught the difference by a sort of parable. Pointing to a scene before him, he said, "Do you see that beautiful mango tree there?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Don't you see the beautiful fruit, which drops its nectar upon the ground?"

"Yes."

"Do you eat the fruit, and enjoy its sweetness?"

"Yes."

"And where would that tree be if it had no root?"

"Oh," said the man, "now I see what you mean; the Bible is the root, and all other good books in the world spring from it."

He never afterwards said that any book was better than the Bible. It pleased God to so bless the teaching of his own Word, that this poor man became a humble and earnest Christian, and his own son and daughter grew up to be useful workers among the heathen around.

— 1188 —

#### SECURITY OF THE BELIEVER.

Mr. Meyer said that one time when he was pastor at Leicester there was a strike. The working people smashed and ruined homes in their riot. One day they threatened to come into a house where there was a big brother riveting shoes in the attic upstairs and a little fellow downstairs. The little fellow

feared they were going to break the house open. He went to the stairs and called his big brother:

"Tom, Tom, they are going to smash this door open! Hurry up and come down."

Tom was a strong, well-built man, and he came down and put his big body against the door and said:

"Now, youngster, you go on with your game. All the rioters in Leicester can't break this door open when brother Tom stands against it."

"And so," said Mr. Meyer, "the Devil often wants to come back into this house of mine, and I am afraid of him and when he comes along and swears he will take me by force, I go to the foot of the ascension ladder and cry:

"'Christ, Christ, stronger than the strong man armed, make haste and come down! The Devil is going to get me!'

"And He seems to come," said Mr. Meyer, "like the lightning flash and puts himself against the door of my heart, and all hell can't break the door open."

—William E. Biedewolf.

— 1189 —

#### INFLUENCE AFTER DEATH.

It is related of a broker in one of the Italian cities that his strict economy brought on him the reputation of miserliness. He lived plainly and poorly, and at his death a hundred thousand men in the city were ready to curse him until his will was opened, in which he declared that early his heart was touched with the sufferings of the poor in the city for lack of water. Springs there were none, and the public wells were bad, and he had spent his life accumulating a fortune that should be devoted to bringing by an aqueduct from the neighboring mountains, streams that should pour abundantly into the baths and dwellings of the poor of the city; and he not only denied himself of many of the comforts of life, but toiled by day and by night, yea, and bore obloquy, that he might bless his fellow-citizens. He is dead; but those streams pour their health yet into the city.—H. W. Beecher.



— 1190 —

**A SHELTER AND AN ENRICHER.**

A tourist relates how he once came upon a village which nestled at the foot of a great mountain. He asked the villagers if they had many storms there. Yes, they replied, if there is a storm anywhere in the neighborhood it seems to find us. Ours is the highest of the mountains, and it attracts the rainclouds. Have you many accidents from lightning? he asked. None, was the answer. We have seen the lightning strike the mountain many a time, but no one in the village is ever touched by it. We have the thunder, which shakes our homes, and then we have the rains, which fill our gardens with the beauty which everyone admires, but the lightning never touches us.

This is a parable of what God in Christ is to all who believe in Him. He is the mountain on which the storms break. He shelters His own. He bears their sorrows and their griefs. He keeps them safe from every threatening danger. And He enriches their lives. He is the means of the healthful spirit of grace being poured upon them.—H. T. Dixon.

— 1191 —

**LACK OF LOVE.**

A friend of mine employed for five years an ex-convict who had seemed to be converted, and during that time this man handled twenty-four thousand dollars a year of his employer's money without the misappropriation of a cent. At the close of that time my friend, not having need for him, told his whole story to a gentleman in another city who needed such a helper, and who received this former convict into his employ. Inside of three weeks he was arrested for stealing from his new employer. And when my friend finally heard of it he went to see him in the jail, and said to him: "Tke, how is it that when you worked for me you could be trusted with anything, and as soon as you came into this new employment you went back to your old dishonest life?"

The man burst into tears and said: "I couldn't help it. He suspected me, and I had to steal!"—B. Fay Mills.

— 1192 —

**WORKING AT THE KEYHOLE.**

A blessed work of grace had been going on in various parts of Scotland. Many had accepted God's "great salvation" and rejoiced in their newly-found Saviour. Among these was a Mr. Murray, an office-bearer in one of the churches, and for fifty years a professor of religion without, however, the "one thing needful." One day as Mr. Murray was reading a gospel paper, he came across the following statement: "The Gospel brings us not a work to do, but a word to believe about a work done." "I see it all," said he to his wife. "I have been working away at the keyhole, and the door has been open all the time. My fifty years' profession goes for nothing, and I get salvation through simply accepting Christ."—Love Wins.

— 1193 —

**THE BROKEN HOUSE OF LIFE.**

When the carriage swerved to the left of the road, something crashed under the rolling wheels. It was near a farmhouse, and the driver asked:

"What was that?"

"It was a toy of some kind," said his wife.

He looked back and saw a little boy crying over the broken wooden box that had been his toy house.

The thought of the child's sorrow lay heavy on the man's heart until he gave a fine new toy house to replace the poor little one he had ruined.

Years after, on his deathbed, he called the scene to his wife's remembrance.

"I am being crushed by the wheels of death," he said, "but this thing will lie heavy on the heart of God till he comes to replace my broken house of life; for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—Arthur Wentworth Hewitt.

— 1194 —

## THE WATCH AND ITS CASE.

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand. Taking out his watch, he said: "What is this?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we see it and hear it tick."

"Very well."

He then took off the case and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches. Now I will lay the case aside, put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, go, and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat, just as well. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as this watch will go when the case is taken off."—Selected.

— 1195 —

## CAPTURED BY FRIENDS.

An escaped prisoner in the Civil War wandered for many days and nights, seeking the Union lines. At last, in the dusk of the early twilight, he came to a camp which he supposed belonged to the Confederates. Before he knew it he was surrounded by the pickets and captured, to be hurried back to prison, as he thought. But what was his surprise and joy, on looking a little closer, to find that it was the Union blue, and not the Confederate gray. He had been captured by his friends.

When he thought his friends were far away they were all about him. Oh, wanderer and fugitive from God, lift up your eyes, the hosts of your friends surround you. Jesus Christ is by your side. The Holy Spirit is hovering over you. The opening of your spiritual eyes will reveal it all.—Francis E. Clark.

— 1196 —

## GHANDI'S TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

The Dean of Bristol has told a striking story of Mr. Ghandi. After one of his foreign tours, as a champion of Indian interests, he was received by a tremendous meeting of people in Calcutta. He was the popular hero of the day, and the place was crowded with 15,000 Bengalis who came to welcome him. My friend was the one Englishman present. For three hours the orators of Bengal spoke in praise of themselves and Mr. Ghandi; and then came the great moment, when Mr. Ghandi rose, and all this vast assembly settled themselves, waiting for their great orator to speak. His speech consisted of one sentence, and one sentence alone: "The Man to whom I owe most, and to whom all India owes most, is a Man who never set his foot in India—and that was Christ." And then he sat down.

— 1197 —

## DAVID BRAINERD PRAYED.

In passing through Northampton, I went into the old cemetery, swept off the snow that lay on the slab, and I read these simple words: "Sacred to the memory of David Brainerd the faithful and devoted missionary to the Sesquehanna, Delaware, and Stockbridge Indians of America, who died in this town age thirty-four years, October 8, 1847." That was all there was.

Now that man did his greatest work by prayer. He was in the depths of those forests alone, unable to speak the language of the Indians, but he spent whole days literally in prayer. What was he praying for? He knew that he could not reach these savages: he did not understand their language. If he wanted to speak at all he must get somebody who could vaguely interpret his thought; therefore he knew that anything he should do must be absolutely dependent upon the power of God. So he spent whole days in praying, that the power of the Holy Ghost might come upon him so unmistakably that these



people should not be able to stand before him. What was his answer? Once he preached through a drunken interpreter, a man so intoxicated that he could hardly stand up. That was the best he could do. Yet scores were converted through that sermon. We can account for it only that it was the tremendous power of God behind him.

That man prayed in secret in the forest, and a little while after, William Carey read his life, and he was so moved by it that he went to India. Henry Martyn read his life, and by its impulse he went to India. Payson read it, as a young man of twenty years, and he said he had never been so impressed by anything in his life as by that story. Murray McCheyne read it, and was powerfully moved by it.

Let me simply enforce this thought, that the hidden life, a life whose days are spent in communion with God in trying to reach the Source of power, is the life that moves the world. Those living such lives may soon be forgotten. There may be no one to speak a eulogy over them when they are dead. The great world may take no account of them. But, by-and-by, the great moving current of their lives will begin to be felt as in the case of this young man who died when only a little over thirty years of age—Unknown.

— 1198 —

#### THE HELP OF HABIT.

A few years ago the Twentieth Century Limited went into the ditch. The engineer was killed with many others. It was found that in the moment before the engineer was killed he had turned off steam, put on brakes, reversed the lever, and turned on the sand. He was so trained that these acts were automatic. That training combined early study of his task with long experience. It also meant a high sense of responsibility and loyalty. A minister's training and efficiency are infinitely more important than those of an engineer so far as human values are concerned. Auburn Seminary is giving that training.—Chapel Bell.

— 1199 —

#### FRANCIS MURPHY & SONS.

There was no capital, in the market sense, behind this firm, and no speculative luck started its wonderful story, but it brought honourable fame to its managers, and large and lasting profits to a multitude of persons dealing with it in America, and in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The head and founder of the firm was as low down as any man of his day. He was only sober when in prison, and had given up hope of being anything better than a bit of social wreckage.

Captain Sturdevant, who was sure that Jesus Christ could and would save anyone who trusted Him, visited the prison during Francis Murphy's latest detention. Putting his hand on the criminal sot's shoulder, he said cheerily, "Mr. Murphy, trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be all right yet." The first word was the strangest he had heard for years. "He called me Mr. Murphy," mused the sot; "the man who talks of Jesus Christ thinks there's still a chance for me!"

Murphy knelt in prayer with this new friend, and, like a drowning man, grasped the unseen hand of the greater Friend he heard of. He became the Moody of his day, bringing peace, purity and power to many thousands in his own and other countries. His sons caught the flame from his ministry. Ned was in a great crowd waiting for his father, and for the first time opened his mouth in public to explain the delay; but he went on to tell the Gospel which he too had learned, and forthwith found himself an effective partner in the work of evangelism. The other son, William, proclaimed the same great message in the Middle States, and added about sixty thousand members to the churches of that part of America.

The explanation of that vast sum of reformation and of happiness is in the name of Jesus—"The Saviour," the only Saviour—as able to save the reader today as He was to save Francis Murphy one day long ago, in a New York jail.—Wm. A. Sunday Association.

— 1200 —

**"SUCCESS" AND SERVICE**

Two middle-aged graduates of an Eastern college met in Washington not long ago, and one of them, a teacher-missionary home from South America on vacation, said to the other: "When we were in college together you said you intended to become a United States Senator, and here you are. You have succeeded."

"Yes," replied the other a bit sadly, "when I was a boy I made up my mind to become a minister to a European country, and to reach the Senate. I have realized both my ambitions, but I have missed the satisfaction I expected to find. Fame and honors are as a squeezed orange."

In telling of the incident later, the teacher-missionary said: "When I left my post in South America a few months ago to come home for a year, 200 of the people came to the pier to see me off, and many of them were weeping in the fear I would not return.. I have very little money, and scarcely know how I shall manage from month to month; but in spite of that, I prefer my position as a teacher and helper to these poor people who depend upon me, to that of my famous classmate in the United States Senate."—McNaught's Monthly.

— 1201 —

**THE WORLD OVERCAME**

A revival was in progress in a school in Kentucky. Among the students was a young man of extraordinary promise. He had the premonition that if he should surrender himself to Christ he must become a minister. The world flattered his ambition and held out to him most tempting inducements. He might become one of the most celebrated orators of the land, brilliant at the bar, distinguished as a statesman. Could he bring all his ambitions, his longings for fame, and sacrifice them on the altar of duty? One evening he was kneeling with others for prayer. Petitions of special fervency were offered for him.

He sprang to his feet and fled the room. He afterward said he felt that if he stayed until that prayer was concluded, he must decide for Christ and abandon all his projects. He chose the world. At the age of thirty he was in public life, and at forty he had become celebrated throughout the country as an orator; yes, and as a drunkard, too. He characterized his appetite as a "hot, feverish thirst, a horrible yearning after the distillations from the alembic of hell which scorch the throat and consume the vitals with fires kindled for eternity." Quite different, this, from "the sweet comfort and peace" from which he turned away. Not long previous to his death he confessed to a Presbyterian clergyman with whom he had a life-long acquaintance, that he understood only too well that there was neither hope nor mercy for him. So died Tom Marshall, the once praised and petted Tom Marshall, a drunken pauper, and he is said to have been buried in the potter's field, an object at once of pity and general detestation. An instance of the conflict between the world and faith, in which faith did not overcome.—Wm. H. Bates, D.D.

— 1202 —

**DEFLECTING THE HEART.**

Captain Scott, in "The Voyage of the Discovery," tells of the immense care that was taken by the magnetic experts on board to banish all iron and steel from the vicinity of the magnetic observatory. Everything within thirty feet of the observatory had to be made of brass, lead, hemp, or some other non-magnetic material. These regulations secured the accuracy of the magnetic observation.

But the motions of the heart are disturbed by a bit of gold anywhere in its neighborhood. The thought of gain seems to mar and deflect the whole delicate machinery of the moral sense. Let a single yellow particle insinuate itself too near the sacred circle of the conscience, and the judgment is no longer true to the eternal verities. We must watch here lest greed should cause us to forget honesty, fairness, brotherliness.—Watkinson.



— 1203 —

## WHAT FAITH WILL DO

When I first went to America, thirty-one years ago, I crossed the Atlantic with the captain of a steamer who was one of the most devoted men I ever knew; and when we were off the banks of Newfoundland, he told me this story:

Mr. Inglis, the last time I crossed here, five weeks ago, one of the most extraordinary things happened, and it has completely revolutionized the whole of my Christian life. Up to that time I was one of your ordinary Christians.

We had a man of God on board, George Muller, of Bristol. I had been on the bridge for twenty-two hours, and never left, when I was startled by some one tapping me on the shoulder. It was George Muller. "Captain," he said, "I have come to tell you that I must be in Quebec on Saturday afternoon."

This was Wednesday.

"It is impossible," I said.

"Very well, if your ship can't take me God will find some other means of locomotion to take me. I have never broken an engagement for fifty-seven years."

"I would willingly help you. How can I? I am helpless."

"Let us go down to the chart-room and pray."

I looked at the man of God, and I thought to myself, what lunatic asylum could the man have come from? I never heard of such a thing. "Mr. Muller," I said, "do you know how dense this fog is?"

"No," he replied, "my eye is not on the density of the fog, but on the living God, who controls every circumstance of my life."

He went down on his knees, and prayed one of the most simple prayers. I muttered to myself, "That would suit a children's class, where the children were not more than eight or nine years of age." The burden of his prayer was something like this: "O Lord, if it is consistent with thy will, please remove this fog in five minutes. Thou knowest

the engagement thou madest for me in Quebec for Saturday. I believe it is thy will."

When he finished, I was going to pray; but he put his hand on my shoulder and told me not to pray. "First, you do not believe he will; and second, I believe he has, and there is no need whatever for you to pray about it." I looked at him, and George Muller said this: "Captain, I have known my Lord for fifty-seven years, and there has never been a single day that I have failed to gain an audience with the King. Get up, Captain, and open the door, and you will find the fog is gone." I got up and the fog was gone!—C. Inglis.

— 1204 —

## HE OVERCAME THE WORLD

A theological professor tells of a young man of his acquaintance who commenced his course of study with the determination to distinguish himself at the bar and in politics, and to acquire wealth. The world made him large promises. Christ called him. The thought came, "If I serve Christ, He may, and probably will require me to preach the gospel; and if so, I must renounce all my favorite plans. I cannot do it: I will not give them up." With fearful violence the conflict between the claims of Christ and ambition waged within him. Appetite and sleep forsook him. The world pleaded, but faith caught a glimpse of the invisible and the eternal. Deliberately he laid all on the altar of sacrifice and enthroned Christ in his heart. He became a devoted and successful preacher of the gospel. His faith overcame the world.—Wm. H. Bates, D.D.

— 1205 —

## FAITH AND FEELING.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what He has said is our faith strong or weak. Faith has nothing to do with feelings or with impressions. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting on the Word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind.—George Muller.

— 1206 —

### THE FAITH OF THE COAL MINER'S WIFE.

Evangelist Hicks had been conducting revival meetings in Coal Creek, Tennessee, and was there in December, 1911, when the great gas explosion in Cross Mountain Mine occurred. In company with the Methodist pastor of Coal Creek he visited the mine immediately after the disaster, and thus describes what he saw:

"Such a scene I never expect to see again this side the judgment! At one end a woman sat on the ties of the tramway screaming, "O God, if he'd only been ready to go!" Another stood near her twisting the ropes, her face as pale as death, not uttering a word. An old man wearing a mackintosh walked up and down the tramway crying, "My God, my poor boy!" The people became so frenzied that it was necessary to make a door and put it over the mouth of the mine lest some irresponsible person should slip in. One poor fellow rushed up to the door crying, "Let me in! Let me in! I want to go to my brother!" They led him away stark mad.

After the men had been in the mine two days, we gave up all hope that any of them should come out alive. By and by they began to bring out the dead. Mr. Wood, a leader in our campaign, went to his sister, Mrs. Henderson, whose husband and boy were in the mine, and asked her, "Where do you want Bill and the boy buried when they are brought out? I think they will reach their entry to-day."

"There'll be time enough to talk about burying Bill and the boy when they are dead," she replied. He said, "Oh, you might as well give up. They're all dead; they couldn't possibly live in there this long." She looked at him for a moment and answered, "Bill and my boy are not dead; I haven't been on my knees two days and a half for nothing."

He thought she was going crazy. He asked some neighbor woman to watch her. Upon his own initiative he had the

graves dug where he thought he would like to have them buried.

That night after supper Mrs. Henderson went into the kitchen and put some water on to heat. The watchers asked her what she was going to do. She said, "I'm heating some water for Bill and the boy to wash with when they come out." They said to her, "Mrs. Henderson, they've had an explosion, and they're all killed; none of them will come out alive." "Oh," she replied, "Bill and my boy will be out before ten o'clock to-night."

Between nine and ten o'clock that night, somewhere in the bowels of old Cross Mountain a rescue party had their lights go out. They were asking one another for a light when a poor fellow behind some boards and mud plaster that had been put over an entry to keep back the bad air shouted to them, "I'll give you a light, if you'll break down these boards."

Quickly they tore down the boards and there stood Bill Henderson. He had come down from a room a little farther back where he, his boy and three others had barricaded themselves, and spent the hours fighting back the choke-damp and praying. Most of them, not expecting to get out alive, had written farewell letters to their loved ones. These five came out before ten o'clock that night. Of the eighty-six souls that went into Cross Mountain Mine on the morning of the explosion they were the only ones who came out alive."—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1207 —

### SATAN'S RIGHT-OF-WAY.

I found when studying law that there was a law of "reserved right." For instance, suppose I should sell ten thousand acres of land, and should retain one acre in the center. I would have a right to go over those 9,999 acres to get to mine. One trouble with us is that we reserve a room in our hearts which belongs to Satan, and he knows it and uses his right-of-way.—Record of Christian Work.



— 1208 —

**MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY.**

My mother, as I early learned from aunts and others, was no ordinary Christian. She was one who sought the salvation of sinners, and, in the meetings she attended, used to plead with the impenitent to come to Jesus; and she was instrumental in the conversion of the young man who later became her husband.

It seems my mother very early consecrated me to God, and to the ministry of the gospel. For I have been told that, while yet a babe in her arms, she used to call me her preacher. Her desire that her children be used to extend the Kingdom of God was realized. Going to heaven in her twenty-ninth year, she left behind three children; a babe of five weeks, the writer, a lad of two years, and a daughter of five. By God's grace, and in answer to that devoted mother's prayers, her two sons became ministers of the gospel, and the daughter a city missionary.

Although not converted until my twenty-second year, I had long a presentment that if I surrendered my heart to God I would become a preacher. At once, after my conversion, I became so interested in the welfare of the unsaved that it was a privilege to exhort them to come to Christ; and at times I would go to their homes to speak with them regarding matters of eternal importance.

I was a country school teacher; and the winter of 1878, I taught the school at Glenmark, near North Rose, N. Y. The school was ungraded, and some of my older pupils were nearly of my own age. Availing myself of my privilege to board around, I became well-acquainted with many of the families of the district, both with the parents and children.

This acquaintance with the people of Glenmark doubtless helped to make me the more interested in their religious welfare. At any rate, the following summer, they were much on my mind, and finally I began to feel that God would have me go down there and hold some

meetings in their school house.

I had not yet become a member of any church; but impelled solely by a desire to see the cause of Christ flourish, frequently I would drive four or five miles in an evening to attend some school house meeting, where, by prayer and testimony I might be of some possible help. I had never been in charge of such a meeting, much less had I ever attempted to preach; nor did I wish to make a move in the direction of the ministry until fully convinced the Lord would have me do so. While feeling deeply my inefficiency, yet I did believe that should God really call me to the sacred work of the ministry, the call itself would be a guarantee of enabling power.

As the summer advanced, heavier, and heavier on my heart became the burden for the people of Glenmark; and I could not rid myself of the impression that I should go there and have some meetings. Because so doing would involve my admission that I was called to the ministry, I was unwilling to start as a preacher until satisfied that the call was from God.

Finally, one day about the middle of July, while employed cultivating corn for my uncle, whose land adjoined that of Lewis Barrett, a local preacher of the Methodist church, as I came up to the fence separating the two farms, there I found Mr. Barrett, and we engaged in conversation.

After talking awhile, all at once he said to me: "Brother Tyndall, don't you think you ought to go to Glenmark and hold some meetings?"

Amazed at the question, for I had mentioned to no one my feelings on the subject, and being as yet unprepared to answer the question, I dodged it, by replying that no doubt the people there needed badly enough the help of such meetings.

After a little further talk, we separated. But the first thing I did, on going back to my work, was to kneel down beside my cultivator, in the tall corn, and tell the Lord if He wanted me to

go to Glenmark and try to preach, trusting Him for help, I was willing to go.

With that decision, the joy of the Lord possessed me, and I was happy at the prospect of going.

The next time I saw Mr. Barrett I reminded him of his question, and told him it was as the voice of God speaking to my soul; that I had long been troubled about going to Glenmark, and his question had helped to bring me to a decision. "All right," said he, "I will send down notice that I will preach there next Sunday evening, and you go with me, and I will announce that the following Sunday evening you will preach."

And so it came about that I attempted to preach my first sermon in Glenmark in the summer of 1878. The text, most assuredly the best part of the sermon, was: "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; and thereby good shall come unto thee." The people were interested in the service, and in subsequent meetings, and the speaker was not disheartened, although no conversions, so far as known, resulted.

Other school-house meetings were held with encouraging results, and on the 4th of January, 1880, having sought, in my own home, and definitely received the gift of the Holy Spirit, which I had shortly before learned to be the privilege of all believers (Acts 2:38; 19:2), a revival broke out the next evening in my "Spunk School House" meeting, in Rose, which stirred the whole region round about, and some seventy persons were hopefully converted.

Not until after these meetings, which continued nightly for eleven weeks, and in which the power of God was marvelously displayed, was I convinced that the ministry was to be the work of my life, and that I should accordingly prepare myself for it. And in the many happy years which have followed, I have never doubted my "call," and have thanked God continually for the high honor of being a preacher of the glorious gospel of Christ.—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

— 1209 —

### SOUL-WINNING POWER.

I attended a convention known as a "Holy Spirit Convention." Many of my church members advised me against going; they said it was a meeting of cranks, and fanatics, and that one of my enthusiastic nature could not afford to go. But I had gotten the consent of my mind that I might be used of God.

The first night of the convention a brother spoke on the Holy Spirit from the text, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?" At once it seemed to me the Lord said, "There is your trouble," and, when he had finished, he made a call for those who would surrender everything and come out wholly for Christ, and by faith look up and receive the promised power, to come and kneel, and by faith accept. This I did. It was a struggle, but it was a victory.

When I went back to my seat a friend asked me: "Have you received?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "How do you feel?"

I said, "I did not ask for feeling; I was asking for the Holy Spirit."

"How do you know you have anything more than you have had?"

"I know it," said I, "just as I know I have Christ; I know it by faith."

From that time forward God, the Holy Ghost, has been more to me than ever before. In the next four years God gave me more than four hundred souls to baptize into the fellowship of my church.—Rev. Len G. Broughton.

— 1210 —

### WHOSOEVER.

"I thank God for this word 'whosoever,'" remarked Richard Baxter. "Did it read there is mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile, so sinful, that I would have thought it must have meant some other Richard Baxter; but this word 'whosoever' includes the worst of all the Baxters that ever lived."—Pres. C. G. Finney.



— 1211 —

## THE CONVERTED ACTRESS

The Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, related the following incident to a large audience in St. Louis, Mo.: A young talented and tender-hearted actress was passing along the street of a large city, and seeing a pale, sick girl lying upon a couch just within the half-open door of a beautiful dwelling, she entered with the thought that she might cheer, by her vivacity and pleasant conversation, the young invalid. The sick girl was a devoted Christian and her words, her patience, her submission and heaven-lit countenance so demonstrated the spirit of her religion, that the actress was led to give some earnest thought to the claims of Christianity, and was thoroughly converted, and became a true follower of Christ. She told her father, the leader of the theater troupe, of her conversation, and of her desire to abandon the stage, stating that she could not live a consistent Christian life and follow the life of an actress. Her father was astonished beyond measure and told his daughter that their living would be lost to them and their business ruined, if she persisted in her resolution; and, loving her father dearly, she was shaken somewhat in her purpose, and partially consented to fill the published engagement to be met in a few days. She was the star of the troupe, and a favorite. Every preparation was made for the play in which she was to appear. The evening came, and the father was rejoiced that he had won back his daughter, and that their living was not to be lost. The hour arrived; a large audience had assembled. The curtains rose, and the young actress stepped firmly forward amid the applause of the multitude. But an unwonted light beamed from her beautiful face. Amid the breathless silence of the audience, she repeated:

“My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,

For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;

My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.”

This was all. Through Christ she had conquered, and, leaving her audience in tears, she retired from the stage never to appear upon it again. Through her influence, her father was converted; and through their united evangelistic labor many were converted to God.—Unknown.

— 1212 —

## BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Fire on the farm of George Thurman, five miles north of Pomona, California, brought him singular good fortune. To stop the progress of the fiery monster which was fast devouring his stubble field, he ploughed a furrow, and in doing so he turned up a tin can, which would hold about half a gallon. He found, upon opening it, a large quantity of gold, both coin and nuggets. The total value of the find was something near seven thousand dollars. Many, in reviewing their lives, find abundant cause for thanking God for the times when the fires threatened them. In seeking something to quench it, they found much more than they sought for—blessings of inestimable value, that otherwise would have lain hidden and unpossessed.

— 1213 —

## SURE OF HIS PLACE.

The late Dr. John McFerrin, who in his day was a tower of strength among the Methodists of the South, was lying on his deathbed calmly awaiting the summons to come up higher. His son, who had charge of a circuit twenty miles away, was at his bedside, and when Saturday came was reluctant to leave his dying father. Whereupon the venerable minister said: “My son, I feel a little stronger, and you had better return and fill your appointment to-morrow. If while you are away, John, I should happen to slip off, you know where to find me.”—The Sunday Circle.

— 1214 —

## SABBATH PLEASURING.

My experience in the ministry thus far has not been extensive. Only three years ago I came to my first charge. But my observations have made me apprehensive when I see people neglecting the means of grace. When people neglect the Bible, give up prayer, and are indifferent to the services of worship, they are turning away from the conditions of spiritual growth. And they most certainly are not climbing heavenward.

What is this that the Dean of Syracuse University tells us in a recent address? Only one person out of twenty in New York State attends church on Sunday. Where are the others? Go to the pleasure resorts, the movies, the theatres, the crowded highways, and you will find them. We are becoming a nation of Sabbath breakers.

The greatest menace to the welfare of our country is not the Communist organizations here and there in our cities. The Communists are not laying the foundations of anarchy and chaos half so fast as the respectable American citizens who selfishly take the Lord's day and use it as a day of joy riding and pleasure seeking. The dean is right when he says the greatest menace to the welfare of America is Sabbath desecration.

William E. Gladstone was once asked why he always attended church on Sunday even when the preaching was poor. He replied: "I go to church on Sunday because I love England." There is a wealth of meaning in his words. Those who love America and have her highest welfare at heart will be found in church—some church—on Sunday.—Rev. Harold J. Bortle.

— 1215 —

## "RUN AWAY, BOY!"

Doctor Potter tells the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child for his father had been a famous

legal light, and his work on the "Law of Trusts," was the most exhaustive work on the subject in existence.

"Do you remember your father," asked the judge sternly, "that father whom you have disgraced?"

The prisoner answered: "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his book on the 'Law of Trusts' and say, 'Run away, boy, I am busy.' My father finished his book, and here I am." The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results.—T. De Witt Talmadge, D.D.

— 1216 —

## BALAAM'S ASS.

A friend of mine was going back to Scotland, and he heard a couple of these little modern philosophers discussing the Bible. One said: "The Bible says that Balaam's ass spoke. Now, I am a scientific man, and I have taken the pains to examine an ass's mouth, and it is so formed that it couldn't speak."

He was going to toss the whole Bible over because Balaam's ass couldn't speak.

My friend said he stood it just as long as he could, and finally he said:

"Ah, man, you make an ass, and I will make him speak."

The idea that the God who made the ass couldn't speak through his mouth! Did you ever hear such stuff? And yet this was one of your modern philosophers!—D. L. Moody.

— 1217 —

## A MOTHER OF CRIMINALS.

In 1740, according to records, a woman was born named Ada Take. True to her name she took everything there was to be had in the way of liberties and licenses. She died a confirmed drunkard, and altogether she had 700 descendants.

Among them were 100 children born out of wedlock, 181 women of the street, 142 beggars, 46 workhouse inmates, and 76 criminals. It has been estimated that this woman cost the country \$1,200,000.—Presbyterian Record.



— 1218 —

## THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

Out in the Western country, in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes up a very strong wind, and the flames just roll along twenty feet high, and travel at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, consuming man and beast. When the hunters see it coming, what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and let the flames sweep, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along, they see death coming toward them, but they do not fear, they do not tremble, because the fire has swept over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn.

There is one mountain that the wrath of God has swept over—that is, Mount Calvary; and the fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity.—D. L. Moody.

— 1219 —

## FORSAKING THE SANCTUARY.

There is an erroneous idea that Christians of this generation need to get rid of. It is advanced simply as an excuse by some, but there are many who sincerely believe that God can be reached and worshipped through nature. Some who ignore the worship of the church tell us that they can worship God best in His Great out-of-doors. "What is the necessity of a man-made temple?" they ask. "Get out into God's great open, and through nature you will find your way up to nature's God."

It all sounds big and grand, but it has one little defect: it doesn't work. For salvation is from within. First man finds God in his own soul. Then he finds God in nature.

During the past summer I read the

wonderful story of David Livingstone's achievements in Africa. The author describes the natural beauties of the regions in which Livingstone labored: the luxuriant vegetation; the beautiful flowers and foliage; the lovely lakes and dashing waterfalls; the splendor of the sunsets; the matchless blue of the sky. Surely there, if anywhere, man must share in his own soul the purity and grandeur of nature. But what are the facts?

Livingstone found groups of savages sitting around their campfires gnawing away at the flesh and bones of their enemies—in every respect as low in the scale of being as the animals of the jungle. For thousands of years they had been surrounded by nature's most lavish gifts. There, if anywhere, nature would lead a man into the presence of God. But it was not in nature. The story of the cruelty and depravity that Livingstone found among the savages makes the heart sick.

I am one of that vast host who love the mountains, the valleys, the sea and the streams, and all that God has made. But I am convinced that man cannot forsake the sanctuary of God without peril to his temporal and eternal welfare.—Rev. Harold J. Bortle.

— 1220 —

## A PREACHER'S SUCCESS.

In the church at Somerville, New Jersey, where I was afterwards pastor, John Vredenburg preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, and others felt so, although he was a faithful minister preaching the gospel all the time. He died, and died amid some discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburg was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburg.—T. DeWitt Talmadge, D.D.

—1221—

## PAYING, NOT GIVING.

Dr. Adam Clarke once preached on the words, "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." At the conclusion of the discourse he announced a collection.

"How can you, Doctor," asked a lady afterwards, "reconcile the freeness of the water of life with the collection at the close?"

"Oh, madam," answered the learned and venerable divine, "God gives the water without money and without price, but you must pay for the water works, for the pipes, and the pitchers which convey the water to your neighborhood."

Remember, you pay nothing to God; you are charged nothing for the water; but you cannot have convenient chapels to sit in without paying for them, nor a regular ministry to urge the water on your acceptance without making suitable provision for its support.—J. C. Jones, D.D.

—1222—

## THE UNLIKELY ONE CHOSEN.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, when a lad was most unpromising. Such was his misconduct and so irreclaimable did he seem that his father in despair, used to say that "if it pleased God to remove any of his children, he wished it might be his son Isaac."

What became of the other and more hopeful children of the worthy linen draper, we cannot tell; but this unworthy son lived to be the happiness and pride of his father's old age, to be one of the most illustrious members of the university to which he belonged, and one of the brightest ornaments of the church of which he became a minister.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

—1223—

## LAZINESS THE ORIGINAL SIN.

Dr. Storrs tells of an Indian who was

a candidate for the ministry and was asked before the Presbytery the important question, "What is original sin?" He answered he didn't know what other people's might be, but he rather thought that his was laziness. There is no doubt at the present time that many are suffering from the same disease. Truly he is to be pitied who has nothing to do. He is like a barnacle on a ship, or a floating derelict, useless to himself and dangerous to others.—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

—1224—

## THE CROSS ATTRACTS.

In a little book entitled, "Gospel Ethnology," the author shows by a careful comparison of missionary enterprise for the past 170 years, that what has been most effective to pierce through the callousness and prejudice of heathenism has been the story of the Cross, the sufferings of the sinless Saviour proclaimed to men as the means of their pardon and acceptance with God. And what is seen abroad in heathen lands is seen here also at home. When we want to win men, what do we do? We get back to the old story.—J. D. Jones.

—1225—

## CO-OPERATION NEEDED.

In the establishment of one of the great goldsmiths is a vast iron safe with many locks, containing immense treasure. But no one person can open that chest; the keys are in the hands of many trustees, and only by their concurrence can the hidden wealth be made manifest. Thus it is in the natural and in the spiritual world, the wealth of the divine blessing can be reached only through the brotherhood of saints. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together."—W. L. Watkinson.



—1226—

## A \$10 BILL FROM HEAVEN.

"About fifty years ago, I was a member of the West Virginia Conference, and stationed at Point Pleasant," writes George Cleaton Wilding, in *The Methodist Protestant*. "We had formed a Conference Insurance Society of a very simple type. There were about one hundred members in the society, and each one, upon the death of a member, was obligated to promptly send ten dollars to the secretary for the widow.

"One morning in the early autumn, I was planning to go out to Hickory Chapel, to begin a protracted meeting, to be away from home for possibly two weeks or more. My little bay horse was hitched at the parsonage gate while I went to the post-office for my mail.

"As I looked over my letters, I found one from the secretary of our Conference Insurance Society, informing me of the death of my good friend, Brother Hartley, and requesting me to send my ten dollars for Mrs. Hartley. I opened my purse and counted my pile. It was all there. I had no bank account behind it. All told, I had ten dollars and forty cents, all I had in the world.

"I did not hesitate for a moment. Sister Hartley must have her money. My promise must be made good. I stepped up to Postmaster French's office window and bought a money order for ten dollars, bought a stamped envelope, and begged a sheet of writing paper.

"I went to the desk and wrote a letter, enclosed the money order, addressed the envelope to the secretary, and dropped it in the slot. I walked out of the post-office feeling that I had done the right thing. I had about thirty cents left.

"As I walked up the street, I fell to wondering where I could borrow some money to leave with my wife for family supplies while I was away out in the country.

"I had just concluded that I would

stop in at Brother Cable's hardware store and approach him for a loan. As I drew near this store, I met Judge Redmond. The Judge was a good Presbyterian, who lived out in the country at Pleasant Flats. They had a pretty, white church, out in that fertile farming region, but were without a preacher. I had been preaching for them on Sabbath afternoons, twice a month, for several months.

"As I draw near the Judge, he stopped and shook hands with me. Then he drew forth from the inside pocket of his coat a large, plump wallet, saying, 'I have had a peculiar experience. Just as you stepped out of the post-office a voice seemed to say to me, "You Presbyterians are not treating that young Methodist preacher right. Those voluntary collections taken at the church have amounted to but little. If you had a pastor, his services for this length of time would have cost you quite a sum." So I'd better pay my quarterage. I think that is what you Methodists call it.'

"He unstrapped that fat wallet and drew forth a ten-dollar bill and reached it to me. I gasped for breath as I managed to thank him for his thoughtful kindness. Then I explained to him just what had taken place in the post-office. We both agreed that it was well-nigh miraculous. Note that he did not give me five, nor seven, nor eleven dollars, but ten dollars, the exact amount that was at that moment reposing in my letter in the box at the post-office.

"Whose voice was it that spoke to the Judge? I have always spoken of this gift as a 'ten-dollar bill from heaven'."

—1227—

## A POOR EXAMPLE.

The story is told of a pastor who was urging a boy to become a Christian. "Religion is a continual joy," said he. "Look at your sister Sarah. How much that dear girl enjoys her religion!" "Yes," replied the boy, "Sadie may enjoy her religion, but nobody else in the house does."—*The C. E. World*.

— 1228 —

## THE IDIOT TRUSTED GOD.

A New York boy caused his parents great anxiety, for they had made up their minds that he was an idiot. He had frequent convulsions, and as he grew older showed fewer signs of average intelligence. But one day the father overheard the boy praying, and the pathetic prayer brought hope to his heart. "Thou knowest, Lord, that my father and mother are disappointed in me," the lad prayed. "They can find nothing in me to be proud of. Thou knowest why, and Thou knowest why Thou hast given me the burden of these terrible convulsions. But I will trust in Thee; I will trust in Thee to the end."

That boy is now a leading specialist, and is known the world over for his remarkable success as a surgeon. When the world's Congress of Surgeons and Physicians met at Heidelberg and again at Brussels, that boy was chosen vice-president—the idiot boy who told God he would trust Him, and the boy believed though he could not understand.

— 1229 —

## "GO TO HELL, THEN!"

At the religious assembly held at Stony Brook, N. Y., in August, 1920, the Rev. Len G. Broughton, D.D., related an incident substantially as follows, to show that God is pleased often to make use of weak instruments to accomplish great results:

When Dr. Broughton was pastor at Atlanta, Ga., he learned from one of the city papers that a man had been jailed for disturbing the service at the Methodist church by his enthusiasm in praising God. The case was so unusual that in his sermon the following Sunday he referred to the incident, criticizing the church for so doing. His remarks were published, and this shouting brother reading them decided that Dr. Broughton's church was the one for him to attend thereafter.

The Sunday following, as soon as the pastor appeared on the platform, a

strange man sitting in a front pew aroused the quiet assembly by exclaiming, "Glory to God! Amen!"

During the sermon which followed the hearty exclamations of approval and of praise to God of this new worshipper were so disconcerting to the preacher that before the sermon was half over he almost harbored a sneaking wish that the man had been kept in jail. But that man, though deficient mentally, was so possessed and used by the Holy Spirit that he did more in the bringing of souls into the kingdom of Christ than any other ten persons of that congregation.

So show how this one-talented, Spirit-filled brother was used, Dr. Broughton said that after he had preached one Sunday evening in special evangelistic meetings he announced if any Christians present felt lead to go and speak to unconverted friends they should not hesitate to do so, and he himself stepped down from the platform to speak to a man near the front of the church. As he did so he passed the shouting brother, and remarked: "If the Lord wants you to speak to some one, obey Him."

After his return to the platform, he observed this enthusiastic brother get up and start in a bee-line for the rear of the church. And to his dismay he saw him heading for a certain skeptical lawyer for whose salvation the pastor had been for some time concerned, and he was fearful lest this erratic brother might spoil any good impression his preaching and conversation may have made upon this keen but doubting friend. As the pastor watched, he saw this Spirit-led man speak only a few words to the lawyer, and then turn back and resume his seat, but he had no idea what was said.

The next day, Monday, shortly before noon, the pastor's telephone bell rang. Answering it, to his surprise he found his lawyer friend was calling. He wanted to know if the pastor was at liberty, as he wished to see him. The minister replied that he was at liberty, and he invited his parishioner to come and lunch with him. He came, and the



pastor saw at a glance he was in an excited frame of mind. He began at once:

"I am so indignant! That shouter came to me last night in the meeting and said, "Do you want to go to heaven when you die?"

"I said, 'I don't know whether I do or not.' And he replied, "Go to hell, then!" and turned around and left me.

"That is the result of your cranky teaching, Parson; and the impudence of that fellow, and his remark so wrought me up that I slept but little last night. I am unable to get it off my mind."

The pastor could do little more than to assure this troubled soul that this good brother was unquestionably interested in his eternal welfare, and meant for his good anything he had said.

The next day the lawyer called again. He was more disturbed than ever. He was unable to sleep or to give attention to business. "Go to hell, then!" kept ringing in his ears, and he was as uneasy as a fish out of water.

The pastor told him that undoubtedly the Spirit of God was dealing with him, and that he must beware not to resist and grieve away the Holy Spirit.

The burdened soul was not yet prepared to submit, and he turned away. But the arrow of the Almighty continued to rankle in his heart, and on Wednesday he could hold out no longer. He called on the pastor. Was glad to be prayed for and to pray. He fully surrendered to Christ, became an active Christian, and an officer of the church.  
—Rev. Henry M. Tyndall.

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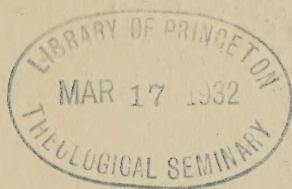
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